

# PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

*15 Cents*

December

David  
Belasco's  
own story of  
Mary  
Pickford

Channing  
Pollock's  
first great story  
about the movies

The Real  
Geraldine  
Farrar

The  
Beauty & Brains  
Contest

Farrar







## The Smoke of the Vigorous

There's something mighty refreshing in the sight of a breezy young chap with good-nature written all over him jauntily "rolling his own" with "Bull" Durham. He likes "Bull" because it has a snap and sparkle in keeping with his own youthful spirits. He has learned that a cigarette so full of vitality and vim and equally fresh and fragrant cannot be obtained in any other way. There's hustle and vigor in every ounce of "Bull".

# GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

When you roll "Bull" Durham into a cigarette you have the unique smoke of the world. Made of the choicest "bright" Virginia-North Carolina leaf, it is the last word in tobacco quality.

Its mild, mellow flavor and rich aroma are found in no other tobacco. It gives supreme satisfaction and wholesome, lasting enjoyment as no other tobacco can.

That is why "Bull" is the favorite smoke of millions the world over, and has been for three generations.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



Ask for FREE  
package of  
papers, with  
each 5c  
sack



# GENUINE PERFECT CUT DIAMONDS \$97.50 Per Carat

SPECIALY SELECTED ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Send Now For One of These Wonderful Values!

**You Save 35%**

when you buy from L. Basch & Co. and here's the reason:—We import diamonds direct from the European diamond cutters and sell direct to you. No middlemen's profits included in our low import price of \$97.50 per carat. Retail value of these diamonds is \$150.00 per carat.

**Send No Money—FREE Examination**

Here's the popular Basch Plan. Select any article from our catalog or from this page. We ship your selection for your free inspection—entirely at our expense and risk—without it obligating you in any way. We invite you to examine and compare our goods without it costing you one cent. If you don't say that the article we send you is the greatest value you have ever seen, simply return it at our expense.

**S01** This 14K solid gold mtz. complete with 1/2c diamond. \$12.00  
1/2c diamond. \$21.25  
1/2c diamond. \$35.00  
1/2c diamond. \$48.75  
1/2c diamond. \$71.25  
1c diamond. \$101.25  
1 1/2c diam. \$150.00  
2c diamond. \$198.75

**S02** 1/2-carat diamond Compl. \$50.50

**S03** 1/2-carat diamond Complete. \$22.00

**S04**—Solid gold Festoon lavalliere 4 dias. Compl. \$27.50

**S05** Solid gold lavalliere 3 dias. Complete. \$8.75

**S06** Solid plat. laval. 1 dia. Complete. \$17.50

**S07** 1/4-carat diamond Compl. \$19.75

**S08** 3/8-carat dia. each Compl. \$65.50

**S09**—Coral Cameo ring. 2 diamonds. Compl. \$15.00

**S10** Genuine cultured pearl. 1 diamond. Compl. \$15.00

**S11**—Man's cluster ring. 21 blue white dias. Special price compl. \$46.75

**S12** Ladies' cluster ring. 7 blue white diamonds. Special price compl. \$17.50

**S13** 1/3-c. dia. Compl. \$27.50

**S14** Solid gold. diam. set cuff links. Special price \$1.75 per pair

**S15** Solid gold dia. set tie clasp. Special price compl. \$1.00

**S16** Solid gold filled diamond set knife. 1 blade, 1 file. Guaranteed. Special price complete \$1.75

**A Legal Money-Back Contract For You!**

It protects you against loss or disappointment. It is a written legal guarantee to refund in cash the full price paid less 10% should you for any reason wish to return your diamond any time within a year. Also allows full price in exchange at any time. Contains written statement of carat weight, quality and value of the diamond. "See that your diamond is Basch guaranteed." Beautiful Basch De Luxe Diamond Book FREE! We will forward you postpaid, a copy of this beautiful, costly book

## THE POPULAR NEW FRIENDSHIP BRACELET

Start your sisters, girl friends, relatives, etc., with a friendship bracelet. Solid Sterling Silver links only 15c each. (Retail value 25c). Black silk velvet band free with each link you buy for your different friends. The links are worn on the velvet band until you have enough links to encircle the wrist; then send us the complete set of links and we connect them with Sterling Silver Fasteners for 25 cents. The Friendship Bracelet is then complete and makes a very attractive permanent piece of jewelry. Mailing charges prepaid. Remit in any form convenient to you.

**Links 15 Cents Each**  
**All Engraving FREE**

upon receipt of your name and address. It is complete, valuable and authoritative, and you will find it a helpful guide to select Christmas Gifts, and gifts for all other occasions. Contains facts written by life-long experts which enable you to buy your diamonds and jewelry safely and intelligently. Thousands of illustrations, of diamonds, watches, platinum and gold jewelry, silverware, cut glass, etc., all priced to you at remarkably low figures. See this book before making your purchase—you will appreciate our money-saving prices. Mail coupon or write us a letter or postcard for your free copy, now!

**L. BASCH & CO.**  
State and Quincy Sts  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

**FREE DIAMOND BOOK COUPON**  
Please mail me FREE and postpaid, without obligating me.  
Basch De Luxe Diamond Book.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_  
**L. BASCH & CO.**  
Dept. M2520  
State and Quincy  
Sts.  
CHICAGO  
U. S. A.



# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

Copyright, 1915, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago

VOL. IX

No. 1

## CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1915

Cover Design—Geraldine Farrar

### *Pictures of Popular Photoplayers*

Constance Talmadge, Leah Baird, Florence LaBadie, Betty Brown, William Farnum, Mabel Normand, Arthur V. Johnson, Matt Moore, Minta Durfee, Enid Markey, Antonio Moreno. *Stellar Styles*—Hazel Dawn, Lillian Lorraine, Alice Brady, Nance O'Neill, Kathlyn Williams, Bessie Learn, Virginia Pearson, Theda Bara.

When Mary Pickford Came to Me	David Belasco	27
The king of the stage writes about the queen of the movies.		
The Conqueror	Mrs. Ray Long	35
Short story.		
The Star Soubrette	John H. Blackwood	42
Edna Purviance, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady.		
The Masqueraders	Clarie Marchand	45
Short story.		
Beauty and Brains Contest		54
Conditions—Some of the beauties—"All-American Eleven" news.		
Close-Ups (Editorial)		59
The Discovery of Fort Lee	Channing Pollock	63
A Master-Humorist turns Explorer.		
Fashions and the Screen	Lillian Howard	71
Shadow stars as style-bearers.		
Mollie of the Movies	Kenneth McGaffey	73
Her adventure as a lion tamer.		

Contents continued on next page

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas.

JULIAN JOHNSON, Editor.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 in United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$2.00 to Canada; \$2.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order.

Caution—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you. We employ no subscription solicitors.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as Second-class mail matter



## CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1915—Continued

<b>The Picture Forty-Niners</b> Early days in California.	Hobart Bosworth 75
<b>Together Again (Photograph)</b> Frances X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.	82
<b>The Shadow Stage</b> A department of photoplay review.	Julian Johnson 83
<b>"Doubles"</b> "Just girls" who mirror the faces of celebrities.	91
<b>Where the Movie Babies Come From</b> A long-standing mystery solved.	Grace Kingsley 99
<b>Farrar—That's All</b> The personal side of Geraldine.	Morris Gest 104
<b>Running the Art Business</b> How J. Stuart Blackton does it.	Karl K. Kitchen 111
<b>From Chaos to Cliff (Photograph)</b> Wreck of the Famous Players studio, and their new location.	114
<b>The Vikingess</b> Betty Nansen sails for Denmark — to return.	115
<b>The Chorus Lady</b> The stuff from which red-headed soubrettes are made.	Elwell Lawrence 117
<b>Lockwood—the Youth</b> Features of an efficient career.	K. Owen 127
<b>Star of the North</b> An exciting installment in a great serial.	Frank Williams 131
<b>Hints on Photoplay Writing</b> Authoritative advice to would-be authors.	Leslie T. Peacocke 142
<b>Seen and Heard at the Movies</b> Funny things told by our readers.	145
<b>The Regeneration</b> Short story.	By Garry Bournemouth 147
<b>Investing in the Movies</b> "Blue sky" schemes under the searchlight.	Paul H. Davis 155
<b>Plays and Players</b> News about people from coast to coast.	158
<b>Rocks and Roses</b> Keen comments by our readers.	161
<b>Questions and Answers.</b> Concentrated history in the making.	163



# Features You Will Not See Next Month—

(unless you happen to purchase the January number of)  
Photoplay Magazine, on sale on all newsstands Dec. 1.

## Waste!

A startling story of startling fact on the biggest and most vital problem today in photoplay manufacture. Waste of time, waste of money, waste of personality, waste of energy, waste of material—how are they going to stop this waste and still maintain creative efficiency?

## The Houses They Are Born In

An optical revue of the photoplay manufacturing establishments of America; an illuminating vision; a dash of data.

## Adorning a Dawn

A personal fashion story by the inimitable Lillian Howard, most interesting writer upon style topics in America. Subject, Hazel Dawn; an intimate and revelatory interview, briefly with the star, at length with her wardrobe.

## Mary Pickford's Biograph Days

Another wonderful chapter in the great exclusive series about the queen of the movies. Like the fascinating reminiscence by David Belasco, in this issue, it is a never-told tale of breathless interest. Unpublished photographs.

## Interviews of Interest and Reality

Earle Williams  
Pearl White  
Cleo Madison  
Bessie Learn

Still another director  
and his methods

**Tourneur**  
of Paris and Fort Lee

Tom Ince's  
New Wonder-Boy  
**Charles Ray**

Farrar's Official Youngster  
**Margery Daw**

The Inventor of Punch  
**Willard Mack**

<i>Editorials</i>	<i>Reviews</i>
<i>News</i>	<i>Humor</i>
<i>Splendid Illustrations</i>	
<i>Magnetic Brief Fiction</i>	

The Final Sprint in "BEAUTY and BRAINS"  
the Great Contest:

**A Sensational Installment of "Star of the North"**

Truths for Movie Investors      Advice to Photoplaywrights

**Every One of Photoplay Magazine's Incomparable Departments**



### AGENTS

**AGENTS—500% PROFIT; FREE SAMPLES;** gold sign letters for store and office windows; anyone can put on. Metallic Letter Co., 414 N. Clark St., Chicago.

**FREE—TO ANY WOMAN. BEAUTIFUL 42-Piece Gold Decorated Dinner Set** for distributing only 3 doz. Free cakes of Complexion Soap. No money or experience needed. F. Tyrrell Ward, 210 Institute Place, Chicago.

**MEN NOT EARNING \$1,200 YEARLY** should get in touch with largest manufacturer of Transparent handled Knives and Razors in U. S. We will show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 286 Bar St., Canton, O.

**MEN AND WOMEN EARN UP TO \$3,000.00** yearly distributing guaranteed hosiery from mill to wearer at mill prices. All or part time. Repeat orders insure permanent, increasing business. No capital or experience needed. U Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

**AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY. THE BEST** line of food flavors, perfumes, soaps and toilet preparations, etc., ever offered. Over 250 light weight, popular priced, quick selling necessities—in big demand—well advertised—easy sellers—big repeaters—100% profit. Complete Outfits furnished free to workers. Just a postal today. American Products Company, 3172 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

### PICTURES AND POST CARDS

**16 PHOTOS OF FEMALE BEAUTIES TAKEN** from life for 10 cents. Kaye Co., Box 67, Ottawa, Ill.

**JOIN THE OXFORD POSTCARD EXCHANGE** and receive cards from faraway lands. Membership 10c. Keniston, Publisher, South Paris, Maine.

**REAL PHOTOS OF PRETTY GIRLS IN** bewitching poses, samples, 10c. K. L. Sun Co., Harrison, Mich.

**ART STUDIES. SAMPLES AND CATALOG** 10c. J. Tillberg, Proctor, Vt.

**STUNNING PHOTOS OF GIRLS FROM LIFE.** Bewitching unusual poses. Very clear and charming. Splendid pack 25c. Reuben Olive, Willmar, Minn.

**"BEWITCHING FEMALE BEAUTY POSES."** rare imported models, taken from real life, hand-tinted "True to nature." Send dime for two of our best full-size samples and catalog showing nearly 100 beautiful, bewitching girl poses, etc. You'll want more after seeing samples. Williams Publishing Co., 4008-M Indiana Ave., Chicago.

### OLD COINS

**\$2 TO \$500 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS OF** coins dated before 1910. Send ten cents for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Showing guaranteed prices. It may mean your fortune. Get posted. Clarke Coin Company, Box 127, Le Roy, N. Y.

**WILL PAY \$5.00 TO \$50.00 FOR LARGE** cent dated 1799. We pay cash premium on all large cents, eagle cents, etc., and all rare coins to 1912. Thousands of coins and bills wanted. Send 4c for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. May mean large profits to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 75, Ft. Worth, Tex.

### PATENTS

**WANTED IDEAS. WRITE FOR LIST OF** Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. \$1,000-000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free search. Our four books sent free. Patents secured or Fee Returned. Victor J. Evans & Co., 763 Ninth Washington, D. C.

### TELEGRAPHY

**TELEGRAPHY—MORSE AND WIRELESS—** Also Station Agency taught. R. R. and Western Union Wires and complete Marconi Wireless Station in school. Graduates assisted. Marconi Co. employs our wireless graduates. Low living expenses—easily earned. Largest school—established 40 years. Investment, \$25,000.00. Correspondence courses also. Catalog Free. Dodge's Institute, Peoria St., Valparaiso, Ind.

### SALESMAN

**SALESMEN—GET OUR PLAN FOR MONO-**gramming automobiles, motorcycles, traveling bags, trunks, etc., by transfer methods; very large profits. Motorists' Accessories Company, Ashland, Ohio.

### PHOTOPLAY TEXT BOOKS

**WRITE PHOTOPLAYS—FILM COMPANIES** pay \$10 to \$100 for each play accepted. Constant demand. No correspondence course. Our book tells all, sample play, list of companies buying plays, etc. Write today for free details. Atlas Pub. Co., 394 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**MAKE BIG MONEY WRITING MOVING PICTURE** plays in spare time. No correspondence course. Our up-to-date "Book of Instructions" tells how. Sample play, list of companies buying plays. Free details and special offer. E-Z Scenario Company, X609 West 127th St., New York.

### BUSINESS CHANCES

**ADVERTISE—20 WORDS IN 100 MONTHLIES,** \$1. Cope Agency, St. Louis.

### TYPEWRITERS

**LARGEST STOCK OF TYPEWRITERS IN** America—All makes: Underwoods, Oliviers, Remingtons, etc., one-fourth to one-half manufacturers' prices, \$15.00 up; rented anywhere, applying rent on price; free trial; installment payments if desired. Write for Catalogue 65, Typewriter Emporium (Estab. 1892), 34-36 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

### HELP WANTED

**\$250 FOR RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN:** distribute 2,000 free pkgs. Borax Powder with Soaps, etc., in your town. No money or experience needed. F. Ward Co., 210 Institute, Chicago.

**WANTED—CIRCULAR DISTRIBUTORS.** Send 10c for application contract. Oliver H. Barkley, Mount Pleasant, Penna.

**GOVERNMENT POSITIONS PAY BIG. GET** prepared for coming examinations by former Government Examiner. Booklet free. Write today. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 3017, Rochester, N. Y.

**WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN—18 ON** over, for U. S. Government Jobs. \$75 month. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for list positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. C218, Rochester, N. Y.

**GET A SURE JOB WITH BIG PAY, STEADY** work, short hours, regular vacations, rapid advance. Thousands of positions open with Uncle Sam. I will prepare you in a few weeks at small cost. Write immediately for big FREE Book D. U. 1449 with special offer. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

### SONG WRITING

**THE IDEA IS THE BACKBONE OF A SONG;** but do not antagonize publishers with poorly developed ideas! Let a professional songwriter help you. Criticism; correction; melodies arranged. Write for free details; your song may be worth thousands! Neal O'Hara, 18 East Oakwood Place, Buffalo, New York.

### THEATER EQUIPMENT

**OPERA CHAIRS, NEW OR USED, BOUGHT** and sold everywhere. Empire Seat Exchange, Corning, N. Y.

### GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

**PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONO-**logues, dialogues, speakers, minstrel material, jokes, recitations, tableaux, drills, entertainments. Make up goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 76, Chicago.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**OUR NEW BUFFALO GREENBACKS ARE** perfect. Flashy roll 10c. Gilnovco, Morgan Park, Station P, Chicago.



# A Merry Christmas

I first thought I'd give you a diamond rare,  
Or a next summer's motor to make people stare;  
But I know how you worship the flickering screen,  
So I'm sending instead a twin-six magazine.

It's PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
and it's coming to you for ..... months.  
(Name of Sender)

## A Merry Christmas 12 Times

*A Gift Suggestion that may appeal to you*

**Y**OU have a friend who is very much interested in moving pictures. You are going to give a Christmas present of some kind to this friend. There will be more pleasure for both of you if the gift is a particularly appropriate one. A subscription to

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

will afford a delightful surprise on Christmas morning and give new satisfaction on the first day of each month during the ensuing year. Every issue will be a reminder that you are the thoughtful provider of several hours of interesting news, entertainment and instruction—the source of a twelve-time Merry Christmas.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or to the recipient of the gift.

When you return the coupon attach a Postal or Express money order or a Check. Better hurry.

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

350 North Clark Street  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### Christmas Subscription Coupon

Year, \$1.50. Six months, \$.75. Four months, \$.50.  
Canada, \$2.00 per year. Foreign Countries, \$2.50 per year.  
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 N. Clark St., Chicago

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find \$.....for.....  
(Length of Subscription)

Send to—Name.....

Address.....

From—Name.....

Address.....



\$25 to \$45 Weekly

# New Positions Ready



CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY

New profession just being created—only uncrowded field. Big positions with lucrative salaries to start for men and women. You are needed now—learn at our risk—

## Be a CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY

— the new executive position—right-hand aid to the big boss. Learn his secret methods—step into official position. Thousands now needed in large and small towns. You can qualify through the remarkable new discovery—the salary-raising Botsford

## NEW METHOD IN TOUCH

Typewriting. New idea—write 150 per cent faster without looking. Stenographers everywhere will soon discard slow, old-time sight systems.

## Big Position While Learning

by mail, in spare time. W. F. Geisner, 1123 Drummond Pl., Chicago, wrote: "Am only half through course and I secured high-salary position as Confidential Secretary to Gen. Mgr. of largest firm of its kind in the world. I knew nothing before about Typewriting." Write for other letters like this. No matter what your present work, we qualify you easily—quickly. Stenographic or office experience unnecessary. If already a stenographer, double your salary.

## SUCCESS OR MONEY BACK

entire course on trial. Write for Bank proof. Don't hesitate—tuition payments to suit you. One of these big positions is possible for you. Begin now while the need is great.

## START FREE SEND NO MONEY

Special limited offer—act NOW! Write for proof of graduates needed and letters of success. Learn how we learn \$100.00 Typewriter while learning.

Shorthand—FREE first lesson. If you wish to learn Short Hand only, write for special offer on Botsford Simplified Course—used by world experts. Address: James Patrick Ward, Pres.

BOTSFORD INSTITUTE 1101 Botsford Building CHICAGO

\$100.00 Typewriter FREE While Learning

# You Can Now Be a TRAFFIC MANAGER



## Earn \$35 to \$200 Weekly

Thousands of large shippers and all railroads need trained Traffic Experts and Managers who know how to ROUTE SHIPMENTS to obtain SHORTEST MILEAGE, QUICKEST DELIVERIES, LOWEST RATES. Newly created positions are open with salaries of \$35 to \$200 weekly. The demand is greater than the supply.

## We Train You By MAIL!

at home, in spare time, without giving up your position or income. Cost is small—we make payments to suit you. No matter where you live, what you work at now, how small your pay—our Interstate Commerce Course will train you expertly to handle proficiently a big Traffic job. The La Salle method is simple, practical, logical—anybody with intelligence can readily master it. It is the work of some of the greatest Traffic Experts in America.

## New, Uncrowded Occupation

This is a new, UNCROWDED occupation—there's room for you if you prepare at once. Let us train you NOW for a big future, with power, big income, and almost unlimited possibilities.

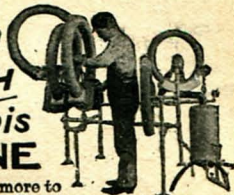
"10 Years' Promotion In One"—FREE copy of great book—"10 Years' Promotion In One"—learn about the remarkable opportunities afforded Traffic Experts with our training.

ACT NOW!—learn about big opportunities now open—learn how easy it is for us to make YOU a traffic specialist. Remember, only trained men can secure the big positions—remember that employers are seeking trained and competent traffic men.

Send no money—everything is free. This is your grand opportunity.

La Salle Extension University, Dept. C911 Chicago

# You Can Earn \$250 A MONTH with This NEW MACHINE



Make \$3,000 a year and more to start. You need no experience. Open a Tire Repair Shop with Haywood Equipment. Let the money roll in. Business grows fast. You're soon a real manufacturer. Every auto sold means more tires to mend. Demand for your work ahead of supply.

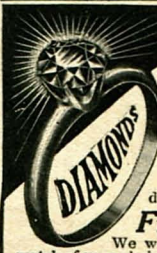


## SEND FOR BIG FREE BOOK

This gives all the facts. Tells how to start. How to succeed. A valuable guide to riches and wealth. Write today. A postal will do. Get your FREE copy.

HAYWOOD TIRE & EQUIPMENT COMPANY  
850 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

# 1/2 Saved



## On Diamonds, Watches, Etc.

Our Customers Letters Continually Prove This

A firm of over 60 years of unquestioned integrity, backed by \$750,000, is offering diamonds of the finest grade—fully 60 per cent below normal price. Fully guaranteed. Write for bulletin.

## Diamond Banking

Loaning money on diamonds enables us to quote amazing low prices.

## Free Examination

We will send prepaid the gem or watch of your choice on approval. If not satisfied with article after seeing it, return at our expense.

## Write Today for Latest Bulletin

Send your name and address for latest bulletin of diamond bargains. No obligations—write today—now.

Jos. DeRoy & Sons 359 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Reference by permission—Farmers Deposit National Bank, Marine National Bank or any Pittsburgh daily Newspaper.

\$1 DOWN

A few cents a day will quickly make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes Table. You can play while you pay.

**FREE TRIAL**

Prices are from \$15 up, on easy terms of \$1 or more down and a small amount each month. Sizes of Tables range up to 45x29 ft. (Standard.) Cues, balls, etc., free with each Table.

# BURROWES

## Billiard and Pool Tables

are splendidly built, and adapted to the most scientific play. Great experts say that the Burrowes Regis High-Speed Rubber Cushions are the best made.

No special room is needed—Burrowes Tables can be mounted on dining or library table, or on their own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a minute.

## Write for Illustrated Catalog

containing free trial offer, prices, terms, order blank, etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 182 Spring St., PORTLAND, ME.

Mrs. Burrowes Rustless Screens, Cedar Chests, Folding Card Tables.



# Now a Brunswick HOME BILLIARD TABLE at ~

**\$27**  
Upward



**“Quick  
Demountable”**

With the New, Genuine

## Astralite Billiard Bed

**Light Weight—Ever-Level**

The Brunswick “Grand,” “Baby Grand” and “Convertible,” made of rare and beautiful woods, have long been conceded the fastest and finest home tables in the world. And now comes the Brunswick “Quick Demountable,” that you can set up anywhere and take down in a jiffy. It is made by the same skilled men and methods.

### No Toy—A Scientific Table

The “Quick Demountable” is not a toy. It's an expert carom or pocket billiard table. A real man's table with life! speed! and accuracy of angle!—worthy of sharing the Brunswick name and glory.

Yet our price is the lowest in all our history, because we are making this “Quick Demountable” for thousands.

### No Home Too Small

Now the cottage, like larger homes, can have its billiard table. For we furnish a range of sizes. And this “Quick Demountable” comes without stand for use on top of any

table you may have; or with folding stand or detachable legs if you wish. Thus you can easily put it away when not in use.

The cabinet work is superb. The sights are genuine ivory.

### Famous Monarch Cushions

The cushions and bed are the most vital parts of a perfect carom or pocket billiard table.

And Brunswicks alone have Monarch rubber cushions, famed in all lands for their life and lightning-action.

### New Astralite Bed

We use fine Vermont slate beds in all other Brunswick tables. But slate is too heavy for a “Quick Demountable” table, made to take down with ease.

So our experts, with the aid of science, developed this new bed—called Astralite. It is built like a bowling alley—many seasoned strips compressed into an inseparable unit. After that we give it the Astralite process that makes it impervious to water. So this bed won't warp or “buckle” like ordinary wood. Yet it has the ever-level playing qualities of slate, without its weight.

We control the Astralite construction. And the Brunswick “Quick Demountable” is the only table that has it.

### 10c a Day—Outfit FREE!

Despite our new low price, we've decided to include a high-class Playing Outfit Free with all our tables—Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Spirit Level, Cue-Clamps, expert book of 49 games, etc., etc.

Our plan lets you try any Brunswick 30 days right in your own home free! Then pay a small amount monthly—terms as low as 10 cents a day!

Get full details and see these handsome tables in our de luxe book—“Billiards—The Home Magnet.” The coupon or a postal brings it by return mail, free, postpaid. Send today, without fail. (475)

## Mail This For Billiard Book FREE!

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.  
Dept. 33B, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free, postpaid, your book in colors—

### “Billiards—The Home Magnet”

and tell about your home trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....



# POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



CONSTANCE TALMADGE

is just sixteen, but she is following closely in the meteor path of her older sister, Norma. High school plays in Brooklyn were her only preparation for a very young starship with the Vitagraph Company. She has recently joined the National Film Corporation in Los Angeles. Her work has been equally divided between comedies and dramas.

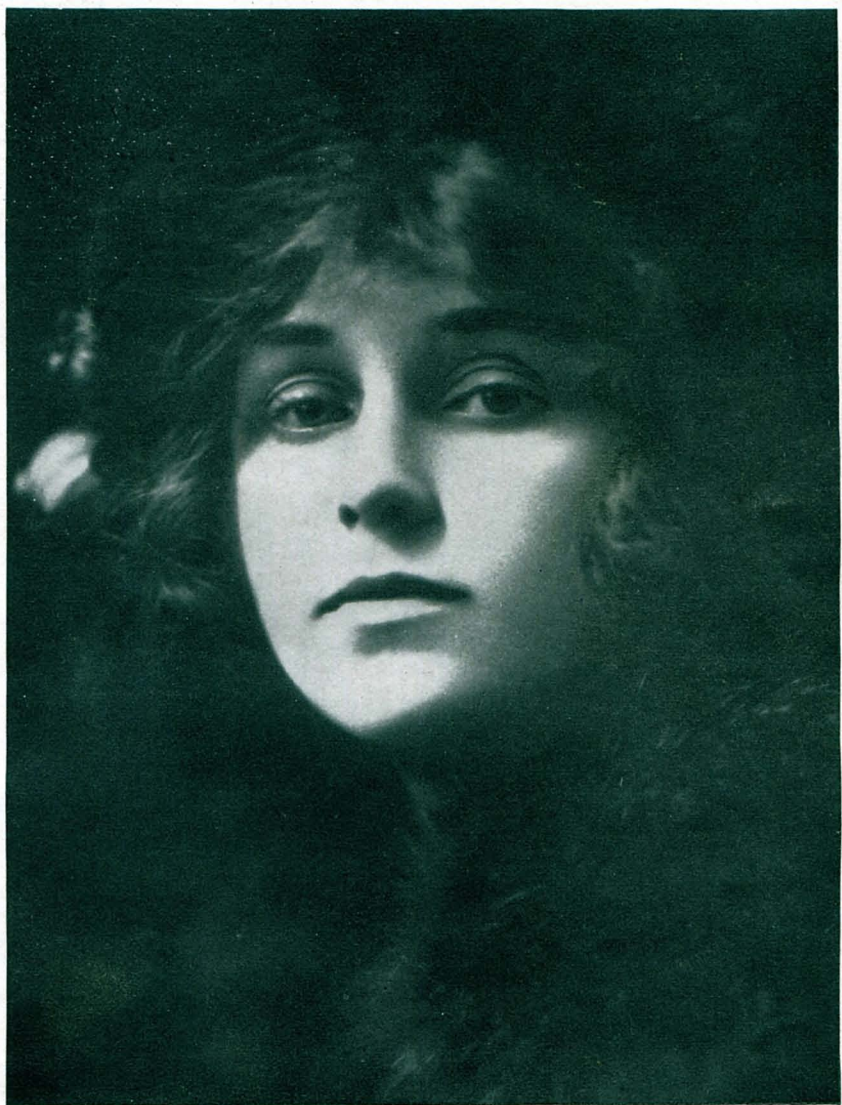




LEAH BAIRD

aggressive, ambitious, laughing, high-spirited, paradoxically excels in serious parts, such as her roles in "Absinthe" and "Ivanhoe," Universal productions made in France and England, respectively. She was with several stage successes before appearing on the screen. Miss Baird is married to the manager of a middle western film exchange. She is tall, with dark hair and eyes.





FLORENCE LA BADIE,

who, in a profession famous for progressions, has become noted as a Than-houser fixture. Miss LaBadie is of French parentage, was born in Montreal, lives now in upper New York, and is devoted to boating, riding and swimming. She is of slender but athletic build, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is unmarried. She has been heroine in scores of thrilling adventures filmed in and about New Rochelle.





**BETTY BROWN**

of the Essanay Company, was born at Nyack-on-the-Hudson in 1892 and finished College before going into motion pictures two years ago. Although she never had any stage experience, she has already become one of the brightest of the younger screen stars and has gained many admirers by her beauty, conscientious efforts and natural ability.





**WILLIAM FARNUM**

is called the man with the \$100,000 face, the lineaments being insured for that amount against all ravages but those of Time. He was for years a prominent figure on the stage, and his first screen appearance was in the Fox Film Corporation's "Samson." He is married and is a brother of Dustin Farnum, also in pictures.





MABEL NORMAND

is one of the remarkable young women of filmdom. Her contribution to active photography has been something more than beauty and movement. Born in Atlanta, Ga., a little more than twenty years ago, she made her camera debut with Vitagraph, and, after a few months, went to the Biograph studios. Thence she progressed to Keystone, where she made history. Now she is Triangle's premier comedienne.





ARTHUR V. JOHNSON

former Lubin star, has been recuperating at Atlantic City during the past few months, and has regained his health to such an extent that he plans to enter active work very soon. Through Mr. Johnson's illness the screen lost one of its most distinguished actors as well as individual directors. Mr. Johnson came to photoplays from the stage, via Biograph.





**MATT MOORE**

born in Ireland 27 years ago, at the age of six came with his family to Toledo. First successful on the stage, Matt progressed rapidly in pictures and long played opposite Mary Fuller with the Universal company. Matt is the only "eligible" among the three notable Moore brothers, Tom being married to Alice Joyce and Owen to Mary Pickford.





MINTA DURFEE

played in comic opera before risking her life by joining the Keystone company. She has never been on Broadway. The ambition of her life is to strut the Great White Way with Roscoe Arbuckle, her husband. She is one of the very few screen artists in California who will admit never having been in New York. But she has made good so well that she can admit anything.

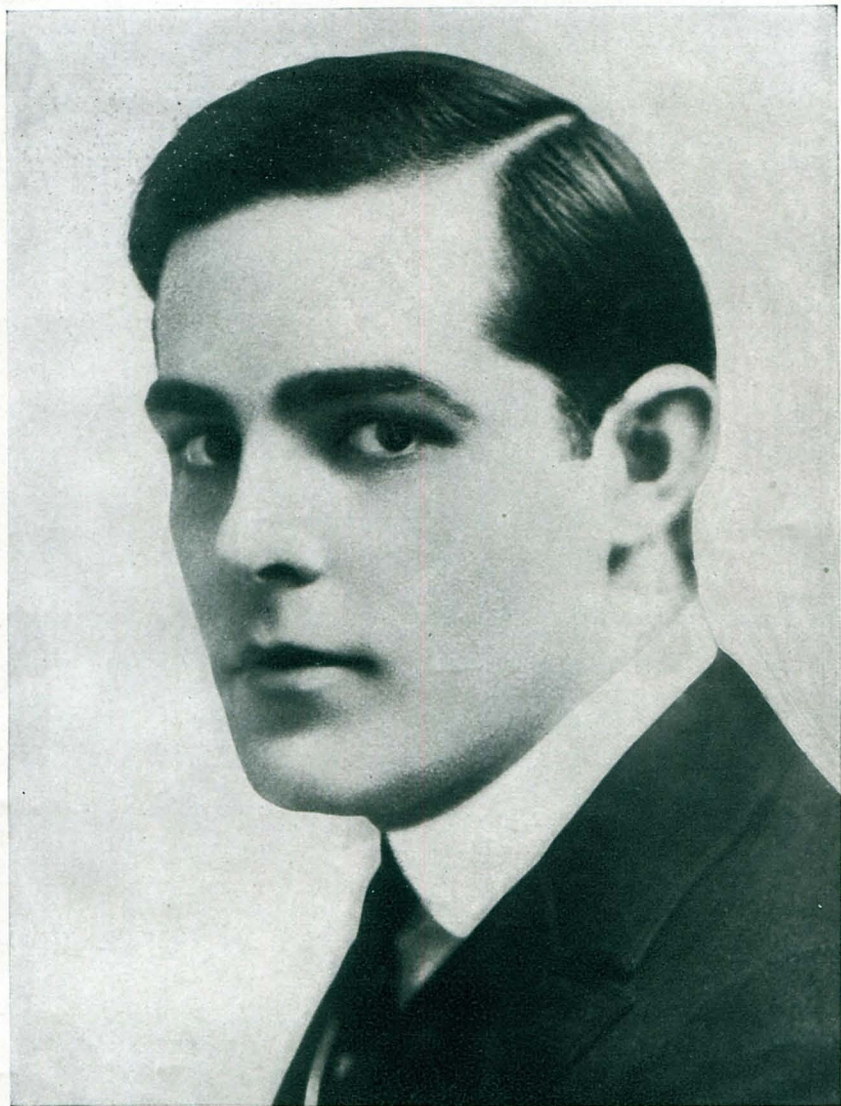




ENID MARKEY

is still affiliated with the Ince branch of Triangle, and it is under Ince's direction that she has become noted for characterizations sweet, tender, feminine and yet intensely dramatic. Miss Markey is but a little way past her 'teens. Three private schools in Denver contributed to her education. "The Darkening Trail," and "The Cup of Life" are two of the recent plays in which she has made a lasting impression.





ANTONIO MORENO

was born in Madrid, Spain, twenty-seven years ago. Most of his life has been spent in America, even as most of his career has been his Vitagraph association. His work before the camera commenced with the Biograph company, from which he went to Mutual, and then to the big studios in the suburbs of Brooklyn. Moreno is unmarried. Tennis is his favorite recreation.



# Fashions and

These photographs were taken especially to illustrate the article on "Fashions on Page 71. The influence of these country is being felt in every town



(McClure, photo)

Hazel Dawn is seen (above) in a Hickson coat of velvet antique striped in ivory and deep mauve, with red fox collar and cuffs. She wears also a Hickson hat of black hatters' plush, with a braid ornament of dull Roman finish.

Lillian Lorraine (at right) wears a suit of striped midnight blue and tête-de-nègre velvet, with trimmings of blue fox fur, and matching velvet toque.



(White, photo)



# the Screen

ially for Photoplay Magazine to and the Screen" by Lillian Howard famous stars on the fashions of the that can boast a picture theatre.



A Joseph evening coat, worn by Miss Nance O'Neill (above). It is of black velvet combined with silver and sapphire blue brocade, with skunk fur trimming.

Miss Alice Brady (at left) graces a Bendel one-piece dress of king's blue velvet, with embroideries of rose and gold. She wears a Tappé hat of matching velvet in basket model, woven in chenille, topped by sprays of calla lilies.

(White, photo)



Kathlyn Williams,  
wearing her new ermine  
toque.



(Hartsook, photo)

Bessie Learn, in a Gidding  
boudoir creation of pale blue  
satin bordered in swans-  
down, with tulle to match.





Bessie Learn's modish Italian tam (at right) is of black velvet, with cut steel ornament.

Miss Pearson (below) wears an evening coat of ivory-colored chiffon velvet, with high collar and cuffs of bear fur, lined with gold brocade.



Photo by  
McClure

Virginia Pearson (above) wears a Simcox hat of gold lace bordered in royal blue velvet, trimmed with a spray of black paradise feathers.







THEDA BARA

in an Autumn frock of white, with her Russian wolf-hound majestically occupying the foreground



# PHOTOPLAY

## MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# When Mary Pickford Came to Me

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO FIRST WROTE  
HER NAME IN LIGHT ON BROADWAY

By

*David Belasco...*

EDITOR'S NOTE: PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is indebted to the most famous individual theatrical manager in the world for this simple, intimate account of Miss Pickford's stellar beginnings in New York. The story appears exactly as Mr. Belasco dictated it. It is one of the few narratives of contemporary theatrical affairs which he has thought worthy his personal narration.

FOR a long time I had been receiving a number of letters from a little girl who signed herself Mary Pickford. She said she was tired of touring the country and wanted to get into a bigger dramatic company and play in New York. In one of her letters she told me she had vowed never to appear in New York except under my management. With each of her letters she enclosed a photograph, and they proved particularly interesting, as in nearly every picture there was such variety of facial expression.

When I was casting "The Warrens of Virginia," by William C. De Mille, I found the child's part, that of *Betty Warren*, to be an unusually good one. It needed a little girl with a strong sense of the dramatic and emotional, as well as a little comedienne. My first meeting with Mary Pickford was on the eve



Copyright 1914  
White Studio

Mr. Belasco  
from his most  
recent portrait.



of going into rehearsal. The cast was all made up, even to the part of *Betty*—but I was not altogether satisfied with the girl I had for that role. At the time, Miss Frances Starr was playing "The Rose of the Rancho," in the old Belasco Theatre, now re-named The Republic. It was a Thursday matinee, and the stage door man came and told me that a child wished to see me. I told him to tell her I couldn't see anyone. She insisted, so much so, that the man returned with the message that she had come a long distance to see me and had to leave town at noon the next day to resume her tour in some small play. She *simply must* see me before leaving New York!

Because of her persistency, and, remembering upon hearing her name, the many letters and photographs she had sent to me, I consented to receive her. Miss Pickford came into my little room off the stage, as sweet and pretty a picture as I had ever seen. She wore short dresses, with her hair down her back, and altogether she looked very charming.

"Mr. Belasco, I recognize you by your pictures," were her first words. "I'm Mary Pickford. Our company is playing near New York just now, and I've come to see you. I want to go under your management."

As she had said this, she

looked straight at me, her big, beautiful eyes looking straight into mine. Not for a moment did her glance waver.

I saw at once that she was just my ideal for the part of *Betty Warren*. The more I listened to her the more I realized she was the child I wanted for this role. I asked little Mary her ambitions and she said she wanted to be an emotional actress. She showed me a number of letters making her offers to appear in plays, but she had refused them all. She told me that it had been her dream always to one day play for me.

"I've come a long way to see you, Mr. Belasco; please don't disappoint me. And you will give me a part—you *must*." Then her voice choked a bit, but she bravely continued:

"You might as well say you want me now, because I won't leave New York until you do. Our company is going on a long tour beginning tomorrow, but I am not going with it. I have made up my mind that now is the time for me to realize my dream."

I smiled, and she said: "Am I engaged?"

I answered, "You are."

"Oh, is this Frances Starr?" ejaculated my little visitor, jumping up from where she had been sitting. "I have heard so much about you. Aren't you happy to be



"On the first night of 'The Warrens of Virginia' little Mary was the most composed of the entire company. This is one of her great assets on the screen. She is all repose, easy and graceful at all times."



playing with Mr. Belasco?"

"Yes," said Miss Starr, smiling upon the eager child.

"I'm happy, too," said

Miss Pickford, with a shake of the head and with much enthusiasm.

"I am going to play for Mr. Belasco— isn't it wonderful!"

And Miss Pickford, on whose shoulders there rested even then an unusually strong business head, turned and said to me:

"I'm getting a splendid salary, and you may not want to

*"And this wonderful little girl came back and played the blind girl in 'A Good Little Devil.'"*



pay me as much, for I realize that the part you have for me is a small one. But don't tell me how much; I'll take whatever you will give me."

With this, Miss Starr remarked: "I said the same thing to Mr. Belasco when he engaged me, and my first envelope contained much more than I would have asked him."

And as Miss Starr went to her dressing room to change for the next act, little Mary Pickford threw her arms around me and with tears in her eyes thanked me for engaging her. She went away a living embodiment of enthusiasm and joy.

Rehearsing Mary Pickford was a great pleasure. She was a hard worker, the first at rehearsals and the last to go.

She would go over and over her little scenes many times. She would read and re-read her lines to find out which was the best way to speak them. When she asked me about them I said to her: "Which do you feel the best?" Then she would tell me, and I would say, "That is the best way." She always took suggestions quickly, and acted upon them at once. She was very creative and a highly imaginative little body. She would say:

"Oh, Mr. David, I thought of something for my part. Will you look at it and let me know what you think about it?" Invariably, she was right, and I always let her do as she suggested. As I noted the little things she did with the



DAVID BELASCO Presents

**A Good Little Devil**

A FAIRY PLAY IN THREE ACTS

By

Rosemonde Gerard and Maurice Rostand

Adapted by AUSTIN STRONG

Here is the secret of this play.

Now told to everyone,

A mother dipped her pen one day

Into the heart of her son!

## CHARACTERS

A POET—poor fellow!	ERNEST LAWFORD
BETSY—faithful and true	IVA MERLIN
MRS. MacMICHE—The aunt of the Good Little Devil,	WILLIAM NORRIS
CHARLES MacLANCE—A Good Little Devil,	ERNEST TRUEX
OLD NICK, SR. {Principals of the	EDWARD CONNELLY
OLD NICK, JR. {Big Black School	ETIENNE GIRARDOT
at Balahulish	
JULIET—who loves the Good Little Devil...	MARY PICKFORD
MARIAN—Juliet's sister	LAURA GRANT
QUEEN MAB.....	WILDA BENNETT
VIVIANE.....	EDNA GRIFFIN
MORGANIE.....	LILLIAN GISH
TITANIA.....	CLAIRE BURKE
DEWBRIGHT.....	REGGIE WALLACE
THOUGHT-FROM- AFAR.....	GEORGIA MAE FURSMAN
JOCK.....	LOUIS ESPOSIT
WALLY.....	GERARD GARDNER
MAC.....	ADRIAN MORGAN
TAM.....	JEROME FERNANDEZ
SANDY.....	EDWARD DOLLY
ALLAN.....	NORMAN TAUBOG
NEIL.....	HAROLD MEYER
JAMIE.....	CARLTON RIGGS
DAVIE.....	DAVID ROSS
ROBERT.....	ROLAND WALLACE
JOHN.....	CHARLES CASE
ANGUS.....	LAUREN CASE
HUGGERMUNK.....	SA...
MUGGERHUNK.....	Gnomes {
THE SOLICITOR FROM LONDON.....	JO...
THE DOCTOR FROM INVERARY.....	JO...
THE LAWYER FROM OBAN.....	JO...
RAB.....	JO...

*"Miss Pickford's success in the difficult role of the little blind girl was phenomenal."*

part I understood why she had made such a success. Her postures were graceful, and it was remarkable how she would visualize a story. Often I would tell her one, and even as I told it she would illustrate it with her ever-changing expressions and delicately subtle movements of body. Always quiet, she was loved by everyone. Of a retiring na-

ture, she was never in the way of anyone about the theatre, and she helped all who came in contact with her. In addition to being a little student she was unusually inspirational. Therein lies her great success.

On the first night of "The Warrens of Virginia," little Mary was the most composed of the entire company. This same composure has been one of her greatest assets on the screen. Her features do not become strained. She is all repose—easy and graceful at all times.

Miss Pickford remained with me in "The Warrens of Virginia" for nearly three seasons. She made herself famous in that one part, which was a great personal success for her and contributed very much to the play. This was at the time of the beginning of motion pictures, and Mary Pickford's remarkable face and personality were noticed by the pioneers in that field. So it was only natural that at the end of the tour of our play she should have gone into picture

work. From the first she gave promise of the ability that has since made her the greatest motion picture artiste in the world.

Before she left me, Miss Pickford said: "Mr. Belasco, remember, no matter where I am or what I am doing, when you want me just let me know, and I'll come." I did not see her again for a number of years, but I watched



her grow in popularity. Then came the time when I wanted to produce a child's play: "A Good Little Devil," the delightful



fairy drama by Rosemonde Gerard and her son, Maurice Rostand. By this time Mary Pickford was famous, and had become known throughout the land as "The Queen of the Movies," and was the highest salaried artiste posing for the motion-picture camera. No sooner had I read the manuscript of "A Good Little Devil" than I thought of her for the part of the little blind girl, *Juliette*. I sent for her. She came to me that very day, and I said:

"Mary, I have a beautiful part, one that is just suited to you. You will make a great success in it, and it will help in your artistic development."

"You say the part is very beautiful," she said. "You know, I promised I would come whenever you wanted me. If you want me now I'll keep my word."

"I not only want you—I need you," was my reply.

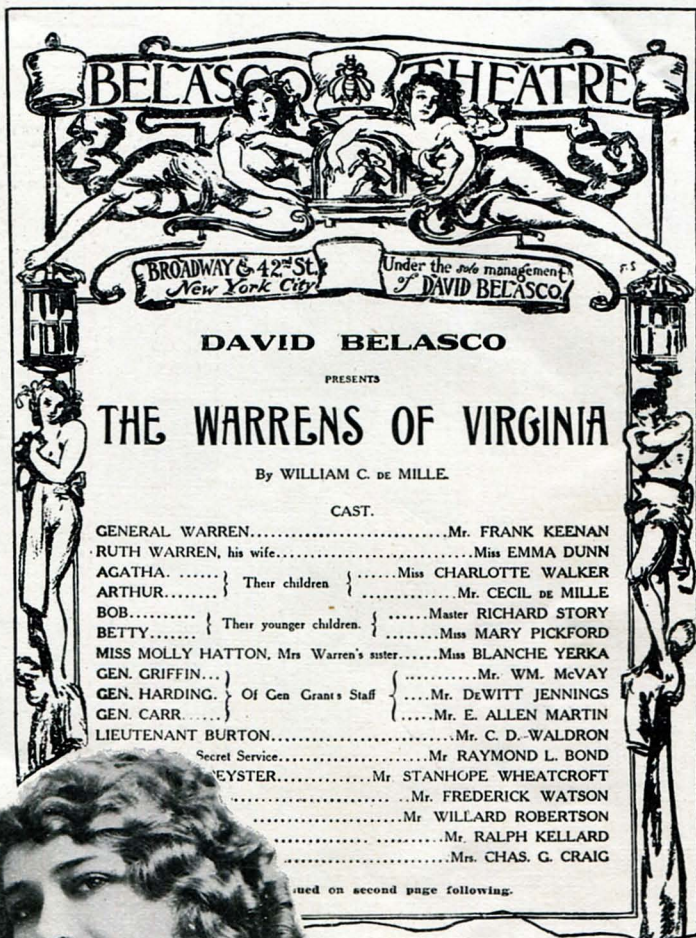
Tears came and she asked:

"Do you really need me?"

"I certainly do."

"Then I'll come back to you."

And this wonderful little girl, who holds such a unique position in the annals of our theatre, came back to us all, and played the little



**DAVID BELASCO**  
PRESENTS  
**THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA**  
By WILLIAM C. DE MILLE.

CAST.

GENERAL WARREN.....	Mr. FRANK KEENAN
RUTH WARREN, his wife.....	Miss EMMA DUNN
AGATHA.....	Miss CHARLOTTE WALKER
ARTHUR.....	Mr. CECIL DE MILLE
BOB.....	Master RICHARD STORY
BETTY.....	Miss MARY PICKFORD
MISS MOLLY HATTON, Mrs. Warren's sister.....	Miss BLANCHE YERKA
GEN. GRIFFIN.....	Mr. WM. McVAY
GEN. HARDING.....	Mr. DEWITT JENNINGS
GEN. CARR.....	Mr. E. ALLEN MARTIN
LIEUTENANT BURTON.....	Mr. C. D. WALDRON
Secret Service.....	Mr. RAYMOND L. BOND
WEYSTER.....	Mr. STANHOPE WHEATCROFT
	Mr. FREDERICK WATSON
	Mr. WILLARD ROBERTSON
	Mr. RALPH KELLARD
	Mrs. CHAS. G. CRAIG

Continued on second page following.

*"Miss Pickford remained in 'The Warrens of Virginia' for nearly three seasons. She made herself famous in that part."*

blind girl in "A Good Little Devil."

During the first dress rehearsal, she came to me and said, "Oh, Mr.

David, I'm dressing in the same room that Miss Starr used when I

first came to you for an engagement. Isn't it wonderful? In 'The Warrens' I dressed







"Little Mary" in  
another scene in  
"A Good Little  
Devil."

was taken seriously ill, and it became necessary for her to undergo a dangerous operation. For many nights she lingered between life and death.

It was after one of my long rehearsals of "The Concert" when Mary's mother came to me in the Belasco Theatre, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Belasco, Mary's just out of the hospital this morning and she insisted upon coming straight over here to see you. We have been out in front all day long, but she wouldn't allow me to interrupt you."

I rushed into the dark auditorium to see Mary her propped up in looking just a shadow

way upstairs. Now I am in this other room!" She made a great artistic success in the part, and her motion picture following swarmed around the doors of the theatres to see her after every performance, particularly at matinees. This kept up for months during the long New York run, and was even more enthusiastic when the company was on tour. In all the places that the play went the motion picture people had camera men waiting and took special pictures of "Little Mary" going to and from the theatre, and leaving the theatre after a performance. Her pictures were shown before and after the arrival of the play, and also while it was running.

Miss Pickford's success in the difficult role of the little blind girl was phenomenal. Nothing like her remarkable performance of a child's part ever had been seen in New York or elsewhere, and for a player to jump into such instantaneous popularity was almost unheard of.

During the summer, after the long run of "A Good Little Devil," Miss Pickford

and found a chair, of her pretty self.

"Why, Mary dear, have you been here all this time? Why didn't you speak up and let me know?"

"I didn't want to interrupt you during rehearsal," she said, in a rather feeble voice, her wonderfully large eyes looking straight at me out of the darkness of the place.

It was near the time for the beginning of the second-year of "A Good Little Devil," about two months before the opening. I realized at once that it would be impossible for her to travel, and I told her that I would not allow her to risk her life, tour or no tour of the play.

She said, "Mother was going to take me out to Los Angeles to regain my health, but I may be able to come back in time."

I said, "I do not think you should risk it."

"Let's not decide today," said Mary.

In a few days the Famous Players Film Company made her an offer to take some



motion pictures of her while she was out on the Pacific Coast. I told Mary that this would be fine; not only would the picture work keep her occupied, but being out-of-doors it would not be hard on her or too taxing on her strength, and that she would not be losing time and would be receiving splendid remuneration for her services.

Several days after that, little Mary called to see me, and said:

"I want to tell you, Mr. David, that everything has come out just as you said it would. Playing the little blind girl has helped me more than I can tell you. All of the motion picture managers want me, and I am to state my own terms."

"I do not think you will be strong enough to go on a long tour," I told her. "And as I'm sure you are going to be the most famous motion picture player in the world, I do not think that 'A Good Little Devil' should stand in your way. I release you. Some time in the future if you should ever tire of the pictures, and want to come back to the legitimate stage, I will always have a place for you." And so we parted.

When Mary Pickford first came to me her salary was \$35.00 per week. In her present

line of work she has a guaranteed salary of more than \$100,000 a year, with all of her expenses paid, and automobiles and everything that she may want at her command and at no expense to her.

I remember once Mary asked David W. Griffith, who was her first motion picture director, if she could do a picture with me. And one of the things that I value very highly is a reel, the only one which I possess, and which I have in my studio and treasure greatly. We did the picture, along with Mr. Griffith and the late William J. Dean, who was my general stage director at the time.

*"Miss Pickford was as sweet and pretty a picture as I had ever seen." The play: "A Good Little Devil."*







Whenever Mary Pickford made a new picture I was always invited to come and look at it before it was released to the public. I still receive these invitations and frequently we see each other and exchange greetings. No one takes more pride and pleasure in her

success than I. No one knows better than I that it is due, not to mere circumstances, but to the artistry and charm by means of which Mary Pickford has become known in every city, town and hamlet in the land and beloved by all our people.

*Reproductions from the Belasco-Pickford film, no part of which has ever been seen.*



*You will note that to both young persons this was a very merry affair.*



# THE CONQUEROR

HOW ONE MAN WON  
WHAT HE HAD LOST

By Mrs. Ray Long

Produced by Thomas H. Ince

WHEN Viva Madison stepped into the drawing room of her father's town house to greet the man waiting for her there, she met a comparative stranger and an accepted husband at the same time. One of those marriages had been arranged between them that lacked even the dignity of a business partnership.

The girl stopped just inside the room. "Will you kindly forgive me for keeping you past the appointment time?" she asked.

"Oh, it's the way of your privileged tribe, I suppose," answered the man roughly.

The girl colored. She gave no other sign that she heard.

"I came to arrange the details of our alliance." The tone and short laugh that went with the words were an insult.

"Then why not proceed?"

"You surely do not lack coolness. Sit down, so that I may. I'm tired of standing." There was no doubt that the words were a command and their brusqueness shattered the girl's fine control of herself.

"I should not have expected YOU to hesitate about sitting in the presence of a woman," she flashed quickly.

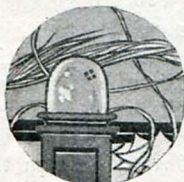
That emphasized "you" was like a lash of a whip to the man. He was blinded with fury. The white face of the girl, startling



against the rich color of the portieres, faded from his sight. Only her words remained. And if she had thought a year she could not have fitted them more surely to wound him.

Before his hurt spirit rose the image of a small boy, grimy with slum dirt and wizened from a constant and meager diet of stale bread and weak tea. Yet he was leader of the gang of boys of his age in his sodden, river-front

neighborhood. And when a white-trousered runaway from a fine street on the hill wandered into his view, the boy looked with a covetousness he could taste at a large luscious apple rounding out from the aristocratic pocket. The man could still feel the boy's starved hunger for a bite of something fresh and he still gloated as he remembered how a small grimy hand had knocked White Trousers flat, clutched the apple, and ravenously ground its juiciness between his teeth. And then his inward gaze saw the boy conqueror grown to himself—Mark Horn—and still leader of the "gang," only how the gang was made up of the most successful men of his country such as Wayne Madison, father of this girl before him, had been till now. Again he had grabbed an apple, big and luscious, from a hated aristocrat. This time, however, it was in the form of a great for-







*"I'd rather beg  
in the streets  
than marry you."*

tune. And all because he had looked on Viva and found her the only woman whom he had

ever wanted for his own.

He hated himself for what he had done. He would gladly have pursued any other plan if he could have figured one out. Could he have made himself over into a man with five generations of culture behind him he would have approached Viva as the men of her set did. He would have worshipped her openly and offered himself and his millions with ardor. But he was Mark Horn, the "Wolf of Finance," risen from the alleys. He had had only one generation in which to make up for those precious five, and had struggled to the top financially only to find that men like Wayne Madison, descended from a president, were friendly enough in business hours but chilled suddenly when any contact with members of their families was concerned. So he had played the only part he knew—the wolf.

Viva had long been an obsession with him. From the minute he first had seen her in a box at the theater he had made up his mind to have her. She had a luminous, moon goddess-like beauty that held him enthralled. And besides, she was different.

She was the amazement of her friends and of her family too.

Her peculiarities had begun to show when she was a child. She had heard her father telling one of her brothers that he was to be trained as a diplomat and the other that he was to become an army officer.

"And what am I to be?" Viva had asked.

"Just our sweet little girl and marry a fairy prince," her father had answered.

"But I don't want to be just a girl any more than the boys want to be just boys," Viva had declared. "I want to be something too." And although her father had a horror of women with careers, Viva had gotten her way and had chosen designing in gold plate as her profession. Since her maturity the delicacy and beauty of her work had made for her an honored place among the gold workers of her time.

All this had been fire to Horn's imagination. His own hard struggle up from poverty to wealth had made him an ability worshiper. And the whole man went out to this woman fashioned by nature for adoration and yet able to inspire respect for her work.

Horn had tried every honorable way to meet Viva often, but usually with a rebuff from the Madison pride. So he began to



nate, and his hatred grew as only such hatreds can grow. Finally he resolved to beat Madison down. Where the aristocrat had invested heavily, Horn led a "bear" raid and then made it impossible for his adversary to unload. When his ruin was sure, Horn went to him and asked for his daughter Viva, and Madison, fearing disgrace, had consented on condition that Horn save him. So here he was, dominant. And as he came out of his trance of bitterness he recovered his poise.

"Pray sit down," he said more gently.

"I prefer to fight standing," Viva answered coldly.

"Fight?" Horn laughed again and advanced to the girl. "Do you call it fighting when you do as your father and I dictate?"

Before the interview Viva had told herself that she would in no way betray her loathing for this forced marriage. But every instant her antagonism to Horn grew, and her contempt of herself. She could not keep down the fierce desire to let this boor know that his wealth had not counted with her in the step she was taking.

"My father did not dictate," she said proudly. "He begged."

"Why did he have to beg?" There was a note of interest in Horn's voice now.

"Because at first I refused when he asked me to marry you. He urged your wealth. I was amazed. I had never thought of anyone's wealth. Then he told me

that you had the upper hand of him in business and that you would ruin him if I didn't consent. And I told him—"

The girl's voice had risen and her eyes blazed. She broke off suddenly and with effort.

Horn's interest had increased. "And you told him," he urged.

"I told him I would not be sold to you or anyone else."

Horn's face was full of exultation. He loved grit. And this flash of spirit was a torch to his love. But there was no answering light in the girl's eyes, black with scorn, and his brutality crept back.

"Nevertheless you did—consent." There was an insinuating sneer in his tone.

A quick change came over the girl. "Yes, I did consent," she answered dully.

"And so we come to the details—settlements so to speak—the money transactions

*"He told me you had the upper hand of him in business and that you would ruin him if I didn't consent."*







involved in this marriage of ours."

"Oh, but you must not believe that I have any interest in your money for myself," cried the humiliated girl. "I can't bear that. It is my mother, my sister, they can't bear to be poor, to give up what is life to them. Wont you, please wont you understand?"

The pleading of this woman, who attracted him so strongly, had a strange effect on Horn. It did not soften him. Rather he felt a savage fury to see the girl, who had stood to him for everything fine and high, stripped to the low estate of a willing sacrifice. Worms, somehow, invite being trod upon.

On the impulse of the moment Horn stepped up to the humiliated girl, gripped both her slender shoulders in his big hands and glared down at her gloatingly.

"Anyway you're mine—mine," he ground out between his teeth. His clutch on the tender flesh hurt. There was a heavy glow in his eyes and on his face.

"Let me go," cried Viva terrified.

"Let you go? Why, you are mine," he mocked. "You, the pride of the bell-cow family of this city's snobs, are mine. You, a queen of blue ribbon society, you, who throw down titles and Knickerbocker swells, you run into the arms of alley fruit." And with a quick movement he swept her to him and held her sweet body strapped to his with his powerful arms



*Every instant her antagonism to Horn grew, not keep down the fierce desire to let this boor*

while he sunk his burning lips into the soft roundness of her cheek and neck.

It was minutes before Horn's brutishness was sated. When he finally could feel through the storm of his own emotions he was alarmed at the coldness of the flesh he held. It sobered him at once. He pushed Viva from him and turned to the table where the marriage contract papers he had brought lay. Before he reached it a low exclamation that was a moan and a command at the same time brought him round to face his prey.

The girl was standing just where he had left her, yet he stared as if she must be some one else. She seemed taller. Her face gleamed with the whiteness of living heat. She was taking in breath in sobbing gasps. Her outraged body pulsed with the effort.

Horn felt a rush of contrition, her horror and distress were so evident. "I was





*and her contempt for herself. She could know that his wealth had not counted with her.*

a savage," he said. "Are you hurt? Forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive." The words, husky and low as the moan that had attracted him, amazed Horn. They seemed to contradict the defiance of her manner. He started toward her.

"No, nothing to forgive," went on Viva in that hushed tone as if she were arguing with herself. She raised one hand to stop Horn's advance. "I suppose by just consenting to the marriage I gave you the right to—do that. But I didn't realize. And it's better so. Now go. Go at once! Finish ruining us! I can't bear this burden, not even for mother and Lillian. I've a life to live myself. And I can work. They'll have to let me take care of them that way. For I'd rather beg on the street than marry you." And without waiting to see the effect of her words on Horn, she hurried from the room.

The week that followed was a purgatory to Horn. He had laid the biggest plan of his life carefully, and he had lost. He could control the big markets of the country; he could humble men like Wayne Madison; but he could not force the submission of a girl armed only with womanly sweetness, beauty of body, the ability to work and the strength to make up her mind. This

was an array of forces such as he had not met before.

Something was the matter, and in his characteristic way he set to work to find out what it was. He was still the same man of power. Every minute at the office, every greeting of his financial adversaries told him that. Yet he felt sick with a sense of failure and disappointment.

His emotions concerning Viva were mixed. He was bitter at the loss of her, yet he exulted at her daring in ordering him out of her home and her life. Here was a woman to reckon with. Her loveliness rose up to beckon him. Those minutes when he had held her close maddened him. Her very dismissal of him made him think of the stories of queens of old. And her squareness in shouldering the blame for having subjected herself to his brutal talk and caress undid his whole preconceived idea of women.

"My God, but I'm a piker!" he told himself. "I'm the pig these snobs have be-



lieved me. I've hated them for looking down on me because they had something I didn't, and I've outdone them by trying to buy a glorious girl, as a Roman would have a concubine, because I happened to have something that they didn't. Agh—gh, I'm shanty scum to the core. And the big mind of her! The big sweet mind of her! She didn't whine! She took the whole blame on herself when she'd done nothing worse than fall for the prayers of her family." In anguish of spirit he went over this ground again and again till he emerged from the purgatory of self-condemnation purged of his life hatred for those who had enjoyed greater advantages than he, and still yearning for the lost girl of his dreams.

**D**URING this time Viva had taken refuge in her work. Never before had she been so glad of it. In producing the beauty she loved and that now promised to mean some luxuries for her mother and sister, both of whom believed her inhumanly selfish for turning Horn away, she found an antidote for her own burning thoughts and relief from the family lamentations.

"My child, you are out of your mind," Mrs. Madison scolded Viva this seventh day of her misery in another plea that she call Horn back. "The less a wife feels, the more she gets out of her husband. It's always been so. For once let a man find out that his wife loves him and he keeps her right under his thumb."

"But mother," Viva interposed, "the situation would be unbearable. Don't you remember how you yourself wouldn't allow me to speak to Cousin Harry the day we met him with a woman you said was getting his money away from him? You called her cheap."

"I am talking of marriage," said Mrs. Madison. "That changes everything."

"I can't see that it does," Viva answered simply. And while Mrs. Madison was getting her breath to refute this sacrilege the younger sister, Lillian, filled the breach with, "Viva, you're mercenary. Fifty millions isn't cheap."

"Hush, both of you," commanded the mother. "Your talk is scandalous."

Viva heard her father's footstep and rose to hurry away before his white, lined face should be added to the hostile group. She stopped short when she detected vigor in

the footfall that had dragged miserably of late. Madison entered in excitement.

"My girls," he began in the old happy way, "It's good news I bring, so good that I don't know where to begin first." His wife was already clinging to his arm and Lillian sprang from her chair. But it was to Viva that he turned.

"Horn has relented, dear. My stocks are steadily rising. No one knows what to make of it. It's the first time the man has ever let up when he got one of our crowd down. He seems to hate us old settlers."

Viva did not stay to listen to the details of her father's story of Horn's extraordinary action. She wanted to be alone to think. Even while her father had been talking her mother and Lillian had started to take up life just where it had broken off the week before. Lillian was clamoring to go to a musical of social importance and her mother was gesticulating approval. She felt a strange reluctance about going with them and none of their exuberant joy. When she got to her apartment she met her maid just leaving her sitting-room.

"A letter for you, Miss Viva," said the maid as she noticed Viva going on to her workroom. Viva entered her sitting-room and found the letter addressed in a strong, masculine hand that she did not recognize. She opened it and turned hastily to the signature, then as hastily returned to the beginning and read steadily through. When she had finished, she took a long breath as if to replenish starved lungs and smiled. At that moment Lillian burst in upon her.

"You dear old thing, you've got the risables, too, over the return of our blessed cash, haven't you?" cried the young girl gleefully.

"Over something better than that," replied Viva softly.

"What could be better than that, I'd like to know?" demanded Lillian.

"The return of my self-respect."

"Funny thing to laugh over the way you were laughing, so kind of musingly," said Lillian, puzzled. "I'll bet in addition the golden Horn has been sending you another invitation to join your little toot to his big blare."

"Don't go on so, dear," said Viva almost sharply. "Mr. Horn has written to tell me that he has taken my dismissal of him as final."

Lillian burst into amused laughter.



"Oh, joy, what a piece of news," she cried. "A week after you throw him out, body, boots and wallet, he writes to tell you he takes your dismissal as final. That's what I call magnificent speed in the calculations of a colossal financial brain."

"He also writes that he has the deepest love and respect for me—now."

"Well, of all the cheek. Isn't it just like that pig to come back at you with mush like that after all he has done to you?"

Viva flushed. "You mustn't forget that I did a great deal of it to myself."

Lillian marched up close to her sister to take a good look at her. Viva stood gravely. In her right hand she still held Horn's letter.

After her scrutiny the younger girl sank onto a chair disgustedly.

"Viva," she said, "I can't get you pegged. When a man hugs the breath out of you and wants to shower all of us with the gold that we need like the dickens, you fight like a little cat. And, when he writes you it is all over and sends his love and respects in the same paragraph, you smile and are happy. Come along and forget the whole thing. The music'll take your mind off your dippy ideas."

Viva turned to her desk. "Run along or you'll be late," was her cheery answer. "I'll be happier here."

"What are you going to do?" asked Lillian suspiciously.

"I'm going to ask Mr. Horn to have tea with me."

Lillian gasped as if she could not believe her ears. "Viva Madison, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. He's shanty Irish and you know it. Mother will be crazy. Why, if we had had to have him it would have been bad enough. But now that we don't have to, why be polite to him?"

For answer Viva sat down to search the "H" column in the telephone book and her sister flounced out of the room.



"Viva, you're mercenary. Fifty millions isn't cheap."



Later when Horn was announced, Viva went to meet him in the same drawing-room that she had entered in such unhappiness a week before. Horn advanced eagerly to meet her. As he looked down at her Viva saw a humility in his face that went to her heart.

"What can you think of me?" he asked as he clasped her outstretched hand.

"I know what I do think of you," she answered smilingly.

"Will you tell me?"

"I think you are the first real man I have ever met."

A rush of pleasure swept through Horn. "You wonder," he said brokenly, "you sweet wonder," and he drew her to him with yearning tenderness. And as they stood there a oneness of understanding rose out of the hush of that silent communion. They knew at last what they had dimly felt through all their unhappiness, that no matter by what processes nature makes her big souls, that after all they must find and cleave to each other because they were made for each other.



# The Star Soubrette

OF THE MOVIES: EDNA PURVIANCE, LOVELY FOIL OF CHAPLIN, A SUDDEN DISCOVERY, ALWAYS A LEADING WOMAN, AND TWENTY YEARS OLD.

By John H. Blackwood

WHEN I told Edna Purviance that she was to be magazined as The Star Soubrette of the Movies she pouted just a bit. You see, ever since she first faced the camera, a matter of some eight months ago—Miss Purviance has always played leading roles with Charlie Chaplin. Hence the distinct shock to be told that she must be a soubrette for magazine purposes, if for no other reason.

But this pretty little pout—it really was so infinitesimal and so delightfully dimpled that it deserves to be called a poutette, rather than a good old fashioned pout—quickly dissolved into one of those luscious Purviance smiles—one of those I-Use-No-Other-Dentifrice smiles—and we then were on a friendly and working basis.

The first thing that impressed me during a half hour talk with this Chaplin co-worker was that she is an unusually serious minded young woman. I had supposed that being a Chaplinette she must of course be



one of those frolicsome creatures, fluffyminded and blonde as to inclination as well as to hair. And then she completely upset all of my preconceived ideas of what a Star Soubrette ought to be by telling me that she didn't care a tinker's cuss word for rag time music; that she vastly preferred a Chopin nocturne or a Liszt rhapsody to an Irving Berlin rag number.

Then as if that wasn't good and sufficient, she went on and discussed authors like a school ma'am from Boston—told me that her favorite writers were Shelly, Keats, Scott and Burns—that she thought "Vanity Fair" the greatest story she ever had read and that she wondered who would be the Macaulay or Gibbon to record this War of the Worlds.

Another distinct shock that Miss Purviance gave me, and which entitles her to a place entirely removed from almost every other person in the movies, is her own dissatisfaction with the work she already has done. She believes—and she impresses you



with this belief, too—that there is a lot of better work ahead of her, that she is going to reach out for it, and that she is going to accomplish it if determination and ability and hard work count for anything.

Then, just when Edna Purviance had made me believe that she was an uncanny sort of a young woman, an eerie feminine creature because of this expressed dissatisfaction with her own efforts, she landed back on earth with a thump, and made me realize that she was only a mortal, a regular old fashioned human being, after all, because she told me that really, she didn't care so very much for comedy. Said she wanted to have a chance to do some serious work before the camera. Knew she *could* do it. Used to sit about the house for hours and hours and do nothing but think. Yes, when the other children in the neighborhood were out having a good time!

The story of the tragedian who craved a chance at comedy and the fun-maker who thought he could make 'em cry—and who frequently did, with his comedy,—all came back to me as I listened to this clever comedienne wishing for an opportunity to emote.

It was all there, that eternal recital of unrest over one's successes.

The world in general and lovers of the Chaplin comedies in particular don't know how near they came to having to get along without a screen distribution of the fascinating Purviance features.

The Star Soubrette had just been graduated from a San Francisco business college—this was a year ago last March—and she and a number of other embryonic stenographers and book-keepers thought it would be great fun to take an automobile trip across the bay, to Oakland. On the

way back the Purviance machine demolished another car and Purviance.

The girl spent the next three months in a hospital. There was a dislocated shoulder. . . . the medicine men

counted three separate dislocations . . . a lot of scratches, bruises, bumps, breaks, contusions and some other things.

And when la Purviance emerged she was more radiantly beautiful and lusciously lovely than ever!

Shudder, you people who have seen and admired Edna Purviance in Chaplinitis, as you think of what you'd

have missed if Miss Purviance had gone direct from that business college into an office and spent her sweet young life writing "I-Have-

Your-Letter-of-the-Umpth-Instant-and - in Reply-Would-Say" stuff.

A calamity?

No—a catastrophe!

When Charles the Great went to Essanay it was admitted by everybody concerned that his first picture simply *had* to be great.

This first picture was called "A Night Out." It needed—and *must have*—a leading actress of the dazzling type.

The picture was held up. Work was out of the question. Chaplin was doomed. The I-Told-You-Sos could be seen, bricks and venerable fruit in hand, all ready to let loose.

Then stepped forward a young assistant director with the remark that he knew where to find the very woman they needed.

Four hours later, Edna Purviance was standing in front of a camera at the Niles studio, and little King Charlie was giving her her first direction as a film actress.

She was a leading lady and she has been a leading lady ever since.

For purely Who's Who purposes, it is worth mentioning that Edna Purviance was born in Nevada, at a place called Para-



Witzel Photo

*The first thing that impressed me was that she is an unusually serious minded young woman.*



dise Valley. Her father, mother and an elder sister still hold Nevada in sufficient regard to continue to live there, only now they have moved over to another spot that Rand & McNally almost overlooked, a place known to the neighborhood as Lovelock. Miss Purviance has another sister—Edna is the “kid” of the family—living in San Francisco.

There never was the slightest bit of parental objection to Edna working in the movies. She just went, and now Mother and Father are mightily pleased at the success that has come to their youngest daughter. Any father or mother would be, and besides, Edna told me so.

Thus far, Edna Purviance has been seen with Charlie Chaplin in these pictures: “A Night Out,” “In the Park,” “A Jitney Elopement,” “The Champion,” “The Tramp,” “By the Sea,” “Work,” “The Bank,” “The Woman,” and “Shanghaied.”

Miss Purviance regrets that thus far in her career she has never had a chance to wear modish gowns and says that she won't be actually happy until such an opportunity comes to her. Says she doesn't care if it does rip a hole in a week's salary; she simply wants to show her admirers all over the country what she looks like when upholstered in one of those Parisian affairs.

That Miss Purviance is deeply appreci-

ative of Chaplin's assistance is quickly made apparent.

“Perhaps I shall never be a great success.” . . . Oh, Edna, and here you are a whopping big success, after only eight months' work in the picture business. . . . “but whatever success that I may have I shall always attribute to Mr. Chaplin.” Otherwheres than in this impressive moment he had been just “Charlie.”

Thus she gets warmed up and goes on with never a cylinder missing:

“It was Charlie who gave me my first chance. It was he who directed me over the rough spots, who always was patient and painstaking with me, who coached me, who encouraged me and without whose help I never could have accomplished what I have.”

I mentioned at the very outset that Edna Purviance was a modest, serious sort of girl. Now, you can add for yourselves, that she possesses that rare, rare quality of gratitude. For the benefit of the thousands let me say that she is not married, and will not for some years yet, she says, even think of getting married!

Edna Purviance, queen of shadow farce, was twenty years old October 21, 1915.



*“Whatever success I have I shall always attribute to Mr. Chaplin.”*



# THE MASQUERADERS \*

WHEN A GIRL PAWNS HERSELF,  
WHO CAN TAKE HER OUT OF PAWN?

By Clarie Marchand

Produced by The Famous Players.

**D**ULCIE at once welcomed and dreaded an evening in which she could entertain without the blighting presence of her husband, Sir Brice Skene. Welcomed, because for months he had been steeped in liquor and a passion for gambling which had annihilated every virtue and had absorbed every ambition; dreaded, because his kind lost few opportunities to make her feel that she was not one of them—that she was an interloper who had won a title and a fortune with a pretty face.

Yet on this evening cheerfulness perched more securely over the great oaken doorway than was its wont.

Without, the wind and rain of November raged through London's West End as impartially as they swept and cried in distant meaner streets. Within, a splendid fire chortled at the far end of the long hall, barking redly in the wide chimney as the fires of the ancient Skenes

had done on moorland hearths. Dulcie reconnoitered from the rising ground of the first stair landing. The yellow glow of the electric bulbs fell over a happy party; a few were chatting informally in the breakfast-room; young love had sought its expected and formal nooks in the conservatory; a few danced, in the ballroom, to the melodies of a Hungarian orchestra which never saw Hungary; the majority idled at the card tables, playing casual society games for small stakes. Whist was serving the women; one table of men was becoming a bit noisy at a merry game of poker, played at a low limit.

As a rule Dulcie never gave ennui an opportunity to enter any door or window, and affected not to hear veiled or open insult. She was literally and all the time the life of her affairs.

Yet, this evening. . . .

David Remon had been in London a week, and she had not heard from him directly



*She remembered how tumultuously her heart had leaped when she beheld men bidding cold money for her warm mouth.*

\* A short story upon the plot of the celebrated play by Henry Arthur Jones.



in any way. She had heard, indirectly, that he had returned from Western America with a great fortune. She wondered continually if he had forgotten her. Thinking gently about David, she forgot to converse. Spoken to, she answered abstractedly. She was glad, for a few moments, to

*"I r'peat"—in his excitement his dis-  
til ed tongue commenced to trip—  
"I r'peat my question:  
are there any  
gentlemen  
here?"*



be quite alone with her meditations.

There were no prettier women in London. Perhaps there have never been. Dulcie was a blonde who might truthfully be described as radiant, from her small, slim feet to the top of her sunshine head

with its piled masses of spun gold. She had eyes like an Egyptian sky, and her smile, matching them, was splendid as an Egyptian noon. Dulcie's slender figure was admirably encased in a sleeveless gown of black belted first at her bosom. A dia-



*"You only insulted Lady Cran-  
dover. You did not ask us  
to play," answered  
Monty, out of  
the silence.*

verted hours, was, after all,  
dreadfully regular. She rose near  
noon; when it was fair weather  
she golfed or rode, and when it  
was rotten she trudged; she  
gave and attended teas; she  
generally dined informal-  
ly; she went as often  
as she could to the  
theatre; much  
more often  
she went out  
or re-



mond bar was set diagonally at the rim  
of her frock; the Skene pearls rose and  
fell with her breath; a circlet of diamonds  
hugged her forearm; the only encum-  
brance of her fingers was a wedding ring.

Her now-fashionable life, with its in-

ceived and entertained her friends.

Her guests were as glad as she that Sir  
Brice was without explanation absent at a  
reception of his own. They too had been  
appalled at his growing coarseness, at the  
open brutality that stood revealed when al-



cohol stripped off his veneer of polite stupidity. When informed this evening that he was "indisposed," they expressed sorrow and were overjoyed.

Their satisfaction, like Dulcie's, was premature.

Sir Brice entered unannounced, faultlessly dressed, walking without any physical symptoms of inebriety. A big man of considerably less than fifty years, he looked much more. His almost-white thin hair was fop-

pishly parted in the center. His habiliments were of this year of the Great War; his moustache, wandering and downturned, the hirsute style of a past generation.

He passed directly, and easily, to one of the card tables near the staircase. Those at the table rose to greet him; the rest of the room affected not to see him.

"Lady Crandover," he began, greedily, "deal for me, if you please!"

He rubbed his palms together with a small shopkeeper's anticipation.

"I was just going, Sir Brice! So sorry! You've quite recovered?" The dowager's carefully constructed face dissembled in a false smile.

She got no answering smile from the knight.

"Just going, eh?" Sir Brice's eyes were red; his look a leer. "What's your hurry? Broke? I'll loan you a note—there!" He threw a piece of the Bank of England's

*David had dropped to one knee as he begged her not to go to the Stagg.*





*Sir Brice bid over him contempt-*

*uously. Then David had gone away.*



five-pound paper on the table at his side.

"I don't understand you, Sir Brice!" Lady Crandover's tone was ice. "Good-night." She turned toward the stairway.

Skene laughed, and sat down heavily. Then he began to laugh again. The others at the table still stood, uncertain as to their next movements.

"You know"—he continued—"that old woman wasn't so devilish independent when she was trying to land me for her Clarice—"

It was Monty Lushington who interrupted him—Monty, the butt of ridicule as an easy bouncer—Monty, who had credit for no individuality at all. "Sir Brice," he began, his voice quavering at his unaccustomed courage, "you are not well this evening. If you were yourself, by Jove, I—I—" Thus far had Monty's new valor led him; now it faltered.

But Sir Brice's fogged mentality was missing on several cylinders. At that moment his insult to Lady Crandover, and Monty's answer, vanished from his memory. He remembered only the ruling passion, the ever-uppermost desire; here were tables, and people, and cards, and his own house—and none of those whom his lights and food and wine and music had entertained would play with him! In despairing rage he raised a pack of cards on high and flung them broadcast.

"Are there any *gentlemen* here who'll play with a gen'l'man?" he cried in a big, whiny, injured voice that brought even the mechanical musicians to a full stop. "I r'peat"—in his excitement his distilled tongue commenced to trip—"I r'peat my question: Are there any *gentlemen* here?" He sat down, heavily.

"You only insulted Lady Crandover. You did not ask us to play," answered Monty, out of the silence.

"You shouldn't need to be asked. *Will you?*"

"No," returned Monty, "not now."

Sir Brice rose to glare at the insignificant who thus challenged him. As Monty saw that he was very drunk, some courage came back to him. He returned the bold stare.

"Get out o' m'house!" shouted the host, advancing. Monty gave back. "Get out o' m'house!"

It was Dulcie's hand on Sir Brice's shoulder, and it was Dulcie's firm fingers that whirled him around.

"Aren't you ashamed?" she asked, in a quiet voice that sounded very loud in the stillness. "Why do you come home drunk? I'm not angry, Sir Brice. Only . . . . I can't understand."

Skene gazed at his wife in amazement doubly confounded. He could not speak for a moment.



"You!" he said at length, in a low, curious voice. "You ungrateful piece of prettiness!"

He turned to the bewildered Monty, now stupidly forgetful of their quarrel as he had been of the words with Lady Cran-dover.

"Y'know," he began, with the utmost good-humor, "it passes belief the airs these upstart flappers take. Just a flapper—jolly pretty, but still, a flapper—that's all my wife was. I *bought* her. You know. No breeding. Common sort. Now she insults me before m'equals. Funny, I say! What? Right, eh?" And the sot laughed uproarously.

Monty evaded him, took Dulcie's hand with a warm pressure, passed to the door.

IT is a trait of modernity everywhere to avoid scenes. The yokel slides surreptitiously from the taproom to avoid a fight; lords and ladies slide surreptitiously from noble halls to avoid battling with nasty words. Our playwrights and our novelists depict valiant encounter or great argument; but in life these don't often happen. Women are beaten and cry quietly; men pretend not to hear or see—and pass on.

So Dulcie's wretched party began to break up. Monty disappeared. All were for their things, and the calling of their cars, while those who had to stand by dissembled in a buzz of small talk.

Only in the immediate arena around the drunken Skene did the atmosphere of combat still impend. And that without words, for Sir Brice wobbled as he stood, and glared at his wife in a loud-silent sneer.

Dulcie pretended to hear a little woman who murmured the usual nothings into her ear at parting. But she did not hear. She knew that she could not move away, for if she did, her mellow spouse would follow her with blasphemy—perhaps worse. She stood her ground. She heard nothing but the wild cries of her own heart; she saw nothing but the curtain of tears that had begun to lower a crystal veil over her eyes.

Suddenly she realized that from the band of creeping, sneaking men who were moving doorwards one was advancing toward her husband—not in haste or anger, but calmly, deliberately. Bewildered, she rubbed the tears out of her eyes with the back of her hand, like a little girl.

It was David Remon!

She had not seen him enter. He had not been announced. Probably he had expressly asked not to be announced. He carried his topcoat over his arm. He was in evening dress, and Dulcie thought, curiously at that moment, how alert, how trim, how well-groomed he was.

"Good evening, Sir Brice," said David casually as if he were extending a week-end bid; "I'll play you."

Skene did not rise, but he extended his hand. David apparently did not see it.

"So-so!" muttered Skene, half to himself. "The man out o'nowhere! Come back like the Prince in the play, eh? Slave of any old lamp in 'm'wife's house, eh?"

"I'll play you, I said!" Remon's tone rose like the voice of a brass trumpet.

"Good—good," murmured Skene, mollified. "What'll it be . . . where you been?"

"America—I'll play you any game you wish."

"America! Good—it's poker!"

"Do you know poker? I've learned it." Remon's voice was a chill warning.

"O' course I know poker. I want to play poker!"

"An awkward game for two, Sir Brice."

"But we'll play it!"

"Very well."

The few who had not departed gathered around in frankly breathless interest. Apart from a grave, deep bow to Dulcie, Remon had taken no notice of her. He was apparently saw no one else. He was as unconcerned as a match player in billiards or tennis, and as impersonal.

"David," mumbled Skene, turning out his pockets, "here are two fi'-pound notes, three—no, four sovereigns, some odd sixpence; David, an' ladies 'n' gen'l'men"—Skene waxed oratorical—"thas' m' fortune! I mean what I say—decid'ly inter'sing, I'm sure, but it's true. This money is positively, absolu'ly, un'quivoc'ly the las' o' the Skene fortune. It's gone!"

Dulcie gave a little cry. The few women present looked at each other uncertainly, with polite, inaudible gasps of amazement. But there were two or three men about the table to whom public announcement of the wreck of Sir Brice's exchequer was no news. They only wondered how the profligate had made his far-flung golden pounds go such a



distance, under the circumstances.

Nor did David seem surprised.

"Sir Brice," he said, "I want you to know that I have made a great deal of money since—since I saw you last. As I said, I have been to America. I haven't been speculating; I haven't been mining gold. I have *made* gold, out of a humble, necessary thing called potash. I found, in the Arizona desert—"

"D'you kill many Indians, old top?" interpolated Skene.

"In the Arizona desert," continued Remon, unmindful of the weak wit, "I have located and developed the greatest potash beds in the world."

"Whash that got t'do with this game?" asked the maudlin one, wearily.

"Just *this!*" Remon leaned forward tensely; spoke in a voice of iron. "I don't want your sixpences, lying there. Here is an equal amount in cash, to play against. We'll play a five-shilling limit, and we can't replenish. If I'm cleaned at the finish you have my entire fortune—that's my stake! But if you're cleaned, I get . . . . *Dulcie!*"

No one had a chance to speak before Dulcie.

In a flutter—

ing leap she was over the table, between the two men.

"This is impossible!" she cried in a choked, hurt voice. "David, I hadn't thought this of you, of all men! Why do you, too, come here to insult me?"

"Dulcie," said David, without rising, "I know best. This game is for your happiness as well as mine."

"Stop, David! This man is my—"

"Your lawful master, but your unlawful husband," finished David.

"Go on with th' game," muttered Sir Brice, thickly.

Dulcie laid her hand on the cards.

"Dulcie . . . . *please,*" commanded David, gently.

Scarcely knowing what she did, she backed away, and sat upon a Turkish ottoman not far distant. Her guests gazed only at the table. The play began. However inefficient he was in other things, Sir Brice was a master of cards, and, had he played in honorable games, must generally have won. At first luck ran against David.

People facing sudden death, they say, behold a panorama of their entire existences.

As Dulcie faced the table she did not see the table, but with the eyes of memory saw the first days in which

"Dear, in King Arthur's time I would have gone happily on your saddle-bow into another earldom."





she had ever known David. Her father, a man of more learning than business ability, had seen his fortune swept away by a single unwise investment. There was Helen, Dulcie's sister, with her pitiable inefficiency, her unwillingness to do anything, her continual protests against their grinding poverty. Dulcie, too, was as ignorant of practical things as Helen, but her father's despair had struck terror to her heart, and when the proprietor of the good Stagg Inn, in a moment of banter, had offered to make her a barmaid—she had accepted.

DULCIE remembered Helen's horror and her father's weak grief. David had dropped to one knee as he begged her not to go to the Stagg. She had laughed.

Those had not been cloudy days. Dulcie was not for work at the Stagg; she was an attraction, and she served a bit, and smiled a lot—and accepted kisses from nobody.

It sent a pang through her heart, now, as she remembered David's devotion. He was alone among her snobbish friends in his faithfulness. Bitterly he opposed her becoming a barmaid . . . still, he saw her often. There was the same grave, unalterable devotion.

How well Dulcie remembered the mad day in which she had offered her premier kiss for charity!

The spirit of her had been so wrung in the morning; they had buried a gardener from the minister's living; Dulcie had smoothed the pillow of his sick wife, and had soothed his little wistful boys. They looked hungry. Dulcie fed them—they *were* hungry! All the heart of her cried over this pitiful, forlorn little family. She had given them threepence—it was all her father, and Helen, had left her! At her own luncheon she had not eaten for thinking of them. Then the raffle—and Dulcie proposed to sell a kiss. It was a flash of inspiration.

She remembered, watching the two holding this autopsy over her long-dead heart, how tumultuously that heart had leaped when she stood upon the table in the inn-yard, beholding many men, most of them in great red riding-coats, bidding cold money for her warm mouth. Until then, no man save her father, and an old uncle, had ever kissed her. Frightened, she lifted

her mouth like a trembling rose into the warm sunshine. She wished to run, but, just as now, she couldn't. Then she became conscious of the battle between Sir Brice and David—just as now. With all the fury that was in him, David strove to outbid Sir Brice. But David hadn't much money, then. He laid it all out on the table . . . Sir Brice, sober, bid over him contemptibly and contemptuously. Then David had gone quickly away.

Dulcie could never forget the terrible moment when she put her pure, sweet, trembling lips against the coarse, hot mouth of this debauchee. She had delivered just a gold-bought kiss; and she had continued to deliver no other kind.

For weeks Dulcie had wondered why David did not return. She wanted him, oh, so much! Poor, he had been ashamed to offer his hand, after the auction, he considered that she no longer wanted a husband who could not bring her wealth. He had entirely misinterpreted her motive.

Then all the countryside had laughed at Lady Crandover's clumsy efforts to win Sir Brice for her daughter. Sir Brice often dismounted at the Stagg for a pot of ale; he and Dulcie together had ridiculed the clumsy Crandover, and always he begged, half in banter, half in earnest, that Dulcie become his lady. She wrote to David. The note reached his house the day after he left for America. Dulcie, utterly wounded by the ignoring of her contrite petition—married Sir Brice Skene.

And that was all the tragedy, and enough. Now that—

"I win!"

It was the resonant voice of David which brought Dulcie from her melancholy reverie. She saw him stand, exultant. Sir Brice sat stupidly.

"Dulcie," began David, in a voice of infinite tenderness.

"Won't you go?" said Dulcie, wearily, to the people who remained. "I'm afraid this sad little farce has bored you dreadfully."

"It is not a farce," interrupted David, hotly. "Your freedom was the real stake. I am taking you to liberty—"

"Good-night," murmured Dulcie, impersonally. "Yes, so pleased—oh, he will be all right tomorrow. Yes, we will both be all right tomorrow. Good-night."

When they had all gone she turned to



David before he had a chance to plead with her.

"David, you're just a wonderful medieval adventurer. You should have been a knight in King Arthur's time—yes, dear, then I would have gone happily on your saddle-bow into another earldom. But we can't do these things now, dear. We must all, always, be just masqueraders. We're in touch everywhere. There are no strangers. All dry land seems to be the garden next door. You couldn't take me any place where I wouldn't know that I had cheated my husband—"

The interruption came from Sir Brice, who staggered to his feet.

"Quit this soft stuff, you two!" he muttered, thickly. "I want money. I got to have money. Money is my meat, drink, n'cess'ty. You two can do jus' you please, but *give me money!*" His emphasis on the last three words was little less than terrible. The purple cords stood out on his neck as he pounded the table for emphasis. His little red eyes seemed to shed crimson flames.

Dulcie leaped back with a little cry, her eyes wide. She put her hand across her mouth lest she cry out again.

"Skene, you're drunk, or I'd knock you

cold." David did not speak; he snarled. "Do you know what you said just now? Do you know what you insinuated?"

Sir Brice leered cunningly—and backed away.

"Why"—he laughed, coarsely—"anyone would think I'd suggested something *new* to you two—"

With a heavy oath that he made no attempt to suppress David Remon leaped toward the ignoble knight. But he did not reach him. Dulcie dashed between, and it was Dulcie's arms about his neck, Dulcie's voice in his ear, Dulcie against his heart.

"David!" she said, when his plunge had stopped. "Take me to your mother's house."

"Then we are not all masqueraders, after all?"

"No, David, no! I love you—I've always loved you! I want to marry you, as soon as—"

"Come, dear!"

Sir Brice Skene stood alone by the card table in his great, doubly ruined house.

"Money . . . . money." He muttered in his thick daze. . . . "Money—I *told* 'em I had to have money!"



### Gussle as an Invalid

of the Keystone war. A piece of fireworks, in a recent Sennett comedy, made Syd Chaplin's right eye all wrong. However, Mr. Chaplin is now recovering, and the sight of the eye will not be impaired.



### A New Point of View

for children has been invented by a St. Louis man. The above picture shows the telescope chair devised to give young America an equal chance at the photodrama with his elders.



# Here are the Conditions of the "Beauty and Brains" Contest

**A**NY girl or woman who has had no professional stage or picture experience is eligible to enter. Age, height, weight or marriage is no bar.

To enter the contest send two good photographs to The Judges, "Beauty and Brains" Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Send a profile and full face study.

Write your full name and address on the back of each photograph.

If you wish to have your photographs returned, enclose postage and write on back of such pictures: "Please return."

Contestants must also write a letter of not more than 150 words to the judges telling: "Why I would like to be a photoplay actress." The letter must accompany the pictures.

Merely to aid the Judges in determining their selections, contestants should state their age, weight, height, complexion and color of hair and eyes.

To equalize conditions for the contestants the United States has been divided into five grand divisions for the contest. Canada forms a sixth grand division. Two contestants will be selected from each of the five grand divisions in the United States. One will be selected from Canada.

These selections will be made by the judges, based solely upon the letters and photographs received.

The eleven fortunate contestants will be taken to New York in first-class trains and lodged in one of Manhattan's most celebrated hotels without any expense to them. They will be properly chaperoned.

Within two weeks after their arrival in New York they will be given photographic and dramatic trials at

the Fort Lee, New Jersey, studios of the World Film Corporation.

Contestants who pass final photographic and acting requirements under the tutelage of the world's greatest directors, will be given contracts for a period of not less than one year at a regular salary.

Those who do not pass the final trials will be returned to their homes in a first-class manner and without any expense to them whatsoever.

All letters and pictures must be sent before January 1, 1916. The names and letters of the eleven contestants selected by the judges will be published in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Here are the Grand Divisions of the contest by states:

The *Eastern Division* is composed of the states of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, and North Carolina.

The *East Central Division* is composed of Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Indiana and Michigan.

The *West Central Division* is composed of Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Nebraska.

The *Western Division* is composed of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, and California.

The *Southern Division* is composed of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas.

The *Canadian Division* takes in the whole of the Dominion of Canada.



# Beauty and Brains Contest

CANADIAN GIRLS INCLUDED. ALL TYPES OF AMERICAN BEAUTY VIE FOR HONORS. TIME LIMIT EXTENDED.

**T**HERE are so many important announcements to make about the "Beauty and Brains" Contest this month one hardly knows where to start.

First there is the announcement about the new provision for the entrance of Canadian girls in the contest,—at first rigidly limited to the United States. So, instead of ten, there will be eleven candidates for stellar roles in moving picture plays who will owe their start to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and to the World Film Corporation.

Then, instead of announcing the names of the fortunate young women in the February issue, the judges will announce their decision in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for March. This postponement was made in order to give Canadian aspirants time to enter.

That the judges may have sufficient time in which to make their selections, all contestants must send their photographs and letters to the PHOTOPLAY office by January 1, 1916. Those arriving after that date will be accepted if they bear a postmark showing they were mailed before midnight, Dec. 31st.

Now for something about the contest proper. It is safe to say that none has ever proved so

popular in so short a time as this contest of "Beauty and Brains." The idea of sending eleven young women to moving picture stardom without any expense to them, made such an instantaneous appeal to readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that the office has been fairly swamped with photographs and letters.

It is safe to say that when Lillian Russell, William A. Brady, Kitty Kelly, Lewis J. Selznick and Julian Johnson start judging, they will be confronted with a task whose magnitude they never dreamed of. Pictures of pretty girls, beautiful girls and homely girls, with and without brains, and of tall girls, short girls, slender girls and fat girls have come in by hundreds.

And the letters! Some of them are marvels for cleverness. Others show minds with little education. Some show too much education and not enough brains. Some reveal the writers to be giggly girls, thoughtful girls and happy girls, while some just fairly drip with sentimental appeal that makes them gems of "hard luck" stories. One girl wrote personally to Miss Russell asking her advice as to writing her letter! That girl certainly isn't overlooking any opportunities to be-

## "Don't's"

**Don't send in "snapshots."**

**Don't ask foolish questions. Brains count in this contest.**

**Don't be afraid to write your name and address plainly.**

**Don't be afraid to tell your age, weight, height, complexion and color of hair and eyes. Such information might help the judges.**

**Don't get "stage fright" in telling why you want to be a moving picture star. Such girls might wobble in front of the camera.**

**Don't let your friends discourage you. The judges will decide this contest.**



# A Few "Beauty and Brains" Contestants



*Wouldn't you enjoy seeing these  
New York girls on the screen?*



*Representatives of the Pulchritude  
and Perspicacity of Ohio and Penn-  
sylvania.*



*Do the brains of the Central West  
vary as much as do these beauties?*



# Will They Become Photoplay Stars?



*Arizona's daughters are setting a high standard.*



*Fresh and breezy beauty from Salt Lake City.*



*One of Canada's representatives.*



*Two beauties from Dixieland.*



come a star. But it is not one that will help her in this contest.

Many contestants are sure they "have the ability but never have had a chance to be tried out." That is really the keynote of the whole contest. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the directors of the World Film Corporation felt equally certain that there are girls who would make brilliant stars in the film firmament if the clouds obscuring opportunity were only pushed away. They evolved the "Beauty and Brains" Contest for this very purpose and the photographs and letters confirm their opinion.

**O** THER girls have written letters revealing a yearning for moving pictures that is not only astonishing but sometimes amusing. One wrote that she is training to become a nurse "but if successful in this contest it will be 'Goodnight, nurse.'" Another wrote that she has neither beauty nor brains, and would not enter the contest but just wanted to write so she could feel that she had identified herself with "the movie fans." And no matter what occupation they are in now or have been in, this "movie appeal" has won them. One girl who has been "everything from a traveler to a worker at the switchboard; from typist to drawing room dilettante; from kitchen to office and store; from underling to boss, and can use a gun and has ridden horseback over the Peruvian Andes, ascending 15,000 feet," now wants to be a camera queen.

Another girl writes that she tried for four years to become a photoplay actress. She called on managers and producers; had her friends intercede for her, but all without avail. Finally she gave up. "Then the contest came along and I knew that at last I would have my chance," she says.

One girl very frankly wrote that she was not sure that "I could take any beauty prize but am positive that I will do any company credit." Still another wrote that she is "a girl of 22 and started to work for my living almost as soon as I left the cradle, my work being everything from dishwasher to stenographer and private secretary." It is a cause for rejoicing to know that girls like these have entered the contest.

And don't think the girl with poetical ideas has overlooked the contest. One wrote: "To believe, to feel, or to know that it was my likeness on the screen that caused a little child to laugh; that spread a smile of satisfaction over the face of some business man; that brought a tear from the more sentimental, or caused a thrill to pass over a young couple as they sat watching the silent drama, would be a source of satisfaction to me indeed indescribable."

If you were one of the judges of the contest how would you classify the young woman who wrote the following? "I would like

to become a moving picture actress because I regard the men and women of the screen the cleverest, keenest and most wholesome of any class, and with whom it would be a great pleasure and good fortune to be associated."

If you are skeptical about the possibility of unknown, untried and unskilled young women leaping into stellar roles, reflect on the careers of Mae Marsh, Anita Stewart, Mabel Normand, Marguerite Courtot, Beverly Bayne, Edna Purviance, and many other film stars who today are enjoying fame and fortune in a profession they entered without previous stage experience.

Do not let this opportunity pass unheeded: Read the conditions and then send in your photographs and letters.

### Clara Kimball Young Calls Contest Girls' Greatest Opportunity

**H**ERE is what Clara Kimball Young, whom Lillian Russell has classed as the most beautiful woman in pictures, has to say about the "Beauty and Brains" contest:

"I am often asked to return to regular stage work at my own terms and I always decline. Motion picture work is more diversified than stage work. I work all the year. There are no risks of the show 'failing.'"

"Socially, financially and artistically I gratify my very highest aspirations. What more could a girl — could the girl competitors in the 'Beauty and Brains' Contest — desire than this?"



# "CLOSE - UPS"

Stop—  
Look—  
Listen!

A FAMILIAR sign where the roadway crosses the ironway, indicating not that the ironway must not be crossed, but that it must be crossed *at all times with caution.*

So with photoplay investments. There is no art industry on a surer foundation than active photography, but no great new business can appear without offering, to the unwise or the ignorant, almost as large chances of loss as it does opportunity for gain to the shrewd and discerning.

Millions of dollars will change hands during the coming year in photoplay stocks. In this connection Paul H. Davis said, in the first of his articles, "Investing in the Movies" (August *Photoplay Magazine*): "It would be much wiser for the man who wishes to invest in the movies to buy stock in established concerns at the present time rather than risk his coin in a new venture unless he is convinced, after careful investigation, that this new venture is recommended by reputable bankers who know the inside of the industry."

Shares that assuredly glitter are being offered for sale, will be offered for sale, perhaps, in increasing quantities for months to come. For the credit of the business be it said that very few of the offerings of stock have any appearance of illegitimacy, even to the skeptical. It is a pretty clean trade. There have been far worse dupings in the motor industry, in the barter of farm lands, in the textile business. Yet another of Mr. Davis' warnings goes well here in repetition: "Only those should buy motion picture stock who have money that they can afford to lose." No company is a sure thing to receive the orphan's bequest, the old man's hoard, the widow's mite.



Things that  
are NOT  
Assets

WHAT are the tangible, solid assets of a motion picture corporation? Studio? Mechanical equipment? Cameras? Costumes and scenery? No.

Yet that's about all the *apparent* property any manufactory has, is it not? To this, of course, must be added its market, technically known as its release system. The release or exchange system of a film manufacturer corresponds to the good will of any other business, except that it is far more than good will. Among material assets which can be figured with a lead pencil or computed with an adding machine, it is most important of all. Any goop with a few thousand dollars can "make a picture." To place pictures regularly in the hands of the nation's



exhibitors is a bit of a science, a bit of "big business" genius, more than a bit of having been in on the ground floor when silent drama was a new thing in the world.

So there we have the manufacturer's exchange system as his biggest tangible asset, followed by his mechanical, scientific and real-estate *impedimenta*. And all very secondary.

Here are the *real* assets of the film-maker: first of all, the film-maker himself, for every photoplay corporation which has achieved permanent success possesses individuality, and corporate individuality is only a reflection of a man, or a group of men; second, his directors; then his actors and actresses, and the men who pick his stories. The director is a paramount factor for he is more or less a combination of author and executive manager, as well as being an unremitting Svengali to male and female artists who shine most when they reflect him.

Let the investor remember, then, that the real *viscera* of the proud corporation at which he gazes with such covetous admiration are live, limber people who can walk. Actors transfer their managerial affections every day. Directors are more stable, but they too are moved by other incentives than dynamite or death.

In this the investor must clearly see the difference between a maker of photographic dramas and the manufacturer of a new and marvellously efficient gang plow. The plow is an inanimate thing protected by a patent. Buy a share in it, and it is good as long as the public's demand for this fine new plow lasts. Buy a share in a picture company, and you purchase that company's stated policy, record and announced intentions: it can not deliver to you any guarantee that it will in the future equal its record or live up to its press agent's schedule of plans. Nor, if the company lost the services of the famous John Jones and the redoubtable Solomon Smith, could you hold it responsible or demand your money back. You didn't buy a share of John or take a lien on Solly; you purchased a little slice of the organization with which they happened to be affiliated when you drew out your wallet.

There are, of course, grim ways of real investor-cheating which will only be referred to casually here. A new picture company may be "salted"—with, say, splendid productions—as effectively and artfully as the old mine frauds of California and Nevada.



*The  
Instability of  
Picture  
Investments*

**I**N the main the business side of picturedom is honest, but from the standpoint of rock-bottom investing it is unstable as the surface of the sea. There are probably half a dozen great companies with practically no stock for sale; perhaps more. They are in business for themselves, and to stay.

This comment is not designed to frighten folk in any way; it is merely a friendly admonition, when going into a business deal involving the pictures, to "Stop, Look, Listen."



*Screen  
Gesture*

**C**RITICS of the photoplay, seeking its weaknesses as assiduously as death sought the heel of Achilles, unitedly pounce on screen gesture, to which the actors respectfully refer as pantomime, and which their deriders call mugging and windmilling.

Pantomime—the art of expressing thought and emotion by the face, body and limbs—is at its best in Latin countries, at its worst in England, and nearly as bad in America.

The photoplay is already beginning to restore pantomime to its rightful place, though progress is indeed slow on the road of art. The repressive drama of the last thirty years in England effectually stamped out of Anglo-Saxon histrionism fluency, freedom and naturalness in gesture. Always repressed in his display of emotion, the Englishman gave a right royal exhibition of the statuesque when he decided to curtail his narrative movements still more. The American stage, legitimate child of the English stage, of course followed suit.

The photoplay, having had its appendix of dialogue cut out, must needs express itself by the face, the hands, the body. First efforts along these lines were as honest as the struggles of a baby to walk—and no more to be derided. Instead of debasing the drama photoplay gesture is actually bringing back something the drama had lost: pantomime. It was not to be expected that English-speaking pantomimists would leap facile-armed, a la Minerva, from the current, moveless, and often emotionless, play. The baby has learned to walk, and although he can't do any hundred-yard dashes as yet, he is growing magnificently.

It was Geraldine Farrar who complained that the Anglo-Saxon body was absolutely inexpressive above the hips. Quite true. Note the torsial freedom and liveness of a Spanish or Russian dancer, of a French or Italian actress, as compared to immobility of an American, English or German body. Nothing but the photoplay—because necessity is invention's mater—could ever correct this adequately. The stage actor or actress can talk, and will talk, to the end of time; the screen actor or actress must tell things with line and movement.

There are a lot of screen players whose exaggeration of movement and facial convulsions are simply dreadful; there are others who are not so bad; there are a few who are pantomimists worthy the name. *But they are all learning.*



*Music—  
Best and  
Worst*

**T**HE most inexcusable music the editor ever heard at a photoplay rendition was a hasty-pudding of sentimental ditties and threadbare popularities surrounding "Peer Gynt" at a first-class, high-priced theatre in Chicago. By what chance not one of Grieg's melodies ever filtered into the syncopated potpourri is a problem for artistic savants.

And the best—also in Chicago. The orchestra of Chicago's Strand theatre is without any doubt what the manager claims it to be: the best organization of its kind in a theatre devoted to motion pictures. It is a complete orchestra of full instrumentation, and it has not been denaturalized by the addition of a piano—demon of almost every pit band. Its programmes are alone worth the price of admission to the theatre; its interpretations superior to those of the huge orchestra in the Strand of New York.



Between these two extremes lie the average possibilities in motion picture music. The pianist in Hoosac Falls probably knew enough to thumb out "Anitra's Dance," "Solveig's Song," and "In the Hall of the Mountain King" when "Peer Gynt" was flickering over the gold-fibre. It is not to be presumed that Hoosac or any other falls can regularly support a Strand symphony organization, but the increase of stated music programmes, the rise of popular musical education, and the betterment of photoplay quality are doing much to promote real music instead of trash in all up-to-date emporiums of active photography.



Censorship  
Vs.  
Common-  
Sense

AMERICAN Common Sense is justly celebrated in all countries, belligerent or neutral. It is mistrusted only at home; and by the quacks who fear motion pictures as an insidious evil. When it comes to seeing screen plays, anywhere, the American Citizen is not a free agent.

He may be trusted not to wear indecent clothing; libidinous books are not customarily found on his library table; his residence is not subject to official search for naughty pictures; he is not ordinarily suspected of pandering to crime or inculcating evil propaganda in the community.

If a censorship of motion pictures is just, so is a censorship of theatres, books, garments, public utterances, recreation and even travel.

As a body, any American community may be trusted not to disgrace itself, or set a toboggan for morals. There are always suggestive or positively vicious books in print, and openly for sale, adroitly evading the law in some manner, yet the booksellers—if for no other than business reasons—do not flaunt them before their customers; do not often handle them. The American woman may always be trusted not to disgrace herself by her gown—and that is one very good reason why shop-keepers do not handle iniquitous raiment. In the last year or two the American theatre goer has frowned down and stamped upon the vicious play—and the vicious play is disappearing.

And so on. Publishers of newspapers and periodicals are not watched by the ferrets of purity, because it's not necessary. Transportation companies are not scrutinized lest they haul people where they hadn't ought to go.

If any trafficker—in goods theatrical, wearable, descriptive, conveyant—leaps the line of decency he is quickly lariatied by the police. There is always the refuge of the law, and common-sense America is always quick to sieze it.

Then why this *Bureaucracy* of shadows?





*For a time we feared we'd lost our  
road and got on Fifth Avenue.*



# *The* Discovery of Fort Lee

By Channing Pollock (A. D. 1915)

CONSIDERING its importance in the making of motion pictures, we were surprised to find that the ferry-house signs didn't star Fort Lee. In the billing on the building from which steam Charons take you across the Hudson, this little village, in which thousands of photoplays are filmed every year, wasn't even featured.

"Fort Lee," said the signs—just like that. And, on either side, in the same type, "Leonia," and "Rutherford," and "Hackensack."

Later, we were to find that Fort Lee isn't temperamental, but, at the moment, this absence of distinction astonished us. We had been told that a third of all the drama in the world took place in Fort Lee. Persons who knew had informed us that

the manifold activities of existence were concentrated in Fort Lee; that the borders of this tiny town enclosed most the mysteries of love and life and death; that here men fought and bled, and women suffered and sacrificed, and were photographed doing it. For years and years we had been interested in canned drama; now we were going to the canneries.

Our flagging spirits unfurled somewhat as we nosed into the stream. On the opposite shore tall chimneys were spouting smoke. Undoubtedly, these were the fun factories, the comedy crucibles, the melodrama mills, grinding neither slowly nor exceeding small. Letters twenty feet high told us of a "Palisade Amusement Park." Perhaps this was one of the places in which they manufactured amusement.



Romance accompanied us on the boat. There were a dozen mutable-mouthed, clean-shaven men—palpably players. I smiled at recollection of the story about an actor overboard, swimming strongly, when the searchlight found him, and, feeling himself at last in the glare of the calcium, he slipped his right hand into his coat-front, bowed, and was drowned. Two cowboys, in sombreros and trousers that needed a hair-cut, stood near me. Since there are no ranges nearer New York than the rifle-ranges at Coney Island, I assumed that these were riders for the camera. I was interested to observe that nobody noticed them. A director had informed me that indifference was the great advantage of Fort Lee.

"They're broken to the pictures," he said. "The moment you set-up in town crowds rise from the sidewalk like Venus from the Sea. But over there, you can fight the Battle of Gettysburg without a single passer-by looking in his note book to see if it's the Fourth of July. The whole populace is a volunteer first-aid. You can borrow anything from a cow to a front parlor. A boy, walking alongside a picturesque old woman, approached me one day to inquire: 'Mister; would you like to rent me mudder?'"

Besides the cowboys, Charon took over three wooden cannon, a score of Belgian peasants on their way to atrocities, and a vintage automobile that seemed to have trouble keeping body and wheels together. "Bringin' it across to be wrecked," elucidated the chauffeur. We began to suspect everything in sight. There was a wagon-load of pianos. "Going to wreck those, too?" I inquired.

"No."

"Sorry."

On the far side of the river, opposite One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street.



*A villa actually did go up in smoke. Nobody paid any attention. The head of the fire department told the father of the family to "Behave!"*

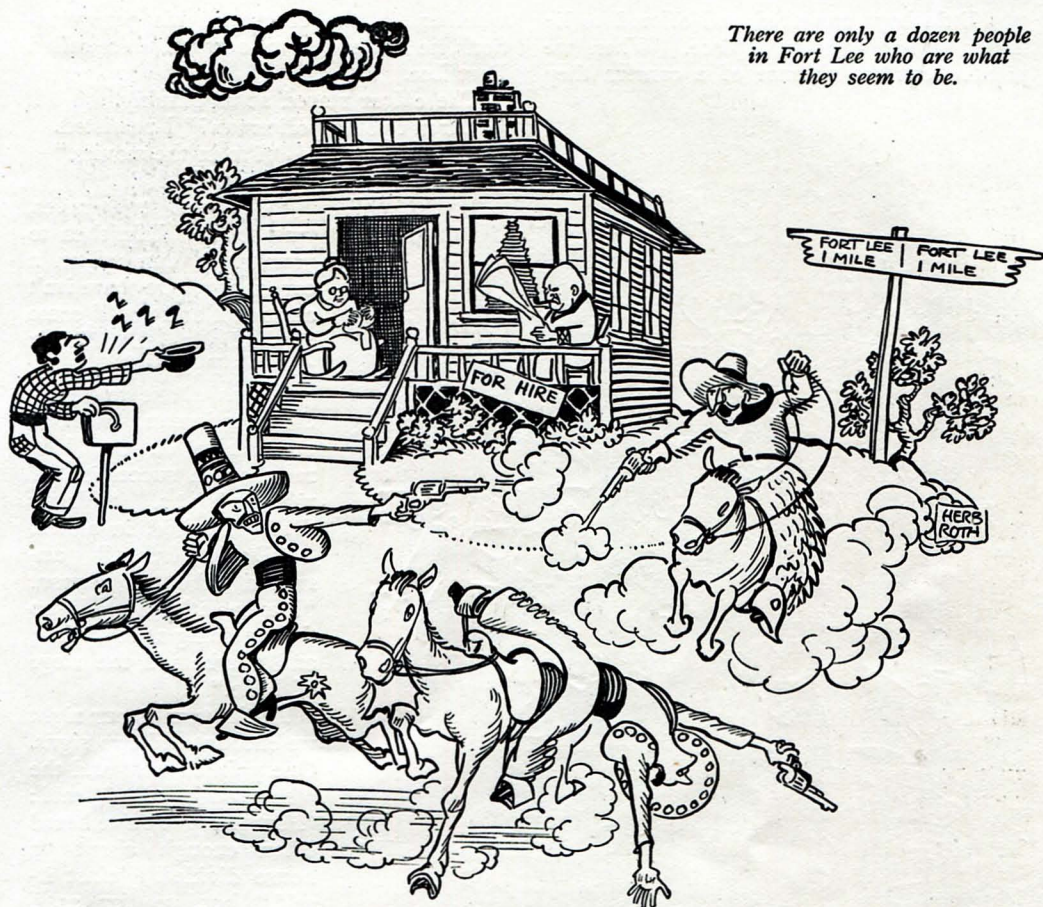
is a group of squalid, dirty, tumble-down, single-story shacks—saloons, cigar stores, quick lunch dives, garages, and accident insurance agencies.

"Fort Lee?"

The gentleman addressed shifted his quid, spat deftly upon his boot, and laconically retorted: "Sign."

There were two signs. One read, "Fort Lee"; the other, "The Road to Happiness." As both pointed the same way, we didn't discriminate, but started due North along the Hudson. On our left were occasional groups like that at the ferry—saloons, cigar stores, and thousands of Italian restaurants. The more dilapidated and ramshackle the restaurants, the grander their designations. One was called "Hudson Villa"; another, from whose porch was obtainable a fine view of the backyard of a scow club, rejoiced in the name of "Buena Vista." I imagine wrestling with spaghetti





*There are only a dozen people  
in Fort Lee who are what  
they seem to be.*

must be the favorite sport of Fort Lee.

On our right loomed a subtle and illusive combination of smoke and river. When the wind blew, it was quite easy to tell which was which. In calm moments the blend impressively suggested Whistler's "Naval Engagement in the English Channel."

Fort Lee's roads were constructed by the engineer who built the Witching Waves at Coney Island, and he acknowledges indebtedness to the gentleman who invented Loop the Loop. Had we been warned, I should have nailed a double keel onto the car, or brought a stabilizer, or something. There *were* shock-absorbers, but, in the first five minutes, they absorbed all the shocks they could hold, and we got the rest. Alonzo, who isn't a sea-going chauffeur, suffered terribly from *mal de mer*, and progress was impeded further by the necessity of going back every few moments

to pick up Helen. Helen weighs only a hundred pounds, and we kept losing her. Sometimes she went over the windshield, and sometimes over the sides, and once we found her hidden in the folds of our one-man-top. Finally, we pinned her to the seat. Every now and then we came to a sign remarking that the road was under repair, and that we used it at our own risk, but nothing was said of the existence of any other road. In one spot, where we had been obliged to drop into second, a board cautioned us against speeding.

Helen opined that we had missed the way to Fort Lee, and taken The Road to Happiness. "If this is The Road to Happiness," I answered, "Mr. Bunyan's justly celebrated Slough of Despond should have been called The Primrose Path. Anyhow, The Road to Happiness is a play at the Shubert Theatre."

Once the car broke down, and, instantly,



two little boys appeared and offered to lie under it for a dollar apiece. When we pointed out the absence of a camera they

whether, in the course of his peregrinations, he had ever come across a place called Fort Lee.

The officer stared at us blankly.

"Aren't you a policeman?" I persisted.

"No," he replied, "I'm in the movies."

"Where are the movies?"

"Go back two miles, turn to your left, then to your right, run up on a car track where there isn't any road, and you'll come to Willat's, the Eclair and the Peerless."

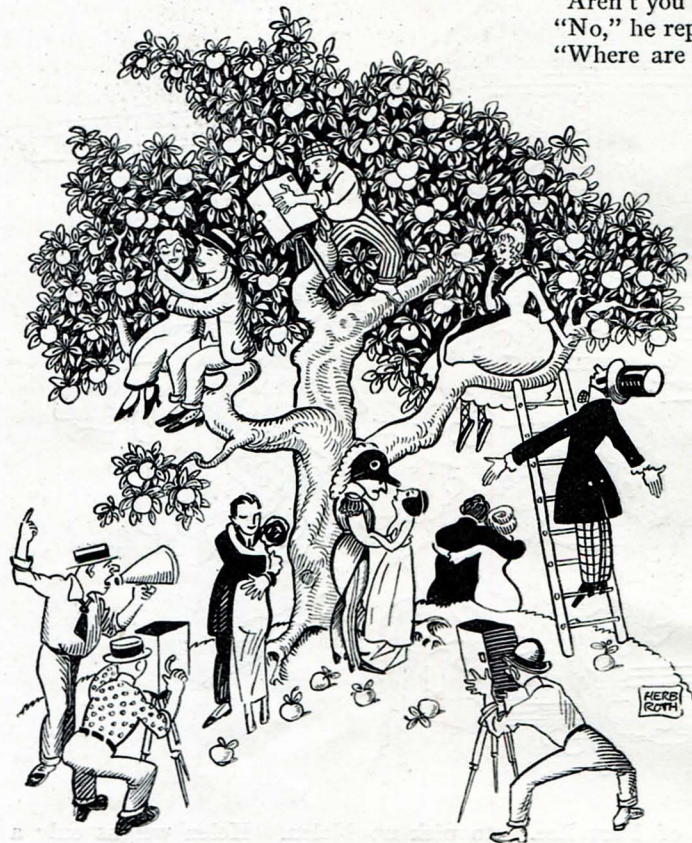
I was about to thank the gentleman, when, somewhere on our left, rang out a succession of rifle shots. "What's that?" I asked, in alarm.

"Don't know," answered the policeman. "Maybe it's a hold-up they're doing at the Solax, and maybe it's the siege of Lille."

At the turn to our right we encountered two signs. One pointed west and the other south. Both said: "Fort Lee." You've heard often enough about "a house divided against itself," but, so far as I know, Fort Lee is the only town in the world that lies in any direction you chance to be going.

We entered the zone.

There was a rustic bridge "to let for pictures," there was a stable that offered, "For Rent—Comedy and Heroic Horses," and there were so many women in make-up and short skirts that, for a time, we feared we'd lost our road again and got on Fifth Avenue. Persons of both sexes paraded nonchalantly in costumes of every place and period—ladies in evening dress, Roman soldiers, Servian peasantry, Russian cossacks, gentlemen whose fur coats and cigarettes proclaimed villainy afoot, an automobile load of Egyptian slaves, a coal-miner, with a lamp in his cap and across his forehead a ghastly wound to which he was adding with a stick of grease-paint. Movie make-ups, as you know, are the color of penny papers. The



*An apple tree that had earned six hundred dollars, sheltering lovers enough—were they on the level—to lift the clergy to affluence.*

seemed chagrined. Later on, when we had struck a smooth stretch and were making up time, a farmer ran in front of us, waving both hands and calling upon us to stop. We stopped—blowing out a perfectly good tire, and ramming Helen under the rug-rack so firmly that it took five minutes to pull her out again.

"I got it!" quoth the farmer.

"Got what?" said I.

"A precipice. Ain't that what you're lookin' for?"

Ten minutes later we came upon another sign. It pointed straight back, and bore the words, "Fort Lee." We must have passed the town without noticing it. A policeman hove in sight. I asked him



casual observer might have been pardoned for thinking himself in a colony of the jaundiced, or "up against" the Yellow Peril.

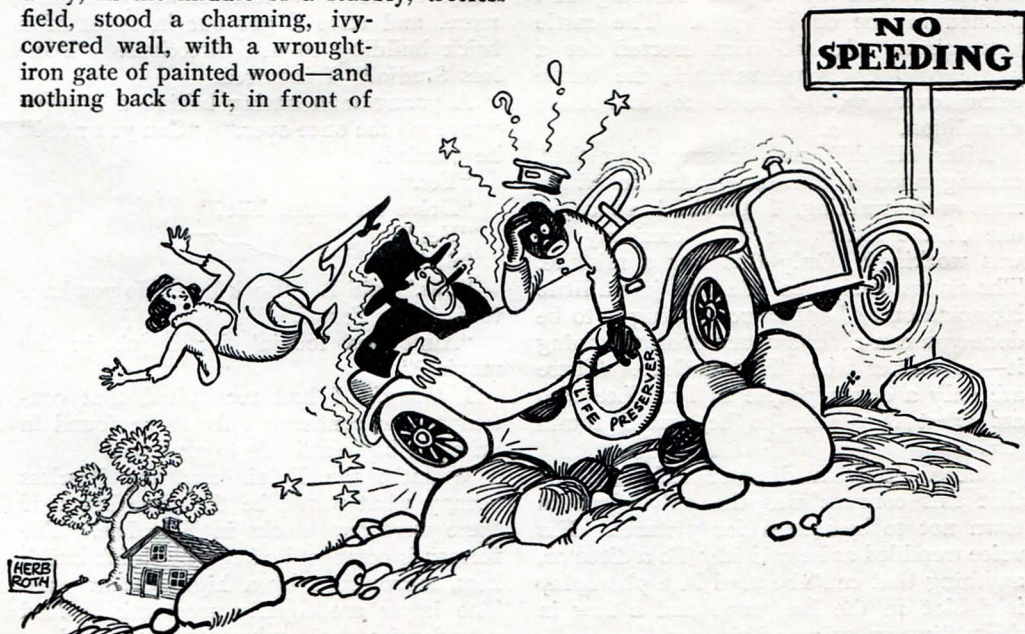
What a Wonderland for Alice—fifteen minutes from Broadway! My director, however, had not exaggerated the indifference of Fort Lee. Everywhere cameras grinding out drama—to the right and left, in front and behind, burglaries and dynamite outrages and fat men rolling down hill, and nobody even turning to look at them. Along the road were pretty little cottages, and on the porches of these cottages sat nice old gentlemen, and kindly old ladies, who didn't blink an eyelid when three galloping Mexicans were shot and killed at their very door. George Cohan teaching Kaiser Wilhelm to do a Highland Fling wouldn't occasion comment in this village on the Hudson. Berlin may thrill, and London may quiver, but nothing terrestrial can astonish Fort Lee!

One began to doubt the genuineness of everything. Perhaps the nice old gentlemen and kindly old ladies weren't anything of the sort. Perhaps, like our bogus policeman, they merely worked for the movies. Perhaps those pretty cottages had been put up over night, to be torn down in the afternoon. Why not? A hundred yards away, in the middle of a stubbly, treeless field, stood a charming, ivy-covered wall, with a wrought-iron gate of painted wood—and nothing back of it, in front of

it, or at either end of it. Just enough wall for an elopement. Still farther on, the facade of a tenement, with fire escapes, and dirty curtains at the windows, and beetle-browed foreigners thronging like flies—the front of a building without a building to back it up. And then there were stages, like the stages you see in theatres, but with no theatres around them—no roofs, no sides, only scenery and actors playing exciting little plays right out in the open. I'm as used to scenery as Fort Lee to murder and suicide, but I'm used to it decently covered and screened from the view of the passer-by. Somehow, these naked stages seemed positively obscene!

A runaway came tearing down the street—two frantic horses attached to a surrey. Nobody budged. To the end of my days I shall never know whether that runaway was impromptu, or whether the two girls screaming in the back seat of the surrey really wanted to be rescued. Neither will anybody else, but the girls and the man who took the picture—if it *was* a picture. It comforts me to reflect that by now it doesn't matter.

Here and there in Fort Lee are huge iron hoops, suspended from a heavy frame-



*Fort Lee's roads were constructed by the engineer who built the witching waves at Coney Island.*



work, a hammer hanging beside each, and these are intended for alarms of fire. But how is anyone to know when there is a fire in Fort Lee? Or, rather, how is anyone to know whether the fire is an honest-to-goodness, send-for-the-adjuster, goods-slightly-damaged-to-be-sold-at-cost conflagration, or a holocaust to be accompanied by an orchestral rendering of Sousa at the Strand? We saw the ruins of a stone dwelling that had been burned once by accident, and three times by design. "Condemned houses almost always are bought by the film companies," said a director, "and then used for some photoplay that requires a good blaze. Two years ago a villa in this neighborhood actually did go up in smoke. The occupants stuck their heads out of the windows and yelled for help. Nobody paid any attention, and, when the father of the family got out and telephoned for engines, the head of the fire department told him to 'Behave!'"

No wonder! As we rode along one of us observed a fine stone structure on a hill. "Beautiful," I said, "and appropriate. The man who lives there has taste. Owning property upon a crag, he has put up a real mediæval castle—a building solid, and substantial, that will stand forever."

As I spoke, a gentleman in his shirt sleeves walked up to the building and pushed in one of its walls. The castle was canvas. It had been erected for a battle of the Crusaders, and, the battle being over, was doomed to immediate demolition.

After all this, was it surprising that, coming upon a convent garden in which nuns were walking, I should have asked one of the sisters for what company she was working? Only this was a mistake. The sisters were bona fide, and just a little bit acidulous. If the wrong thing is to be done you can always count upon my doing it—no matter what the handicap. There are only a dozen people in Fort Lee who are what they seem to be, but I found 'em.

Subsequently, a director informed me that this convent was the only place in town not to be rented for pictures. His voice trembled as he said it. To a director, anything that can't be used in a photoplay is a blot on the landscape and a flaw in the utilitarian spirit of the age.

Fort Lee rents its chickens, its goats,

its doorsteps, its porches and its relatives. The summer-boarder industry is a thing of the past; the natives can do much better supplying backgrounds for the movies. Not only backgrounds, but anything else picturesque. A golden haired child has come to be worth more than a cow. An ordinary window, even when the house is vacant and the picture people have to bring their own lace curtains, is worth two dollars any sunny morning. An old-fashioned parlor is invaluable, and a rustic bower, through which the moon can be made to shine, is worth its weight in gold. Someone pointed out to me an apple tree that had earned nearly six hundred dollars for its owner, and sheltered lovers enough—were they only "on the level"—to lift the local clergy to positions of affluence. A man who owned a stream invested two days in carting boulders, and two dollars in cement, and has lived on the pretty nook by the burbling brook ever since. Another man bought a house that had a gray stone garage. Lacking a car, he was about to tear down the garage, when wiser counsel prevailed. Within three years, that garage has netted a small fortune, masquerading as Libby Prison, Andersonville, and the Bastille.

Before we came to Willat's, the Eclair and the Peerless we lost our way nine times more, and once I got out in front of a brick building to ask directions. "Peerless Studio?" I inquired.

A young man sitting behind a window "gave me the once over." "Can you ride?" he queried.

"Yes."

"Drive an automobile?"

"Yes."

"Swim?"

"Yes," said I. "Look here; do you have to swim to Fort Lee?"

"Ain't you lookin' for a job in the movies?"

I thought I had recognized that contempt—the contempt only to be found in an office boy's attitude to an actor.

Willat's, the Eclair and the Peerless occupy what would be the same block, if there were any blocks in Fort Lee. The former is composed of two big brick buildings, surrounded by a high cement wall. The latter are equally substantial. And yet, despite their substantiality, somehow these structures suggest mushroom growth



—perhaps because they have sprung up so rapidly. Helen swore that the first time we passed the Solax there were three buildings, and that when we came back there were four. Probably, Helen exaggerated, but, at least it is true that within a half a dozen years no fewer than twenty great studios have materialized in Fort Lee.

They are all brick buildings, with plenty of glass, grouped together so that, when they don't suggest mushrooms, they do suggest the Crystal Palace, or a section of a World's Fair. Most of them are surrounded by automobiles—scores of automobiles of every known grade and year—and open-air stages, cluttered with modern furniture, and painted cathedrals, and Babylonian pillars. Sometimes actors are shooting at each other on these stages, and sometimes carpenters are hammering, and always masons are putting up a new studio. There are formal gardens, and tangled wildernesses, and the world's greatest mixture of beauty, and ugliness, and drama, and cement.

"Hives of industry." The bromidism fits these places. Through the windows are visible lines of girls busily reeling film. In tiny, bare, busy reception rooms one catches glimpses of ladies in waiting—waiting for the job that seems to have brought almost everybody to Fort Lee. The contemptuous office boy, and the preoccupied girl at the 'phone, are the only calm creatures on the horizon. "Phyllis!" cries a strident voice; "Phyllis! For gosh sake hurry; you're in this 'hop joint'!" Temperament, entering from the street in a fine frenzy, punches the time clock, and, in a voice vibrant with emotion, demands Columbus Four One One Four. A stage hand brushes by, carrying the summit of a mountain, and another hurries out of the studio, looking for a doctor. "Somebody hit by a beam!" Following him comes one of the directors; a nervous wreck. All movie directors are nervous wrecks. If they weren't, nobody'd believe 'em, and they couldn't hold their jobs.

In the open air things are quieter. A Turkish General sits on an up-turned bucket, chewing gum and conversing with an Italian organ grinder. A woman in low-cut bodice and hoop-skirt searches an ash barrel until she brings forth a bit of film, which she holds up to the light. There is a flock of extra girls, and there

are gobs of golden-haired children—invaluable for death-bed scenes and reuniting parents. Every child or two is accompanied by a mother. There is a great demand for golden-haired children.

In a doorway, seeking a breath of air, stands a deserted wife. We know she has been deserted because she wears a black dress, and has circles under her eyes. In the movies, as once on the dramatic stage, black dresses are the uniform of desertion and desecration. To this unfortunate creature comes a soldier in his shirt sleeves.

"Anybody seen my crutch?"

"No."

"Gee, I wish people would leave that crutch alone. I'm goin' to be wounded in a minute."

Near-by a cowboy is describing how he was killed the day before. "Crane says to me: 'You never saw a dead man fall off his horse that way.'"

"'No,' I says; 'I never saw a dead man fall off his horse any way.'"

"'I thought not,' says Crane, contemptuously. 'Get up and get shot over again!'" All this was interesting, but was it Fort Lee?

"Fort Lee?" mused a Rear Admiral of the British Navy. "Keep along this road to the corner, turn to your left, and you'll see a sign."

By now we didn't believe in signs, but we followed directions. The board pointed to the right, and, sure enough, it said "Fort Lee."

At least, we were holding our own.

While we were reading the sign, a young girl came up and asked us if we were a director. No. Well, did we know if they were taking on anybody at the Solax. Everybody in this little town hopes to grow up and be a Mary Pickford. A farmer's wife, idling at her gate, watching the taking of a comedy picture, confided in us her ambition. "See that woman running?" she inquired, indicating a grotesque figure, her skirts held high, whimsically pursuing a tire that was rolling down hill. "I could run better than that. . . . Wish't I could get a chanct in the movies."

More bad road, and more signs prognosticating Fort Lee. More mountains. Rome sat on her seven hills, but Rome had nothing on Fort Lee. Neither has any other capital of Europe. Fort Lee apparently covers more ground than London,



and has more environs than Chicago. You begin to get into Chicago hours before you reach Chicago, but here we had been all morning on the very verge of Fort Lee without coming nearer than the last roadside board, which advised us that the village was "Two miles." Could it be that Fort Lee was retreating before our advance, slipping away from us into the Hudson?

No. "Fort Lee—One Mile." We were gaining. Full speed ahead, and all hands ready for action. Directly before us in the pavement was a well, or a mine pit, or something. Once more we lost time stopping to pick up Helen. "Fort Lee—One Half Mile." There was hope. Onward Christian Soldiers, and E Pluribus Unum. More rickety buildings, more saloons and cigar stores and quick lunch dives, and

then—suddenly—the river and the ferry house at which we had arrived three hours before! In front of the ferry house lounged a figure strangely familiar.

"Fort Lee?"

The gentleman addressed shifted his quid, spat deftly upon his boot, and laconically retorted: "Sign."

There were two signs. One read, "Fort Lee"; the other, "The Road to Happiness."

But we hadn't come to hurdy-gurdy. Circular motion makes us sick. What we had come for was a glimpse of Fort Lee, and, apparently, there ain't no such animal. Solemnly, we drove onto the ferry, buying our ticket from one man to deliver it to another five feet away, and, resolutely turning from The Road to Happiness, we headed back to New York.

## Thou Shalt Nots (For Heroes)

---

Thou shalt not look into the camera.

---

Thou shalt not further encourage the sport shirt.

---

Thou shalt not kiss the heroine longer than thy frailest auditor can hold her breath.

---

Thou shalt not ask the butler to help thee put on thy derby.

---

Thou shalt not wave the villain over, but really knock him down—if thou canst!

---

Thou shalt not *always* have thy pants pressed.

---

Thou shalt not wear patent-leather hair.

---

Thou shalt not cultivate the soulful stare.

---

Thou shalt not be everlastingly an angel.

---

Thou shalt not be a hero—and thereby really become one.



# Fashions and The Screen

CONTINUING PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S EXCLUSIVE  
AND AUTHORITATIVE DEPARTMENT ON DRESS; IL-  
LUSTRATED (IN THE ART SECTION OF THIS ISSUE)  
BY SPECIALLY-POSED PORTRAITS OF STARS IN CREA-  
TIONS OF THE FOREMOST METROPOLITAN MODISTES

By Lillian Howard

WHEREVER she goes the film star is observed of all. We follow her enthusiastically as she works on the screen, we watch her fascinated when she plays. When we glimpse her lunching at the Ritz, catch sight of her snatching an hour for a glowing turn at the skating rink, or castle-trotting at the dansant, discover her dining at the Biltmore or attending a first night—always she is a picture wholly satisfying in charm and distinction. She carries herself superbly and she wears her clothes knowingly. No wonder we watch, and we hope we learn.

From her waking hours, from the time she slips into the cunning boudoir *robe intime*, to her appearance in sabled evening wrap, she dresses the daily rôle with discrimination. Alack, we cannot draw a cosy, lingering picture of her over the breakfast service. That is wherein her work differs from that of her sister of the footlight stage. No catnap for her, but a hurried exit for a very business-like day at the studio. A good, hardworking day is the toll exacted from the actress of the screen for her freedom to play when others play.

The other day a party of us were lingering over one of Oscar's luncheons in his best form, when we caught sight of a newcomer in the smartest sort of all-velvet costume. We quickly recognized a favorite film star and no less quickly every eye was registering the details of the youthfully molded one-piece frock of King's blue velvet with its matching hat which was indeed a hat. We were glad we had lingered. The hat was so entirely new, a broad, openwork affair, basket woven of

chenille velvet in a shade matching the gown, topped by a single spray of calla lilies. Luckily some of us knew her and beckoned, so we continued observations discreetly at close range. And she was considering herself lucky, too. The director of the picture she was working in had let her off for the day, and after a bit of luncheon she was doing some shopping and then for the milliner. Lucky milliner, for it's so much more credit when one's patrons can carry off one's creations well.

The midwinter dictates of fashion have made velvet the fabric par excellence. We have velvet one-piece frocks, velvet evening gowns, velvet hats and fur trimmed suits, and as for coats, the one-piece frock has made the velvet street coat as much a necessity as the velvet evening wrap.

THE new costume velvets are as often in figured weaves as solid ground colors. A striking suit of the former design observed recently was of velvet striped in narrow alternating lines of midnight blue and tête de nègre with the new choker collar of blue fox which likewise bordered the full skirt. Also a smart coat on tailored lines worn at the Vanderbilt recently was of velvet antique striped in tones of faded petunia alternating with soft green. The same model comes in coloring of old ivory and deep mauve. Both models have deep collars and cuffs of red fox fur.

The smartest of the luxurious evening wraps worn this season seem to divide honors in two classes, that kept all white with its fox fur trimmings, or an ivory colored hue with contrasting rich, dark fur bandings, and the ever distinguished model of black velvet. A new feature of



the latter is the pronounced use made of rich metal brocades in combination with the velvet and a lavish display of fur.

In the matter of colors, despite the reported scarcity of dyes, designers here and abroad seem, in some way, to have surmounted their restrictions for the rainbow is still working sartorially and there is apparently no necessity that we go a somber-hued populace.

Blues, however, in all their varying shades bid first for popularity. Especially is this evinced in the favor accorded the regal tones of king's blue and royal blue by the foremost designers of evening gowns. The all black evening gown with its glittering jets, so dear to woman's heart as one of the mainstays of her wardrobe, is relieved this season by the youth-giving touches of this deeply mysterious shade, and where much of the color is used, jet gives way to ropes of sparkling sapphires and rhinestones, or sapphire and pearl passmenterie.

The new hats are daringly chic. Instead of being content with the autumn casques with their crested feathers and the flaring models blocking out the horizon for the moment, French designers have gone back for inspiration to the romantic period of Watteau and eighteenth century gallantry and ruffles. The Postillon model has achieved a success for street wear, with its high, slightly tapering crown trimmed with narrow bands and bows of black grosgrain ribbon, small dull silver buckles from which sometimes mounts a nodding ostrich tip.

Some of the most exquisite evening hats imported from Paris are of gold lace, or silver, bordered in velvet to match the gown, and trimmed with fur or paradise.

The predominance of fur in costumes has brought in the fur toque, small and close-fitting and oftenest devoid of trimming. Such models are especially in keeping with the midwinter Russian fur trimmed suit, worn, to be completely à la mode, with high, fur-topped boots.

Quite the most chic bit of millinery seen recently was the close fitting toque of ermine worn at a merry dinner party the other evening by one of the most winsome of screen stars.

A RECENT premiere of an uptown theatre to be devoted to screen plays brought forth a triumph in sartorial display. The audience, with women in full evening dress, furnished a resplendent setting. Intermingled with the more sophisticated costumes of velvets and jewels, youthful modes of the debutante were not lost sight of. Fluffy chiffons held their own here. Artificial flowers as trimmings for such take the place of glittering jets and spangles. A lovely Fragonard type of gown in pastel tones of blue and pink, whose designer had the ingénue type in mind, was given character by draping strands of variegated blossoms giving the bright colors of the old-fashioned garden with its pale yellows, blues and deeper reds. On another gown strands of rosebuds were used effectively as shoulder straps to complete a creation of rose colored tulle with full skirts scalloped like petals. One instinctively thanked the designer who had omitted the omni-present fur band and jewelled chain straps.

In evening frocks the snugger bodice prevails as it does in street costumes. For the former, when it isn't of velvet or satin, it appears as the piquant taffeta basque with its piped seams, or again it is cut sheathlike all in one piece, fitted under the arms. A lovely white and silver frock displays such a bodice of heavy silver lace topping full, fluffy skirts down which run two bands of silver lace back and front.

A new conceit in evening hosiery comes in pantalette effect of three ruffles of chiffon matching the color of the stocking and set on just above the ankle.

Long pantalettes of chiffon finished with ruffles of lace have made their appearance to displace the accordion plaited petticoat of chiffon.

The newest in boudoir creations which is favored by a petite actress, is a glorified version of pajamas made of satin in Pierrot fashion with coat cut full to flare at hip length over pantalettes finished at the ankles with swansdown, which also borders the jacket.

No boudoir cap of lace should complete such a costume, but rather the Pierrot cap itself with its high peak and an edging of the swansdown framing the face.



# Mollie of the Movies

Her Correspondence: Compiled by  
Kenneth McGaffey

Illustrated by Maud Martin Evers

## SEVENTH REEL

Sep. 15, 1915.

CLARA BELLE:—

I got a darn good notion to leave the silent drama flat and come back home. Not that I aint popular in my art because I have already worked two days this week and it is only Saturday now, but I am so homesick that pie hasnt tasted the same to me since Tuesday. I have been out to the Seeleg Zoo working in the Chronicals of Bloomer Center. The set reminded me so of Grundy Center on a busy day that I set right down and cried regardless of make up.

I was a setting there sobbing all over the map when Mr. Persons comes up and says to me, he says, "After you get through with this picture let me know and I will put you to work with the cats." I told Bessie Eyton what he said and how I loved kittens. She said, "Huh, he must be trying to cut down his meat bill." Dearie, I learned that them cats of Mr. Persons is a flock of raging lions.

I have often said that animals aint what you might call legitimate actors and up to now I have refused to work with them because I never have been in a studio where they was any and I had never been asked, but if Kathlyn

Williams can do it I guess I can. I asked Mister Ralph McComas about them and he said all you have to do is to look them right in the eye and they ache with fear. He said the human eye had wonderful influenza on a lion and he had known them to lay down and die just from being looked at. He advised me not to look to hard or I might kill them all off. He said I should put dimmers on my lamps so as to take no chances.

You know dear all of the travelling gentlemen that stopped in Grundy Center said I had beautiful eyes so if them lions get fresh with me I'll curl them up with a glance. Remember how I withered that shoe drummer that said he knew I was a country bell because I looked like a string bean? Some wither.

I aint kean about this Bloomer Center stuff. It is nice refined work and all that, but I have to wear my own clothes when I crave to be dolled up like a queen in a book in purple and vermine. I am not the girl to brag about myself, Clara Belle, but when I am garbaged in silks and satins with one of these here Queen Elixabeth roughs and a heavy veil I am a nifty looker.

You know that newspaper friend of mine, the sporting



*His name is Cuthbert de Vignet—aint that gosh  
hangd romantic?*



editor of the Beekeeper's Annual? He's just the loveliest man. So attentive. Twice already he has called up this week to know if I had been et by them animals. Said he didn't want to get scooped or something like that. He has give me the grandest presents—two copies of the Annual so I can read the words he has penned.

He is a very talented writer, he told me, and could turn out lots better stories than this guy Chambers, or London or Dickens. That is, if he could only think of them, he admitted that. In a burst of confidence, the other night, he said that a lot of the magazines were sore at him because he wouldnt quit the Beekeepers and go to work for them. He showed me a lot of slips from the magazines rejecting his stuff to prove it. He wears his hair long, and a turn down collar and a winsor tie so he must be a jenius. His name is Cuthbert De Vignet. Aint that gosh hanged romantic and I have got his picture hanging up over the crack in the mirror.

He said that a writer could bear his heart on enduring paper that would live through ages, but that some soused machine operator with a lighted cigarette could blow up a whole building with some screen artists life work.

He told me that a woman with my dept and my sole and my brain should be a wonderful inspired writer and to give me a start he is going to let me, under his guidance, address circulars down in his office. It will be a dog gone sight better for me to sway the world with my pen for years to come than to hand a Monday matinee audience a giggle with twenty feet of comedy fall down a flight of steps.

That man casts a spell over me, dearie, and I feel my self sorta fading out on the

photodrama.

I hear his feet step now. I must flie to him. Love,  
MOLLIE.

Sept. 25th, 1915.

Dear Clara Belle:—

I just had a session with them lions and I am plum beat out, if I ever get hold of that McComas person that told me that animals quaked before the human eye

he wont even be a speck on the lens. Clarabell, dont you believe that a lion gives a hang about the human eye. Its the human limb that beast is interested in.

After I finished with the what-you-call-it of Bloomer Center, I, like a boob, let Mr. Persons, at Seelegs, give me that job with the cats he was talking a b o u t. The most wicious lion on the place it was, and according to the scrip, I was supposed to be the lions little playmate—a child of the jungle it said. Some fresh assistant director handed me a welcome mat to wear

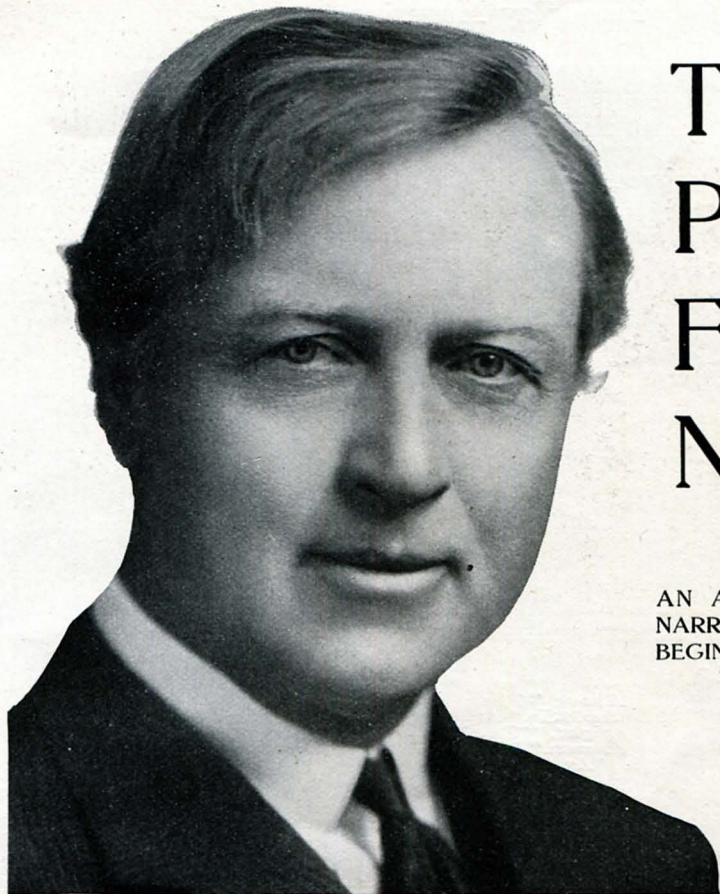


*Me in a welcome mat for a skin rube—and there was a lion the size of a elephant.*

for a skin rube, shoved me in behind a cage door and said go on be a child of nature. My dear I looked around and there was a lion the size of a elephant. I looked him right in the eye but he wouldn't look at me but kept coming right along. I looked at him until I doggone near strained my eyes and then I made a dash for the side fence and clum right up the wires to the top and when there believe me I called for asistance in no uncertain maner. The trainer hollard and said what are you trying to do scare the lion to death and I says well its fifty-fifty and they took me out.

I think I am cut out for a homebody anyway and if Cuthbert just gives me a chance I will grab him and abandon my professional career. I feel I could be a second Laura Eugene Libby if I had the right dope. Love,  
MOLLIE.





# The Picture Forty- Niners

AN ABSORBING, FIRST-TIME  
NARRATIVE OF PHOTOPLAY  
BEGINNINGS IN LOS ANGELES

By  
Hobart  
Bosworth

*EDITORIAL NOTE:—Much has been said and written about the beginning of the great motion picture industry on the Pacific Coast. The claim has been made in behalf of various persons that each is responsible for it, although it is just a little more than six years ago that the seed was sown which, in so brief a period, has resulted in the growth of a great industry—one that provides the world with 80 per cent of all its photoplays. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE asked Hobart Bosworth, one of the first legitimate actors of standing to enter the moving picture field, to write some of the intimate facts relating to his experiences in the pioneer days of picture drama. As leading man of the first studio on the Pacific Coast, its second director, and then one of the leading producers in the business in his own right, Mr. Bosworth is especially well qualified to tell the early history of active photography in Los Angeles, which is so vital a chapter in the history of the entire industry.*

I WAS forced by failing health and financial needs to adopt a career in motion pictures, at a time when "career" did not seem much of a word, so applied. Early in the year 1909 my physical condition forced me to quit my position as stage director of the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles and I opened a dramatic school in partnership with Oliver Morosco. It was not a tremendous financial success.

In May, 1909, Francis Boggs, director of the Selig Polyscope company, brought the first motion picture aggregation to Los Angeles. Boggs—who was shot and killed

by an insane Japanese gardener three years ago—was the real father of the moving picture industry on the coast. He opened a small temporary studio on Olive street near Eighth, almost in the heart of the business district. At that time the Turkish trouble was at its height, and Boggs, always up to date, wanted to put on a film having some special bearing on the Turkish affair. He offered me the leading part.

I was heartily indignant and talked about my Augustin Daly traditions, but he assured me that it was a perfectly honest and legitimate way to make a living, and promised that my name would





*Above, "The Scarlet Sin." At right, "The Roman." Below, "An Odyssey of the North."*



not be used in connection with the production.

It was called "In the Power of the Sultan," one reel in length, and required two days in the making.

It was the pioneer picture in the west. Up to that time no motion picture had ever been produced west of the Rocky Mountains. In that drama, Stella Adams, now with the Universal, played the lead and Betty Harte the juvenile lead. Tom Santschi, still with Selig as director and actor, was in the cast and was also the general utility man of the studio; James McGee was the business manager, and the other members of the little company were Frank Montgomery, who has since won renown as a director of Indian plays, and Ed Vivian, who was drowned at Redondo Beach several years ago. James Crosby, now chief of the Universal laboratory, was the cameraman.

The plant was a vacant lot with an old building on it that served as a dressing room. I will never forget my first visit to it. My heart sank into my boots when I viewed the frightful disorder of the place. The stage was covered with carpets and debris and, viewing my ill-concealed repugnance, Boggs said: "Never mind the floor, we will only cut to your knees; the rest won't show."

That first scene was a shocking experience. I had been accustomed to rapid fire stock production, one play a week, and it was inconceivable that sets could be got up so quickly and used so little. None was used more than two days, the average time consumed in making a reel, and while it





was being done, they were preparing the scenario for the next production.

After that first picture, Boggs made a trip to the Yosemite and Mount Shasta, returning in the fall and locating in a little hall at Edendale on the northwestern edge of Los Angeles. This little green hall is now a part of the dressing rooms of the big Selig plant at Edendale.

Boggs wrote me at San Diego, where I was fixing up a bad lung, and asked me to join his company permanently. The proposition became attractive, as I considered that it afforded me, apparently, my one last opportunity to do theatrical work. It was also open air work, and the scenes were never longer than 50 or 60 seconds in duration, with long rests between. The engagement would be for a year of 52 weeks at the usual salary of the stock leading man.

I accepted because of financial necessity. As I once told a friend who inveighed against



*Some of Bosworth's best-known characterizations. In circle, "Buckshot John;" above, the clergyman in "The Scarlet Sin;" below, "In Missouri."*

me for losing my dignity in such an unworthy occupation, it was better than sweeping streets, and it was better pay.

The first picture at the Edendale studio was "The Roman," a sort of Virginius drama. I remember the great joy I felt at that time—which still remains—at seeing the beautiful color scheme of gorgeous costumes against natural scenery.

While making "The Roman," Boggs thought it would be economy to get another story out of the costumes and scenery, so, although I almost died of fright at the task, I evolved my first story, around a given number of actors, scenes and props.

I would like to state here that Boggs was the first man who was ever known to use the "close up," the vignette (fading of the figure revealing only the head), the silhouette against the sun and the telescope and keyhole effects. These inventions are claimed by half a dozen other living men. I also claim for him that he was the broadest minded





*The library is stocked not only with books, but with some of the actor-director's remarkable oil landscapes.*



*Bosworth and his dog. At the rear Mrs. Bosworth is seen discussing the weather with a favorite horse.*

kindest and most gentle of beings. In my long experience with men of all ranks of society, I esteem Francis Boggs as the noblest fellow I ever met, and I am glad to think, now, that he always knew I admired him.

Boggs worked with the tools he had in hand, but always for the betterment of the film, photographically, scenically and as regards cast.

Boggs met death at the hands of a Japanese who could not reconcile Christianity with Shintoism. He became obsessed with the delusion that in the studio we rehearsed deeds of violence to be actually committed outside. He had decided to kill all of us, he said later, but my quickness with the gun, and my apparently uncanny strength, had so impressed him that he waited until the rest of us had left the studio.

Within a very few weeks after I joined Boggs, I was directing and writing my own pictures, so that of the output of the Selig studio up to the time I left it, I had written 112 scenarios and had directed 84 out of the 140 in which I appeared. I was by no means the first legitimate actor to enter the film field,

and nimblest witted producer I have ever known; a man of great scope of imagination, a prolific scenario writer, and the



but I at least was one of the earliest, and except Charles Kent, I do not know anyone in the work at that time who had achieved the same place on the legitimate stage that I had. I do know that I was almost the first—perhaps the very first—to do physical stunts that were then so necessary in putting on reel dramas.

I feel a peculiar personal interest in California because I have fallen down on most of it, either from the top of a cliff or from a horse, which is equally painful. I have dragged myself with swollen tongue over real deserts, swam real rapids and washed about in all the surf that breaks on our shores. Incidentally I have added immeasurably to my health and happiness. My body, weakened for years by tuberculosis, has become strong and rugged, and my mental action nimbler (I may say so much with modesty) by the fresh air and hard work. In those days if there was a fire or a procession or a circus, we "grabbed" it and wrote a story around it afterward. Now we make our own fires and all our own effects to suit ourselves.

There has also been a great change in scenic development. Griffith Park served us for thousands of scenes, but it is never used now because it has been "shot to pieces," to use a more or less

warlike photographic expression.

Recurring to the earlier days, Boggs was a stickler for correct backgrounds and up to the time of his death he had made four trips to the desert, three to the Yosemite, once during the winter, and again to Washington and Oregon to get the proper backgrounds for his stories, to say nothing of innumerable trips to San Francisco to take bay and river scenes. I have been an omnivorous reader and had certain ideas as to the correctness of costumes, which had been aided by long stage experience, so that I believe I may say with pride that the Selig western studio maintained a standard of correctness in dress and equip-

*Mrs. Bosworth (at the right) is known professionally as Adele Farrington, and was a legitimate actress of repute. Below, Mrs. Bosworth is seen seated on the wide porch of their Los Angeles home.*





ment that was quickly imitated by other studios. That was a step in advance.

Boggs also knew that his audiences were of the "jitney" type and that a "punch" was necessary in each release, but he tried always to make his punches natural and consistent and, to use a Belasco phrase, "hand out his melodrama on a silver platter."

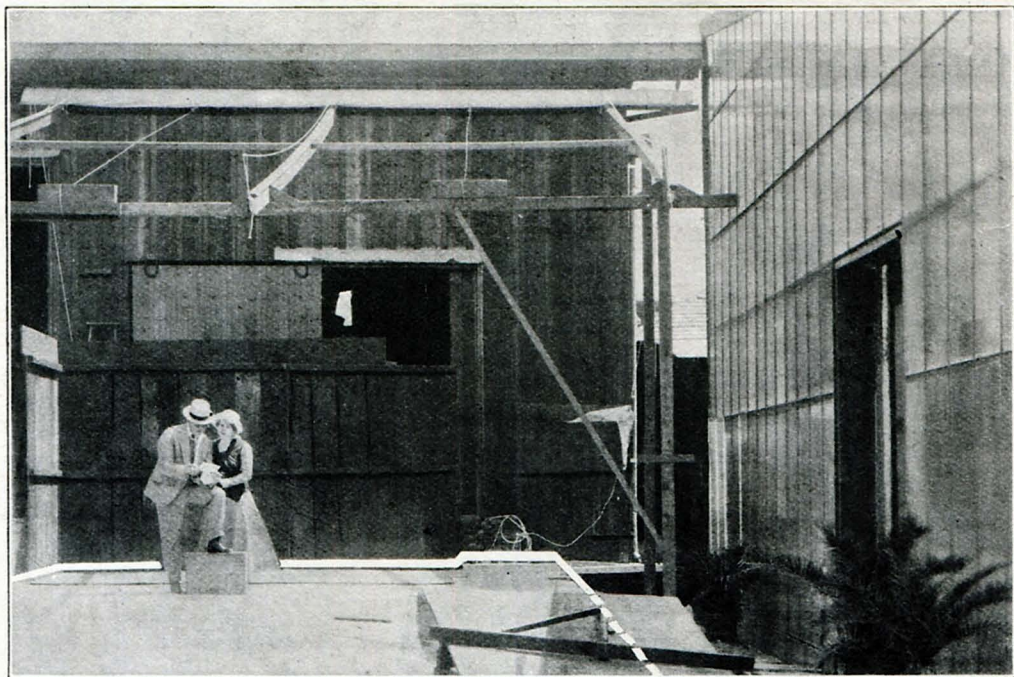
We both had a heartfelt belief in the educational possibilities of the motion picture, and I lectured on that subject before the Friday Morning Club in Los Angeles in the latter part of 1909 with some of our film to illustrate the lecture. It was probably the first time in the world that an audience saw a speaker in frock coat describe his rough-dressed actions on a strip of film which ran above him.

So many things were discussed in those old days that have come to pass since. From our earliest acquaintance, Boggs discussed with me the possibility of the multiple reel film for educational purposes in which the great stories in history and literature were to be perpetuated for the schools. His "Miles Standish," of July, 1910, and my "Evangeline" and "Hia-

watha," of a later time, were deliberate efforts in that direction.

I had written a play, and the first time I saw Mr. Selig, in the winter of 1909, I got him to read it with the idea of filming it and making a certain amount of motion picture stuff that was to be run carrying on the story between acts which I was to play on the legitimate stage. Mr. Selig was enthusiastic about the idea and gave permission for it to be done, but on reconsideration felt that he could not yet spare his leading man and director. The same idea was successfully carried out six months ago by George Beban with "The Sign of the Rose."

Two years ago I saw an opportunity to get the contract for the Jack London stories. I was cast at the time for McNamara in "The Spoilers," but Mr. Selig saw the value of the opportunity for me and let me go. Then I began "The Sea Wolf," which was the crystallization of many of my ideas. It embodied the old germ of my desire to put on the screen most of the valuable literary stories, and my desire to be correct in detail. It was the first film to contain the name of the



*The platform shown within the white lines in the left foreground, was the first moving picture stage in California. The modern Selig studios at Edendale tower about it like the skyscrapers that guard New York's old Trinity church.*



camera-man, whom I have always looked upon as a fellow artist with whom the director should work shoulder to shoulder.

"The Sea Wolf" was the first long production made in the United States. There had been three or four multiple reel productions from Europe, of which I had seen one, "Quo Vadis." For a time I concentrated on the London stories, but realizing the necessities of what we call the program, I began to give my productions variety, with comedies like "The Country Mouse," poetical phantasies like "The Pursuit of the Phantom," and the rugged and vitally human stories by Charles E. Van Loan.

I had felt that in producing the Jack London stories I should open the flood-gates of all the authors, and the comparative failure of the theater and the letters constantly coming to me from well known theatrical people showed me that in a very short time most of the stars of the stage would be seeking the screen as a source of revenue. I do not claim to be a prophet. These things were written so large that one who ran might read.

The business conditions in the film world were chaotic, almost paralleling those through which I had lived at the time of the commercialization of the theater, and I felt that I had seized the psychological moment in putting the London long reel stories upon a market composed of so many battling elements; that someone had to buy my production on the chance that it might be good. If it was good, I had succeeded; if I failed I had at least shown my mettle; and my only philosophy in life is the rule of the survival of the fittest.

I have always felt that in the long road we are traveling that the ultimate good in motion pictures is, first: the good story. Then, that story well acted and perfectly directed.

I feel that now we are passing through a period of ephemeral fads and fancies, both literary and dramatic. I welcome to the screen anyone who can act whether his name has ever been on the theatrical three-sheets or not.

Many people are valuable on the stage because the color and distance from their audiences and the softened lights enable them to give their unquestioned ability the

freest scope, but the motion picture camera is ruthless in its truth and in no profession I know of must the old adage, "Youth will be served," so rigidly apply. Talent is always valuable but Madame Bernhardt can no longer play "Camille" or anything else on the screen. The very first essential in motion picture acting is that one must look the part.

The future bears unlimited promise. The tragedy of the survival of the fittest is working out daily and much that we accept today must inevitably be discarded. Our crying need is, and will always be, good stories, and I ask you to remember that there are really more good motion picture stories, in proportion to the bad ones, than there were ever good plays in the same proportion. I feel sure that more and more, care and not time will become the factor in the production of real dramas and I know that all around us, steps are being taken by honest minded educators to do the vast bulk of the training of young minds by means of the motion picture. Six years ago I predicted in my lecture the future possibility of state events being recorded by the camera. Within two years William Howard Taft, one of our best motion picture actors, made that prediction come true when he posed for "close ups" of the signing of the Arizona statehood proclamation.

Everything moves onward and for us I hope it be ever upward. The decadence of the stage was shown by an attempt to bring back the public by the use of erotic plays. Some motion picture manufacturers are showing the same tendency. I hope we will soon see the end of that and I shall welcome any censorship that will eliminate it. The theater too will come back to its own proper place, purified by suffering, and so far as I can see, the two arts will not conflict. That of the theater is the art of the spoken word and the living personality; that of the picture the art of action. The motion picture has developed a peculiar form of psychology by means of its visions with which the stage could not hope to compete; but the stage has its own methods, and a glorified fire that no camera can ever show.

I love them both.

Long live both kings.





### Together Again

*Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, who became internationally notable in their work together in the Essanay company, Chicago, are reunited in the Metro studios in Hollywood, California. "Richard Carvel," with Mr. Bushman in the title-part, is an early Metro intention. A more ideal selection for this role cannot be imagined. Although it has not been announced, Miss Bayne will probably play the charming daughter of Marmaduke Manners.*



# The Shadow Stage

A Department of  
Photoplay Review

By Julian Johnson

THE event of the month has been the arrival of *Triangle* pictures. Are these pictures, as so far shown, "two dollar pictures?" No.

But it may be argued that the corporate producers did not intend them to be two dollar pictures. There are four "model theatres," in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, and after these cities are through with the bills, they are broken up to become program material at a considerably less price. Neither are there so very many two-dollar seats in these model theatres; but, at that, the Triangle entertainment is advertised at eight quarters for the best perch.

I disagree with the learned when I say that the second bill was far superior to the first, and should have been an opener, to strike the triple keynote of splendor, fun and power. Or, perhaps, the re-

Valeska Surraatt,  
in "The Soul of  
Broadway."







Otis Harlan  
(right) in  
"A Black  
Sheep."

viewers blew their E-flat cornets so valiantly at first that the notes couldn't be surpassed on the *crescendo* of the next motif.

The biggest thing in bill No. 2 was "The Coward;" the most winsome, "Old Heidelberg;" the funniest, "Stolen Magic." "A Favorite Fool" was a side-kick that failed to connect.

The Triangle programme says that "Old Heidelberg" was "written and produced" by John Emerson. *Requiescat* for the original author or adaptor of the stage play! Nevertheless, Mr. Emerson's is a workman-like job of adaptation, with extensive remodelling. We now make the acquaintance of Karl Heintz as a very little, rebellious, lovable, lonely white-headed boy, who runs away to play with a workman's daughter, fully as many inches high as himself, and is soundly reprov'd therefor by his stern valet. Karl grows up, and Kathie grows up, and their tragic-sweet love story is re-enacted by Wallace Reid and Dorothy Gish with exquisite sympathy, not a little gentle humor, and more than a

few moments of misty tenderness. Emerson has thrown superb atmosphere into this play. It is a triumph of accuracy, even as it is a triumph of scene and accessory, numbers and rapid movement. It is only marred by peace propaganda weak as wet gunpowder, a very burlesque monarch, and a pictorial implication that Teutonic peoples are, naturally, averse to the present war. *Himmel und Bryan!*

Karl Formes, Jr., is possibly the finest of all Dr. Juttners, talkers included.

Charles Ray is an able challenger of Frank Keenan for first honors in "The Coward," an Ince play. Not since William Elliott's remarkable but hardly appreciated study of a weak boy in "A Grand Army Man" have I seen so carefully developed, so sincere a depiction as young Ray's. Ince wrote this scenario, and the psychological side of this lad is the subtlest and biggest thing about the picture. Here is a character on whom a great big play could be written—a gentle, kindly lad to whom war is a fearful thing; whose spirit is willing, but whose flesh is weak; one who, in overcoming his weak flesh, becomes a hero of gigantic proportions.

Keenan, as the father who takes his cowardly son's place in the ranks, has a part of tremendous force, and he plays it—oh, ye aloof gods of the masque, how he does play it! Keenan still has some screen mechanics unlearned. In "registering" he winds up his intensity as laboriously as an ancient grandfather's clock.

The denouement is a bit sudden; the defi of the self-saved lad a bit grotesque in its implausibility . . . he might have gotten his battle plans less improbably, but . . . the play is a whirlwind of power with some breath-catching moments.

This drama is *Ince*.

All the devices of Sennettry trot forth in "Stolen Magic."

Sing a song of Mabel, the hardest-worked girl in the world! If she is not



killed by a holocaust or toil she will make the recorded labors of the mythological hero seem like an afternoon with tea and tatting.

Raymond Hitchcock, with the assistance of all that there is of Miss Normand, really scores here, as the unwilling wizard who stole an Aladdin-like parchment from a templed Hindoo. Mr. Hitchcock also toys amid the squirms of the audience, with a nice basket of snakes.

Mack Sennett appears to more advantage, because he makes less effort to be funny, than in "My Valet."

We have scenery, mechanical effects, explosions, blasts, pursuits, appearances and disappearances, and most of the old devices of the variety actor, the minstrel, the clown, the burlesque comedian, and some bits of legitimate comedy.

"Stolen Magic" is Liebig Extract of Keystone.

Eddie Foy's delightful family seem rather flat as laugh-getters.  
Lovely

children, of course, but—

The Foy family is so much funnier when referred to by some other comedian!

**T**YPEWRITER drivers should be licensed, like chauffeurs. One reckless unlicensee declared that the cavalry charge in "The Lamb"—feature offering of the first Triangle bill—surpassed the terrific ride of the clans, in "The Birth Of A Nation." Others acclaimed the play a worthy second to the Griffith drama.

Here's what "The Lamb" really is, it seems to me: a rollicking, typically American melodrama, presenting Douglas Fairbanks, one of America's best known, best liked and most continually agreeable stage personalities. Improbable—quite, and to one who knows the desert, just a little bit absurd when one is asked to believe it. Comparing "The Birth Of A Nation" and "The Lamb" is like comparing Balzac and one of our popular story-writers of today; it's so unfair to today's man.

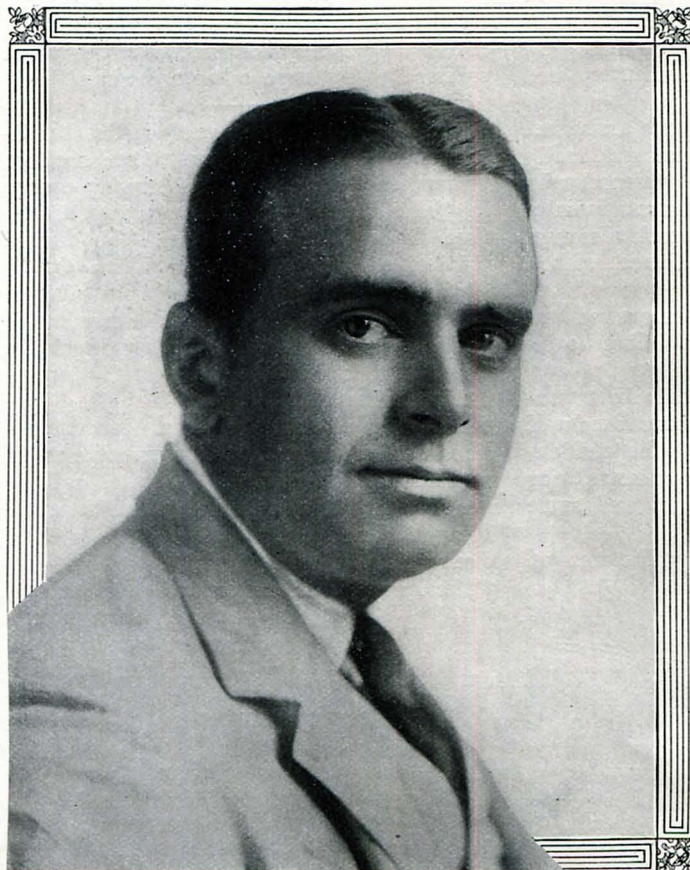
Gatling - gun  
fire is not

Richard  
Travers  
and  
Nell  
Craig

in  
"In the  
Palace  
of the  
King."







Hartsook photo

the essence of thrill, any more than gunfire on the bass-drum is the essence of dramatic emotion.

It seemed to me that when the Keystoneers approached "My Valet," their first *entree* on the Triangle *menu*, they were blackjacked by the sudden thought: "All our lives we've been funny for a dime or a quarter—now we've got to be funny for two dollars!"

So they went desperately at it.

If there was any material, physical, facial or otherwise external artifice in the comedian's dictionary which was left unpulled in the manufacture of this farcelet it is not known. Even the good old wheezes of the inflammable whiskers and the interchangeable chest-and-abdomen appear.

The biggest laugh was unquestionably Roscoe Arbuckle's sudden eruption from the sand when trodden upon by Fred Mace.

*Douglas  
Fairbanks,  
in  
Triangle  
pictures.*

The audience didn't know this situation was loaded; that's why they laughed.

Mr. Sennett, in this picture, is not funny. For two years he has been making the world laugh—through his pupils. Are we laughless here because he has opened his entire box of tricks to the boys ahead of him?

The indefatigable Mabel suffers all the tortures, being tied to a rock until she is half-drowned, thrown down, beaten and trodden upon.

Mr. Hitchcock, during the best moments of the play, may be found tied to a bedpost far from the fray. In no episode did he seem at ease in his new medium.

"The Iron Strain," which has been printed in fiction form in this magazine, is a Sabine story of the Northland, enacted with directness and power by Dustin Farnum; with sympathy and feminine strength by

Enid Markey; and with properly conflicting touches of evil by Louise Glaum.

It is by no means one of Ince's best stories, but it has the Ince distinction in its clarity and simple telling. The final scenes are anti-climacteric.

AS far as the general public is concerned, Mr. Griffith is head and front of Triangle, and the reason-in-chief for a \$2 entrance fee. Mr. Sennett and Mr. Ince, probably very busy men, have time to direct their own pictures. Why cannot Mr. Griffith do the same? We understand that he is working on a vast feature to be called "The Mother and the Law"—still, why call a thing a triangle when for all practical purposes it has only two sides?



**E**SSANAY has done some finer things, but never a bigger thing than "In The Palace of the King," six-act spectacle based upon the Crawford novel.

This story concerns the love of Don John of Austria for Dolores de Mendoza, daughter of an officer of King Philip II. At the opening of the story Don John has just returned to Madrid from his conquest of the Moors, is the idol of the Spanish people, and an object of jealous observation by his kingly brother. Hence the plotting, counter plotting, and counter-counter-plotting.

Great numbers of people, great spaces, and tons of equipment are employed in this play. I am told that director Fred Wright spent many days in the Chicago Public Library, studying all sorts of references as to the arms, armor, dress and dwellings of the early Hapsburgs. There is a lock on a door—at a critical situation in this play—which is an atmospheric marvel.

But of all the principals Ernest Maupain was the only one who sent a complete impression across. Maupain was medieval, powerful, always a grandee—yet ever the servile subject of a king. Though "costume parts" are not particularly effective in the movies, here was a real one.

As Don John, Richard Travers was sin-

cere, boyish—and about as suggestive of a real Hapsburg as a High School boy. Neither did Arleen Hackett, another featured player, at any moment convey the lure and witchery of Mr. Crawford's Dolores. Apart from some very actorish moments E. J. Ratcliffe was satisfactory as Philip II. Lewis Edgard gave a remarkably fine performance as Adonis, the court jester, and Nell Craig, as the blind girl, Inez, surpassed all the other women.

**"T**HREE Rings and A Goat" prove that Pathe has a potent new property which it is theirs to make or break for a series of nation-wide popularity.

The reference is to one of the earliest of the new "Wallingford" issues. This particular play was done genuinely in the georgerandolphchester spirit, with Burr McIntosh as Wallingford and Max Figman as Blackie Daw. Of the two, I liked McIntosh a bit the better. He was less actorish. But Figman is a redoubtable character creator, and Pathe is to be con-

*Lou Tellegan,  
(right) and  
James Neill,  
in "The  
Explorer."*





gratulated on both these men. If the stories remain true to type; if the direction is good, active photography should make a supplementary contribution to contemporary literature.

**I** AM still puzzling over "Zaza."

Here is a Pauline Frederick picture which is well done, well directed, and superbly acted in its principal character, yet—

Why waste Frederick the Great on "Zaza?"

If it be that the outland desires to see her in this, and will pay much, much money therefor . . . I am abashed.

**T**O write the favorite story of Broadway give your sexes reverse English: the man, not the woman, must be betrayed.

Herbert Brenon's "The Soul of Broadway," is founded on that popular presumption. It is produced with gorgeousness by Mr. Brenon himself, under the flag of Fox.

Valeska Surratt is the tigress in this city jungle, and, since none could find a name more descriptive, they gave her the front part of her own.

James Bennett  
(William Shay) steals

his mother's money for his mistress, whom he afterwards shoots. She recovers. He does five years "up the river." Paroled, he makes good, and marries the daughter of a stranger—who, it happens, is a gambling-house owner. The siren's penchant for this merchant of chance makes him her stage sponsor. She discovers Bennett, whom she has never ceased to love in her murky way, and the usual reign of terror ensues until her death in a sudden fit of madness. Silence is a fifty-fifty matter with both men.

Surratt's costume changes are as remarkable and outre as herself. The scenery for this picture, especially the huge gambling house, is as opulent and heavy as the screen has ever seen; so opulent that it ruins the home episodes. Such a home as Bennett's never was on land or in a skyscraper. Fidelity to fact goes to such extremes that a real New York police station is used, and the real "3100 Spring" (the metropolitan police telephone number which reverberates through every crook play) is depicted, with its line of male operators in police uniform.

Though he may not know it, Brenon's best character is Henry Lawton, a gold plated old fop of a type well known in the tenderloin—capitally played by George Middleton. Shay is convincing, as usual.

Brenon is exaggerating the slowness of his characters' movements: an odd fault, indeed one which comes from too much painstaking care.

**"J**UDGE NOT," or "The Woman of Mona Diggings," from the story of Peter B. Kyne, was the tempestuous melodramatic presentation of Julia Dean by Universal during the past month.

Bob Leonard directed this picture, and as long as he deals with the Western country, and flannel-shirted motives, the tale has reality, punch, power and speed. It has fight, and it has love, and the fire in the camp is a real thriller. But when the plot comes toward the pictorially effete east his hand slips.

Miss Dean as Molly, common-law wife of the

Pauline  
Frederick, in  
"Zaza."





gambler, is quite uncriticizable—until she comes east. Harry Carey as Miles is quite uncriticizable—until he comes east.

**P**ICKFORD'S pictures—there's the rub for The Famous Players. Each New York theatrical manager would give himself a halo if he could find *one* convincing vehicle for his especial star each autumn. How much greater—how hopeless!—then, is the task of Messrs. Frohman and Zukor, who must present Mary Pickford in a new play every few weeks.

"The Girl of Yesterday" is much better than "Esmeralda," but the problem is still there. Written by Miss Pickford, the play—though much less a sin than Elsie Janis' absurdity—proves that Miss Pickford had better stick to acting.

If you wish to see what artistic direction and fine players can do to an old, old play, hunt up "The Fatal Card."

Here is a melodrama of pioneer standard. It contains all the tear-drawing devices, comedy hoisted in by the tail, sweet virtue, unsuspecting innocence, chivalric youth, black villainy and the guy who would quit villaining if he could.

Yet so sure are the touches that the auditor momentarily forgets that is only wheezy old melodrama.

John Mason and Hazel Dawn, in the roles of father and daughter, respectively, are the principals. Mason has found himself on the screen. This picture proves it.

"**S**HANGHAIED," Mr. Chaplin's latest ray of sunshine, is just what its name implies. Chaplin and following are biffed, doped and hurried out to toil in the Spanish Main between Port Los Angeles and Catalina.

Materially, this seems to have been the biggest of all recent Chaplin undertakings. There is no story except enough plot props to bolster up the star.

And as usual, Mr. Chaplin is funny with

*Raymond Hitchcock, in "Stolen Magic."*



a funniness which transcends his dirt and his vulgarity. One after another his social set is lined up before a brutal captain, and, upon giving strong negatives to the unvarying inquiry as to their readiness for labor, are knocked cold, hot, or lukewarm, as the case may be. The spectator who can behold Chaplin's abject, head-bobbing willingness to say "yes!" far in advance of his turn—he who can behold this and not laugh should call an undertaker. He is dead.

La Purviance, exquisite and iridescent setting for the grimy jewel of giggles, is of course present at the exercises. She plays a stowaway, whatever that means to this plot.

**T**HE best thing about Otis Harlan's "A Black Sheep" is that it is the veritable soul of Hoyt farce.

Quite unbelievable—impossible, to say nothing of improbable. But Hoyt had a habit of sketching some details of convincing satire on a background of utter extravaganza. He put real people into frames of absurdity. The adventures of Goodrich Mudd, the provisions of his legacy, his Chicago "home," the conduct of his foreordained fiancée, are all absurdities. Yet





every one of these grotesques is a facet reflecting some human foible.

To repeat: the best thing about the Selig production is that it does not try to re-vamp; it reproduces the spirit of Hoyt.

All of Otis Harlan's familiar and oleaginous disglooming resources, from the duck walk to the 42-centimetre smile, appear. And Rita Gould plays the show girl with simply wonderful understanding.

**"TRILBY"** was a masterpiece of atmospheric achievement. Why the programme did not name the director, I don't know. It had the artistry, the infinite detail, that intangible feeling of situation that only Jimmy Young seems able to throw into a screen story of alien life.

Here was Paris! Not only the quiet banks of the Seine, and the majestic Church of Our Lady—*actual* views—but the Paris of the Quartier made in the World Film studio, the street taken in New York's MacDougal Alley, the Quartier ball, and the ateliers.

Wilton Lackaye's Svengali is such a stage classic that even to screen audiences his impersonation seems a repetition. He lived the bearded life, and died the stagey old 'cross-table death that he has died, on

and off, these fifteen years.

I was disappointed in Clara Kimball Young's Trilby. The characterization seemed insincere. She was pert rather than innocent and childish; there was little variation between Trilby O'Ferral and La Svengali; and when she died it seemed not because the vitality of her demoniac master had passed from her, but because she fell down and bumped her pretty little head.

The dramatic ending to "Trilby" has never been satisfactory, in that it is inexplicable to those who have not read DuMaurier's novel. But this cannot be changed.

**"THE Dust of Egypt"** has furnished admirers of Edith Storey much cause for enjoyment in the past thirty days. Plotically, it is the ancient legend of the long-dead princess who comes to life during a young archaeologist's dream. The anachronisms of the farce which follow no doubt escape the attention of those whom the farce amuses. There are some not-over-subtle elements of drama, a good deal of the dramatically attractive Edith, and the characteristic splendid Vitagraph photography.

*Edith Storey, in  
"Dust of Egypt."*

The two funniest plays I've seen this month:

"The Victory of Virtue."

"What Happened on the Barbuda."

This pair of hilarious calamities might be used by our psychopaths in the treatment of incipient melancholia.

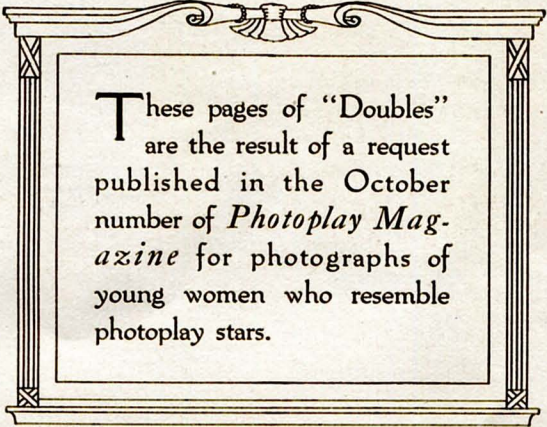
**W**HAT all of us wish to see in photodrama is the movement of producing managers in the right direction.

I hardly believe that Oliver Morosco reached his ideals in his "Peer Gynt" production, but the staging of this stupendous epic, and the employment of Cyril Maude, one of the foremost actors in the world, for the title-role, shows that Morosco has determined to raise his screen standard to

(Continued on page 176)



# Doubles



These pages of "Doubles" are the result of a request published in the October number of *Photoplay Magazine* for photographs of young women who resemble photoplay stars.

THE response to the appeal for "Doubles" has been astounding. America has long been noted as a garden of pretty girls, but the old proverb about "no two blades of grass" has been disproven. America not only produces pretty girls, but *pretty girls who resemble each other*. How startling some of these resemblances are the following pages will show. The plots of the facile fictionist who mixed up his lovers with indifferent folk who happened to look like them have long been regarded skeptically by those who like everything reasonably certain. Some of these girls might go to the studios, don the armor and war-paint, and even draw the salaries. *Could they double in acting?* Perhaps some of them could? What do *you* think?





From the little square to our left, ladies and gentlemen, peers Anita Stewart. In the oval above her is her second, or astro-lens personality, known in the flesh as Miss Birdie Cerny, of No. 526 West 158th street, City of New York.





Which is Lillian Walker, and which Miss Naomi M. L. Sachs, of 3883 Utah avenue, St. Louis? Of course the *real* Lillian Walker is in the little frame down-stairs, but it's safe to say you could fool any crowd with the duplicate. Height, weight, coloring and dimensions are the same. And dispositions? Oh, yes!







We have with us on this page the Twins Trunnelle. Mabel of Edison fame nestles modestly beneath that veritable Trunnelle more generally known as Miss Minnie Norton, of 417 Ash street, Waukegan, Ill. Miss Norton is often mistaken for her illustrious duplicate on city streets.





Below, to the right, Theda Bara. It must be admitted that Miss Leona Copenhafer, of 1614 Woodward Avenue, Des Moines, has aided the resemblance by *Baraing* her lily throat with hair, but at that the likeness does not need a chin-coiffure to make it startling.







Here is a duplicate of Alice Joyce who would, photographically, defy the detective efforts of the whole Moore family. The veritable Joyce-Moore is squared beneath Bessie Bauer of 16 Starr street, Brooklyn.





Olive Wilkerson, of Girard, Kansas, is no member of the Cowl family, though she is often taken for Jane of "Within the Law" and photoplay celebrity when she appears on city streets. Little picture, real Jane; big picture, make-believe Jane.

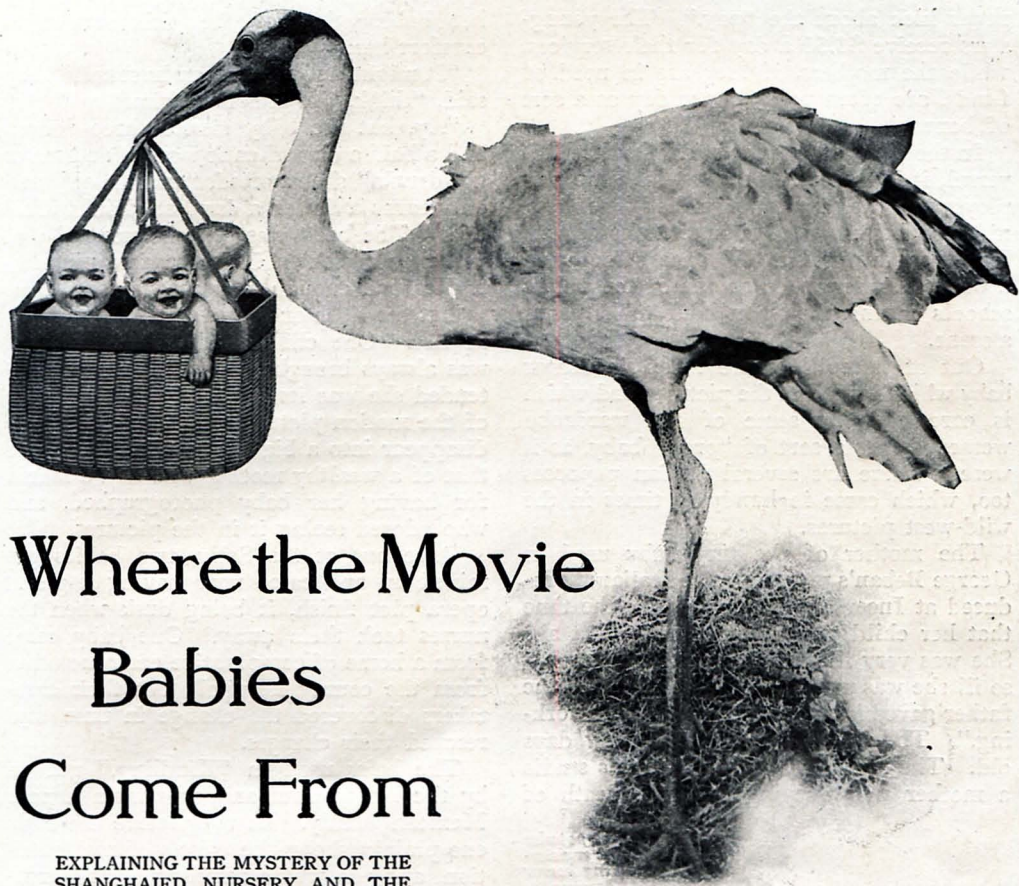






Twins scarcely ever look so much alike as Ella Hall (below) and Miss Natalie Ramey, of No. 444 Fourth street, La Salle, Ill. Even big Bob Leonard might be puzzled!





# Where the Movie Babies Come From

EXPLAINING THE MYSTERY OF THE  
SHANGHAIED NURSERY AND THE  
COMMANDEERED KINDERGARTEN

By Grace Kingsley

Photography by Raymond Staggs

**A** DOZEN miles of actors who haven't their eyes open yet! Actors on the half-shell as it were. Yet actors who have made more people genuinely laugh and cry than half the grown-up mummies.

Who is the official stork of the movies? In other words, whence come these Tangways of the teething-ring, these Barrymores of the bib, these Romeos of the rattle, these Sarah Bernhardts of the safety-pin?

Whence the high-chair hejira into pictures?

They are gathered from all sources, these motion picture children. In the big democracy of childhood, a baby's a baby for a' that. From out all Babyland they are gathered, from luxurious homes, from ten-

ements, from institutions where "God's children" are born, from hospitals, from the slums.

Many and many a baby pays its own entrance fee into life! That's what I learned out at the Reliance, where by an arrangement with the Maternity Hospital, the Twilight Sleep Home, and the county hospital—Los Angeles institutions all—infants are furnished by these institutions when little ones are needed. And there are chubby, smiling youngsters who come from homes—homes of poor and, sometimes, wealthy parents. No matter whence they come, at the studios there prevails a most Utopian democracy. The tot from the well-to-do family accepts just the same amount for his services as does the poorest waif. They



never kick about the "pay." The youngsters receive \$3.50 a day for their services, while the mothers, if they are in need of funds, are often paid \$5 per day as a sort of bonus.

In the very large companies like the Universal, it is the extra people—the shop employes and the cowboys' families—who furnish the infants needed in the photoplays. However, even "The U" once shanghaied a whole Kindergarten at one of the public schools during the noon hour to help out a scene.

Out at Inceville there is an incubator baby which is used in the pictures and which is cared for by some of the wardrobe women, being a sort of "prop" baby, as it were. There are several Indian papooses too, which come in handy at times in the wild-west pictures.

The mother of the tiny baby used in George Beban's picture, "The Italian," produced at Inceville, didn't know at the time that her child was in the limelight at all. She was very ill in the County Hospital—so ill she was unconscious for days, and the father gave his consent to the baby's "working." The little one was but a few days old. The other day out at Griffith's studio a mother was weeping over the death of

her babe. One of the girls sought to comfort her.

"It might have been your husband," they said, "think, you still have him."

"Ay, but the baby earned three dollars and a half a day when it worked and never got drunk," she retorted, "and the old man only earns a dollar a day and drinks it all up!" The baby was but six months' old, yet, though shown in but a few pictures, had earned enough to keep the family.

But the little ones come from every walk in life. One child used at the Reliance was always brought by its nurse, who pretended she was its mother. One day some of the motion picture actors saw the nurse disappear into a big house. The baby was that of a wealthy mother who had a mania for having her baby photographed, and who adored seeing it in the pictures.

Once out at the Selig, two babies got mixed up and came near having a grand opera plot finish, it being dusk when the nurses took them away. One baby came from a home of comparative ease, the other from the county hospital; but their caretakers discovered the change in time, and rescued their charges.

The baby used in "Kindling," put on by the Lasky Company, was from a poor Mexican family. In the picture the little one plainly shows the effects of mal-nutrition, and the whole family was at starvation's brink when the child was sent to recoup the family fortunes by appearing in the photodrama.

In many cases the extra people who are parents work less than the children in the pictures. There is one instance in the city where a child of two and her infant brother won the family bread for a month during the illness of the widowed mother who, when well, worked "extra" at the studio. Francis Carpenter, of Triangle, is the sole support of his mother.

Sometimes a childless actor becomes fond of a little one about the studio and adopts it. George Siegmann at Triangle, is an example. The father, a camera man, ran



*Alice Larkin—popular ingenue registering horror because the camera caught her without her hair.*



away and left his wife and several children. One of the little things, a boy, sometimes played in the pictures; Mr. Siegemann grew fond of the youngster and adopted him.

There are forty children on the roll at the Griffith studio, ranging from a few weeks old to a couple of years. These include two Indians, three colored children, and a Chinese baby whose mother always hangs prayer papers all over it when it comes to the studio, to ward off the evil spirits.

One mother comes regularly to the Keystone with her brood of nine children of assorted sizes. She boasts that every one of them has appeared in pictures.

A tired, wan-looking little woman wandered into the Morosco Photoplay Studio one day. She held a baby in her arms, and it was crying. They happened to need a crying baby that day, so they used the little one. And when they paid the mother that night, she fainted dead away. She had not eaten anything for two days, she explained when she recovered consciousness.

Many of the children of four and five appearing in the pictures, who are valuable because thoroughly "camera-broke,"—i. e., they do not look at the director when he speaks to them, nor into the camera—have been in the pictures all their lives.

Clara Horton, a child actress of the Universal, started as an artist's model when a baby. She doesn't remember the time she was not used to the stare of the camera. Georgia French, of the Triangle, now three and a half years old, has always worked in pictures.

May Giraca, an Italian girl four years old, who has appeared in Reliance pictures regularly, was picked up in the street by a director when only two. She was watching the taking of a scene and accidentally got into the

picture. She took naturally to the work, was brought into the studio, and proved one of the best child actresses in filmland.

Olive Johnson was recruited from the speaking stage, making her first appearance when two weeks old. She is now a star. Baby Marie Kiernan, one of the loveliest little girls in filmland, has always been in pictures, having made her first screen appearance when she was six months old. Margie Guerin, of the Triangle, is but thirteen months old, but seems entirely camera-wise.

Little Carmen de Rue, leading lady of the kid company at the Reliance, got her place in pictures because they wanted her baby sister, and the youngster nearly had convulsions when the older girl left her in a scene. So they let Carmen in too, and she is one of the most successful child actresses

in the business.

And as to how they get the babies to "register" correctly?

Augusta Anderson, of the Biograph, tells how she made a baby "play dead." "I had to crush it to me and cry over it," she said, "and every time we got the child asleep and as I raised it in my arms to mourn over it, it woke up and looked very much alive indeed. Finally I was compelled to grasp the little one firmly by its head and feet, holding it still by main strength, as I held it to my bosom. Heaven knows I hope nothing

*Howard Spence is noted for wonderful repose.*



*Mr. Richard Nelson, one of our most noted comedians.*





*Marion Spence and Bobby Burns.  
They're not really married; just  
a pair of stage lovers, you know.*



could have happened to its little brain!"

The youngster in "The Clansman," who appears in the cabin scene and sheds such wonderful tears, was desperately difficult to wring tears from. Threats of spankings availed nothing, a description of the sorrowful scene in which she was working failed to arouse her imagination; but finally when David Griffith told her sternly that she was a bum actress and would have to go home, she wept real salt, bitter tears.

In "The Reward," Bessie Barriscale used fifteen infants, all of whom were supposed to hold out their tiny hands to her and smile. Of course that number of youngsters simply refused to smile in unison, some perverse infant would always scowl or pull another infant's hair at the important moment. So the manner in which Mr. Ince obtained that wonderful picture is a secret of the director and the camera-man.

The baby which appeared with Mary Alden in "The Outcast," was that of an actress, whose husband had deserted her, and who needed the services of her little one as well as of herself to gain a livelihood.

Miss Alden says that Baby Kelcey is the cleverest infant she ever used in pictures. He doesn't come of a race of actors, but she declares that he has a sense of humor, and that when they wanted him to make up funny baby faces all she had to do, when he was a year old, was to stand beside the camera and make faces at him, and he would imitate her grimaces and gestures.

Baby Kelcey is now two years old, and seems to feel he is an actor. They can't use him any more, for he wants to boss the whole job.

Anna Little and Herbert Rawlinson were working in a picture with a baby, where the little one was supposed to adore Miss Little. She was only six months old, but apparently she had a mind of her own. They gave her a doll to make her laugh, and she did laugh. Then Miss Little essayed to take the toy away from her for another scene, and the youngster took a dislike to Miss Little, and it

was a long time before the "temperamental" little tot could be won back and induced to "register love."

There is a young stock actress of Kansas City who has two lovely children, and who came to Los Angeles last spring to put her two children in the picture work at Reliance. The father had deserted her; and the pathetic plea comes from the young mother as the reason for placing her children on the screen, that she hopes the father will see them and return to her and his little ones.

As to the original genius of children, Chandler House, a tiny chap of four who played the childhood of Henry Walthall's Oswald in "Ghosts," produced by the Reliance, gave an excellent example during the taking of that picture. Mr. Walthall frequently made a trembling gesture with

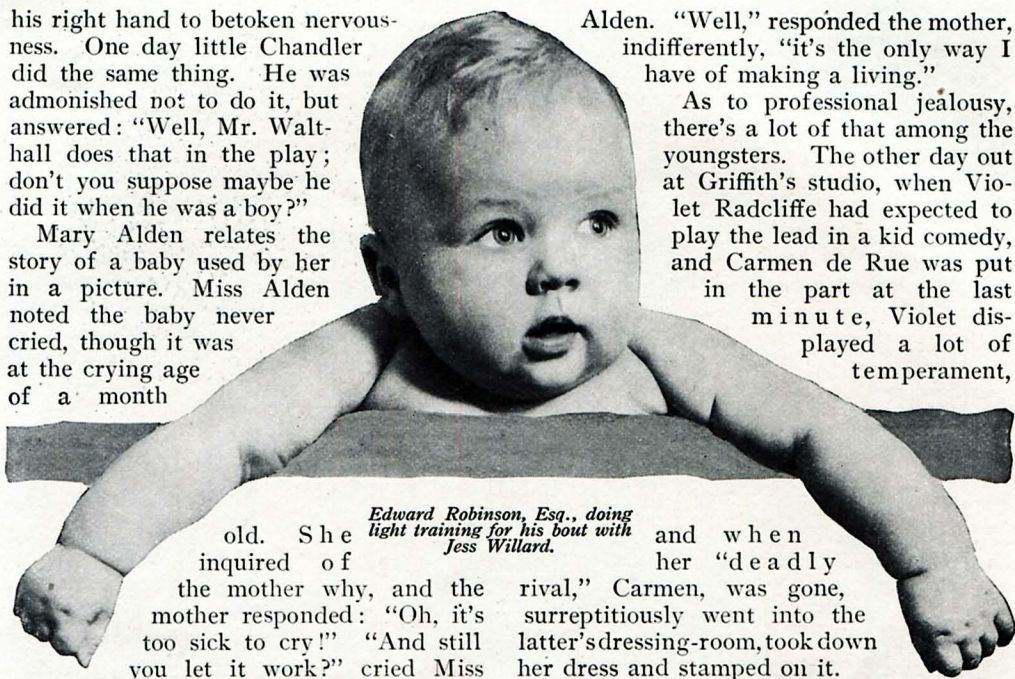


his right hand to betoken nervousness. One day little Chandler did the same thing. He was admonished not to do it, but answered: "Well, Mr. Walt-hall does that in the play; don't you suppose maybe he did it when he was a boy?"

Mary Alden relates the story of a baby used by her in a picture. Miss Alden noted the baby never cried, though it was at the crying age of a month

Alden. "Well," responded the mother, indifferently, "it's the only way I have of making a living."

As to professional jealousy, there's a lot of that among the youngsters. The other day out at Griffith's studio, when Violet Radcliffe had expected to play the lead in a kid comedy, and Carmen de Rue was put in the part at the last minute, Violet displayed a lot of temperament,



*Edward Robinson, Esq., doing light training for his bout with Jess Willard.*

old. She inquired of the mother why, and the mother responded: "Oh, it's too sick to cry!" "And still you let it work?" cried Miss

and when her "deadly rival," Carmen, was gone, surreptitiously went into the latter's dressing-room, took down her dress and stamped on it.

## The Limit

**I** CAN stand for the fellow who comes up behind  
And gives me a slap on the back  
As well as the guy who has bad news to tell,  
But likes to keep me on the rack.

I can also excuse the boaster and bore  
And the simp who capsizes the boat;  
The "I-didn't-know-it-was-loaded" fool  
And the dame who just must have a vote.

I can even be kind to the brazen-faced dub  
Who tells of the monsters he hooks;  
I forgive the phone-fiend who calls up at the shop  
And the pirate who "borrows" my books.

But I draw a red line at the worst nut of all,  
A pinhead who always offends—  
Who sits next to me at the photoplay show  
And tells the whole house how it ends.

—J. J. O'Connell.





Geraldine Farrar

*as Salome, in the lyric tragedy of that name by Dr. Richard Strauss, composed upon a German translation of the one-act play by Oscar Wilde. It is interesting to note that Wilde, an Irish-Londoner, wrote his drama in French, for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, with whom it did not find much favor; and that it was made an international furor many years later in still another language. Salome is not and probably never will be a popular music-drama. The title-part is one of Farrar's late roles, and she is declared very fine in it, although it is a part in which she is not often seen.*





Five American youngsters. Left to right: Jenny, Mary, Geraldine, Jimmy and Bill.

# Farrar—That's All

A SIMPLE AMERICAN GIRL WHO BREAKS  
EVERY TRADITION OF TEMPERAMENT

By Morris Gest

(New York theatrical manager responsible  
for Miss Farrar's debut in The Movies.)

THIS is the story of a very simple American girl, whose natural gifts, perseverance, energy and wonderful mind have made her one of the most talked of women in the world.

Overcoming obstacles in a sensational career which reads just like a romance, this American girl is today the musical idol of two continents; her voice sings around the world in more than a million phonograph records; and by the time these lines appear in print her visualized self will be flashing upon the screens in every state in the union.

How can a mere typewriter performer transmit Outdoor photography by Will A. Page.

through the medium of ink and paper the buoyant and effervescent personality which fairly radiates life, energy, talent, happiness, good fellowship, enthusiasm?

"She has the biggest brain of any woman I have ever met," said Marconi, the wonder of the wireless.

"If she lost her singing voice today, she would still be the greatest dramatic actress in America," said David Belasco.

"If she lost both voices, singing and speaking, she would still be the greatest motion-picture artist I have ever seen," said Jesse Lasky after watching her in California last summer. And just who is Farrar?

*Miss Farrar gives Mr. Gest  
one rose and one smile.*





I can fancy the millions of movie fans, to whom her name is merely that of a great celebrity, asking for further details about the most widely advertised woman in the world.

She is just a sweet, simple American girl. She was born and raised in the town of Melrose, a suburb of Boston. Her father, Sydney Farrar, was formerly first baseman of the Philadelphia National League Baseball Club. In winter time he had a small store in Melrose. Sydney Farrar was also a church singer,

*This is a lady so celebrated that she isn't afraid to ride in a "buggy."*



*Farrar and a great big little man of the movies:* Jesse Lasky. and Geraldine's mother also sang, so that from childhood the future prima donna was educated in an atmosphere of music. Of that remarkable career which led her to triumphs in Berlin and other European capitals, it is not necessary to say more than that no other singer, American or foreign, ever enjoyed such a sensational success at such an early age. For Geraldine Farrar was only seventeen years old when her father and mother borrowed enough money to take her to Paris to complete her musical education; she was only nineteen when she made her debut at the Royal Opera in Berlin, in October, 1901; she was just past twenty when the Kaiser of Germany made her the rage of Europe by inviting her to sing at the palace; and she was only twenty-four years old when she returned to America, a famous prima donna, to sing at the Occidental shrine of music, the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Today at the age of thirty-three Geraldine Farrar is unquestionably the greatest among the world's singing women. Only Caruso equals or even approaches her in drawing power at the Metropolitan. She is always sure of facing a capacity audience of music lovers, at advanced prices, whenever her name is put in electric lights. She can tour the country in concert, or sing in grand opera in New York or Chicago, and her manager, Charlie Ellis, of





Boston, can tell almost to the dollar just what the receipts will be.

She is the only American singer who has ever been received at the Metropolitan on the same terms of equality as the foreign stars who have dominated our opera for so many years. She is the only prima donna who has successfully fought—and conquered—all opposition at the Metropolitan, where today she reigns.

She is said to be the only singer in the world who has ever drawn as much as a hundred and thirty thousand dollars in a single year as royalty on her victrola records.

And yet, in spite of the enormous prosperity which has come to her as a result of this extraordinary career, Geraldine Farrar is today the same unspoiled simple little American girl who was so popular with her schoolgirl friends in Melrose.

Geraldine Farrar is slender, graceful, of medium height, with a wonderfully clear white skin, hair almost as black as the raven, and eyes that flash fire and seem to change color almost every moment. If ever a woman suggested the physical Carmen, Geraldine Farrar does. Perhaps that is one reason why she scored her greatest operatic success in the role of the cigarette girl; and afterwards acted before the movie camera for a picture "Carmen" which will preserve her splendid characterization for future generations.

She is full of temperament and emotion, yet I have never seen her angry. If anything goes wrong, she shrugs

her shoulders, clenches her hands, and tries to forget. The stupidity of people is her greatest annoyance. She likes to surround herself with smart, clever people. The circle of her intimate friends is a narrow one, but once you have been received by her on a basis of cordial friendship, you can count upon her forever. Unlike many prima donnas, she does not accentuate the musical element in forming her friendships. She likes to meet people in all walks of life, probe their characters,

*A new  
copyrighted  
Farrar  
portrait, by  
Aime  
Dupont.*







*Her first day "on location," near Los Angeles. At the left sits Cecil De Mille, pipe in hand; Morris Gest looks up from the ground; Miss Farrar is against the tree, and against it on the other side is Pedro De Cordoba. Standing at the extreme right is Al Wykoff, best-known Lasky camera man.*

make them talk of themselves—and all that is interesting she absorbs. In California last summer, posing for the movies at the Lasky studio, she formed two strong friendships: one for Mrs. Hosea, the wife of the chief cowboy of the Lasky ranch, and the other for Margery Daw, a fourteen-year-old child actress.

Once at the studio, a super playing the role of an officer was directed to grab her violently by the shoulder and arrest her. The poor super was afraid to be violent to such a famous personage. After three rehearsals, Miss Farrar asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, madame," he stammered, "you see, I have such respect—"

"Forget that," replied Miss Farrar, "and remember only that we are all human beings, and that we are both of us working right now for a living. Grab me this time as if you meant it—and don't spoil the picture. Think only that I am Carmen, a poor cigarette girl, and you are an officer and are going to arrest me. Now go ahead."

Miss Farrar makes friends with everyone she meets. At the Lasky studio, for instance, she was fairly idolized by all the players, supers and attaches with whom she

came in contact. She had no airs, no frills, no poses; all this in startling contrast to the superior grandeur and haughty dignity of certain movie stars who come into fame over night because of their little blonde heads and cute little tricks and then disdain to notice the less fortunate players who were probably their friends of yesterday. There are no frills on Farrar.

One day in California Miss Farrar, her father and mother and a few friends, including myself and Mrs. Gest, motored to Santa Barbara. Half-way there we lunched on the beach at Ventura. Nothing would satisfy Miss Farrar but that she must build a fire of driftwood, and then that she must go in wading. Off came her shoes and stockings, up rolled her skirts, and then the most famous prima donna in the world splashed around in the surf of the Pacific like a happy and contented child.

Her buoyant spirits were never better illustrated than by an incident crossing the great Arizona desert, en route to Los Angeles. The day was hot and dusty. We were all nearly suffocated by the heat and the ennui of travel, even though we were in Miss Farrar's private car. Suddenly she decided she would stage a Russian ballet. The chairs were pushed back, Miss Farrar





retired to her stateroom for various alterations to her costume, the brilliant score of Rimsky-Korsakow's "Sheherazade" ballet was played upon the piano—and Geraldine Farrar, in grotesque make-up in imitation of

wife and three children for such a long journey.

"Bring your wife and three children at my expense," responded Miss Farrar. "It will be a splendid vacation for them." And it was done.

In New York Miss Farrar lives in her beautiful five-story home on West Seventy-fourth Street, with her father and mother. Sydney Farrar is now a prosperous stock broker in New York, and Mrs. Farrar idolizes her talented daughter and the affection is fully returned. "Never was there such a wonderful mother," I have heard Ger-



"Syd" Farrar, above, father of the prima donna. Below, Miss Farrar in her dressing room at the Hollywood studios, and posing in a tree.

a Parisian ballet girl, bounded into the arena and danced. Ah, if that amazing dance in imitation of a tired chorus girl could only be staged at the Metropolitan, the seats would be cheap at a hundred dollars each! I wonder what the old cliffdwellers of Arizona would have said, could they have seen that ballet-burlesque as the train plunged through the desert sand at forty miles an hour?

Just another instance showing the human side of this great good-fellow: she had engaged her hair-dresser, in New York, to accompany her to California in the retinue of servants she took West. The day before the departure the hair-dresser came to say that he could not go. Why? Wasn't the salary enough? Oh, yes, but he couldn't leave his



aldine say a dozen times. "It was due to her watchful care and sympathetic management that my early career was so providentially fostered and developed."

Miss Farrar has never married. Although reported engaged a dozen times to various celebrities—from the Crown Prince of Germany, who was reported ready to sacrifice his throne for her, to the devoted Antonio Scotti, world-famous baritone—Miss Farrar insists that she successfully fought against any sentiment, although she has had many wooers. "Marriage and the artist do not agree," she says. "I do not believe a woman can be a great artist until midnight, and then turn a switch and transform herself into a devoted wife and mother. Not that I disapprove of marriage. It is quite all right for the majority of people, but never for an artist, to whom freedom means everything."

I have managed many famous stars during my career as a theatrical manager; I have faced many an excitable temperament; I have ventured unarmed into the presence

of three co-stars (all ladies) appearing under my management and smoothed out all differences between these hysterical personages; I have handled Machnow, the Russian Giant, and I have been the impresario of a Russian ballet; all these and more have I faced with equanimity and conquered because I knew that I had to fight them in order to win; but in the person of Geraldine Farrar I found that every tradition about the thing called temperament had been broken. No one could quarrel with her. No one could oppose her, once she smiled. There is nothing she couldn't have, if she asked for it; I believe some people would try to get her the moon if she had such a desire. And in all my career I have never known or met a woman so entirely unselfish, so generously impulsive, so considerate of the feelings of others, so kindly sympathetic, and so genuinely appreciative.

"The biggest brain of any woman I have ever met," said Marconi.

I believe it, too.

## The Tiggs' Corners Gazette

### CITY NEWS

**E**VER since Abe Whiffletree fell from his roof and only bruised his shoulder, he's been nursing the ambition to become a movie comedian.

**A** SENSATION was raised in these parts when it was learned that Charlie Chaplin had passed through here twenty miles south, on the main line. The rumor was found to be false, being due entirely to a drummer, who wore a mustache just like Charlie's, and whose cane got twisted in the legs of an old gentleman who was passing down the aisle.

**T**HE Mary Pickford contest was called off yesterday, because the management of the Tiggs' Corners Nickel-Odeon decided that eight of the ten contestants were too fat, while the other two were professionals, having been paid to appear as lady ushers at the Dreamland Motion Picture Exhibition in Calf County. Instead, a Marie Dressler contest will be held next week.

**S**ARY SAMPSON, who won the beauty prize at the Calf County fair, is waiting for an offer from a big New York producer. Her brother Sam'l is already placed in the movie business, being engaged as official thunder maker at the Tiggs' Corners Nickel-Odeon.

**W**HILE he was visiting the city last month, Lem Spider took part in a picture that was being taken of a lodge parade. He is the first one at the theatre each Monday when the new films come in from Rhubarbia, and though he sees all three reels at least twice, Lem hasn't found his classic features there yet.

**W**E hear that there is going to be some competition in the movie business in Calf County. Sol Leggow has opened up a new theatre where the picture gallery used to be. He says he expects to be ready for business in about ten months, when the city engineers get down to Tiggs' Corners to make the needed electrical connections.





*J. Stuart  
Blackton*

# Running the Art Business

ITS PROBLEMS AND POSSIBILITIES  
ACCORDING TO J. STUART BLACKTON

By Karl K. Kitchen

**W**HEN occasion seems to require that you speak of a person as being a pioneer, the natural mental picture is of a rugged six-footer, lank of build, full of beard, with manners ungentle and speech uncouth.

But the image doesn't hold true if your pioneer is a modern.

Take J. Stuart Blackton—Commodore Blackton, to give him the yachting title conferred in recognition of his services to the Atlantic Yacht Club.

Both in point of his primary participation in and early development of the motion picture industry, he is an essential pioneer, but his measure is that of a combination business man, university professor and country gentleman.

When I went out to the great establishment of the Vitagraph Company, which rears its block square of offices and studios in old Dutch Flatbush, midway between the outer fringe of Brooklyn and the sands of Coney Island, I found Commodore Blackton, the genius of the enterprise, the nearest approach to a living example of a

man up to his eyes in work I have seen in many a day.

The Blackton energy seeking always an outlet in constructive employment, and his versatility being of the readily adaptable sort, he finds it possible to direct a secretary and two stenographers in matters of executive and correspondence detail, give attention to larger phases of studio policy, turn his ready pen to bringing within scenario limits such dramatic conceptions as flash across his brain and still be able to complete in each day the work which none other than he may do.

"Suppose," he said to me, when the stenographic notebooks had closed, "suppose we get together in my machine in, say, ten minutes. There we will not be interrupted by the never-ending 'one thing and another.' We may talk on the way to the station. I take my train at 4:27."

A pile of letters on his desk awaited signature. He began writing and I found time to study him. Of medium height and solid build, with ruddy, almost rosy cheeks, Commodore Blackton looks the



man of perfect health. He lives much in the open—when he can. His searching eyes shine through gold-framed windows. In speech he is somewhat deliberate. Of gestures he has none.

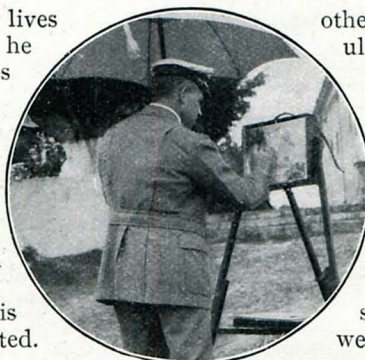
In ten minutes almost to the second we were on the curb and the car door opened. I asked a question as we stepped inside, and his reply came as the car started. Interviewing at thirty miles an hour beats the formal cross-the-desk talk. It is freer and more natural.

"Audiences look for the dramatic realism of today," he said. "The world is vibrant with life and activity and it is from this life with its intensely human characters that the dramas for the screens must be taken. No period in the world's history has been richer in dramatic material than the one in which we now live. It is in the portrayal of scenes from life's dramas with their varied expressions of human emotions that the more engaging field of opportunity lies.

"This is the time of large effort in the motion picture world. Time was, and not so long ago, when through lack of courage or comprehension, the run was in the direction of small things. Now there is no reasonable limit to the possibilities of our undertakings.

"Every production, no matter how elaborate and costly it is, becomes an incentive to producing another which will eclipse it in grandeur.

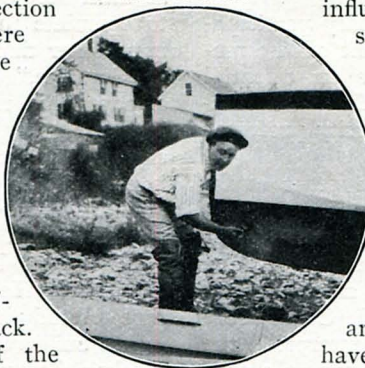
"This is the trend of affairs. There is no going back. Whatever may be said of the



*"We know the ultimate goal of the motion picture stage is set afar off."*



*"He finds it possible to direct a secretary and two stenographers in matters of executive detail."*



other stage, we know that the ultimate goal of the motion picture stage is set afar off and that with every day's activity we find ourselves a little nearer to it.

"In the preparation of the modern play for the screen we have taken a long step forward in accomplishing effective results. I venture to say that we are rapidly approaching the time when in the making of pictures we shall have full command of the plastic arts. Dramatic realism is expressed in actions.

"No less distinguished critic than Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, who, as you know, holds the chair of psychology at Harvard, was recently my guest. He spent some time in our studios watching the companies as with painstaking care they developed situations and gave play to the emotions. He saw his pet psychology shine through it.

"Psychological advancement is well within the immediate possibilities of motion pictures. With new camera effects we recently portrayed what may be called a psychological condition when we produced a picture of a man under the

influence of anaesthetics. We sought to show the phantoms painted by the disturbed and unstable brain. To do this we did not proceed haphazard. On the contrary, we called to our aid an eminent physician whose professional work in the field of anesthetics gives him full authority to speak. He outlined the phenomena and made it possible for us to have a workable insight into the



sensations which an anesthetic produces.

"It is not going wide of the mark to say that in this department of creative work in the studio there is wide opportunity for the ingenious photo-psychologist, to give him a name. In the motion picture field we are not unlike the novelist in that it is well within the scope of our work to bridge the gap between that which is purely imaginative and the definitely real."

The car by this time was slowing down. The station was in sight.

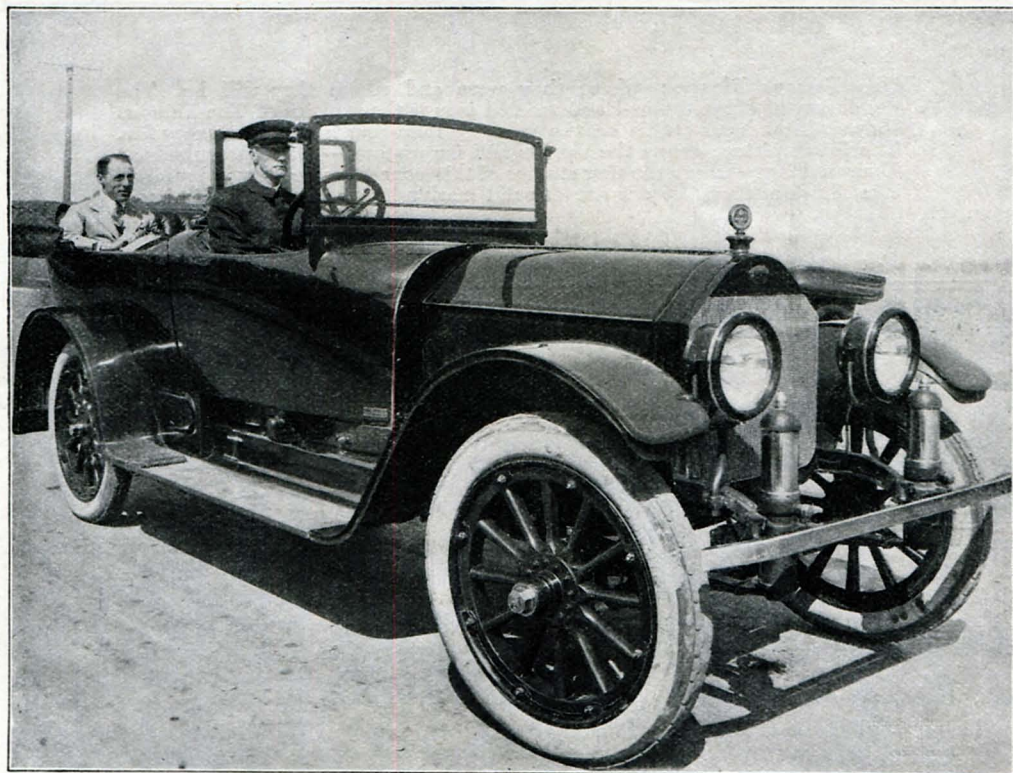
I recalled to the Commodore how in his earlier manhood—he is now just approaching the foothills of the summit of middle age—how in his earlier manhood he had found pleasure with his brush and paints:

"You were an early riser in those days," I said, "and I take it that now you give yourself the benefit of doubt as to the time o'clock in the morning."

"On the contrary, no. Seven o'clock sees me up and ready for the day's activities. The early to rise and early to bed idea hasn't been improved upon for a regular habit. I work hard and I believe it does me good. When I find time for play—and I do find it, for recreation is essential—I play hard and I believe that does me good, too."

The locomotive whistle screeched its coming. Together we jumped from the car.

"When I realize that the entire world—the world throughout its length and breadth—is contemplated in the word stage, by the dramatic forces subject to the motion picture industry," said the Commodore, glancing at his watch, "and when I consider the extent of the undeveloped resources in the motion picture field, one in the industry cannot be a sluggard."



### How "The Birth of a Nation" Producer Hunts Locations

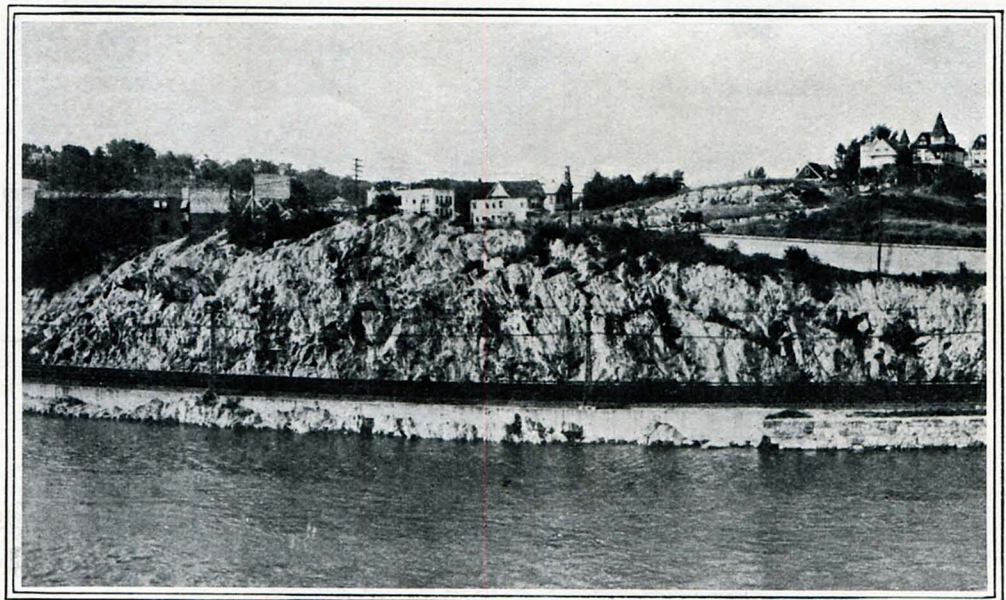
*David Wark Griffith, in his Fiat, tours all Southern California in his search for locations.*



## From Chaos to Cliff



The Famous Players: where they were and where they will be. The desolation of charred wood and twisted iron is the remains of The Famous Players' New York studio on the morning following its destruction by fire. The lower picture shows the marble hill far up-town—225th Street and the Hudson River—where the new studios of this concern were already building. The film-vaults will be cut out of solid marble in the side of the hill itself.





# The Vikingess

BETTY NANSEN SAILS EAST, WHERE  
HER NORSE FOREFATHERS SAILED WEST

WHEN the world was flat and a thousand years younger, the blonde viking from time to time sailed westward from the jagged Scandinavian coasts for the edifying purpose of seeing how close he could come to the edge of things without going over.

Sometimes he didn't come back at all, presumably having shaved the edge too close. Other times he would come bobbing up a fjord with the tide, and his friends would fish him out, comment on how he had changed since he went away, and give him burial. More rarely he returned with his longboat laden with the spoils of new lands; and all of his friends and neighbors would get drunk in his honor, and perhaps kill the king to create a vacancy in which suitably to install him.

The purpose of this introduction is to enable an argument that the Scandinavians have not changed; though their sails no longer affright the seas, they remain the restless, questing, mystical race of old. The difference is merely that having no further reaches of earth and water to trespass, they explore the dark places of the

mind and risk their souls and happiness on strange, tempestuous adventures.



*"Torpedoes? Pouf! What are they to the fatalist? I shall not fear."*

Which brings us to Ibsen, the weird voice of Scandinavia, and to Betty Nansen, who has interpreted him to many nations. Madame Nansen has completed recently a number of film adaptations from the work of noted authors for the Fox Film Corporation and has returned to Copenhagen to secure permission of the Ibsen family to present all of the famous Dane's works in pictures. Hitherto film offers for most



of the plays—"Peer Gynt" being a notable exception—have been refused.

"I feel hopeful of inducing the Ibsen family to reconsider," said Madame Nansen, "especially since I, who have been so closely linked with these plays, have gone into 'the movies.'"

On the eve of her sailing, when seen by a representative of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Madame Nansen said that she had no fears of the voyage.

"Torpedoes? Pouf!" she said. "What are they to the fatalist? If it is fate that I die in the sea—then it is fate. I shall not fear."

"The Celebrated Scandal," from Jose Echegaray's drama of that name; "Anna Karenina," from Tolstoy's novel; "A Woman's Resurrection," "Should a Mother

Tell," and "The Song of Hate," based on Sardou's "La Tosca," are the films made by Madame Nansen. It is estimated that in these dramas Betty Nansen's tears coursed over 25,000 feet of celluloid.

Madame Nansen declared that she liked America, and took keen delight in acquaintanceships formed here. She expressed the hope that she might return before long to play in picturizations of the Ibsen dramas. She it was who created Hedda Gabler, Norah and Rebecca in the premieres of the Ibsen plays at the Royal Theatre of Copenhagen. All the capitals of Europe have seen her in these characterizations. To Denmark she is what Duse is to Italy, Bernhardt to France, or Modjeska to America.

She has gone, but she is *coming back*.



### Peanuts and Beach Nuts

Above, in the front row, left to right, are Eddie Foy, Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance. The vast bulk of the well-known Mr. Arbuckle occupies part of the left hinterland.





*"Patricia worked in the chorus. According to Nora hers was a glorious existence. According to life she labored like a factory hand."*

# THE CHORUS LADY\*

DEMONSTRATING THAT HEROINES ARE NOT  
ALWAYS CLAD IN RAGS—OR SILKS, EITHER

By Elwell Lawrence

Produced by the Lasky Feature Film Company

TO realize with all the joy of youth that you had reached the goal of your dream at last, and yet to remember that only the night before you had taken your own life in your hands; to clothe the dirty streets about you with the colors of romance, and yet wonder whether you had jumped from the frying pan into the fire; this was the condition of Nora O'Brian as she approached the Majestic Theatre at ten o'clock that morning, her cheap traveling bag in her hand, and her country clothes mussed after a night in the railroad coach.

In an abstract moment Nora pictured the general store at Rosedale, Pa., for whose proprietor she had slaved for the last five years—since her parents died. By this time

the town must know all—have heard a dozen times the story of that last fierce quarrel, her rebellion and flight. She could even imagine Mrs. Mullen's acid voice retelling the incident!

"Yep, she's went at last, the stage-struck little fool! Gone to join her sister in the chorus. 'Patricia's in the chorus,' s'ys she, 'and if she can act, I can. You needn't think I'm goin' to throw my life away here waitin' on the counter forever!' And off she goes."

But Nora could not hear Mrs. Mullen's voice adding:

"Patricia's one thing and this gal's another, an' nobody knowed it better than Pat herself when she brought the kid to me five years ago. 'I'm a puffick lady,' says

\* After the play by James Forbes.





"Nora pictured the general store at Rosedale, Pa., for whose proprietor she had slaved since her parents died."

she, 'with a kick in either mitt; but Nora's too trustin'. The cows an' the chickens for her.'"

Now, it would seem, that fate and instinct had precipitated a situation. Patricia *did* work in the chorus. According to Nora hers was a glorious existence of light, music, color and gayety. According to life she labored like a factory hand, and was always just about one jump ahead of the emergency quarter she used to keep the rickety washstand of her hall bedroom on an even keel. . . .

The iron gate leading to the Majestic stage entrance was open and Nora went in. At the stage door a bored man in shirt sleeves who had listened to every lie in creation barred her way. Being told that this was Miss O'Brian's sister, he bawled something into the void behind him and let her pass.

From that void came strange noises; a man's shout, strident female voices singing, the tinkle of a piano, the thumping of feet. There was a smell of paint, dust and disinfectants and a feeling of cool air.

Nora climbed three or four steps and found herself in the wings; then, going on she suddenly found herself on the stage. The house was a black, echoing void; three or four electric globes glared in the flies, a stout man with his hat on the back of his head sat sidewise at a piano. A slim man in shirt sleeves bawled profanely at a

group of girls and men who stood before him in the disorder of a broken chorus figure. He bawled, that is, until he caught sight of Nora. Then he turned slowly and took her in with infinite delight.

"Well, look who's here!" he cried happily. "Sarah Bernhardt in disguise!"

There was a stir, a craning and a titter. Nora stood rooted, unable to move. Then like a benediction out of heaven, sounded the sharp, slightly raucous tones of her sister.

"My Gawd, if it ain't the kid!"

Nora saw her step out from the crowd and fled blindly to her.

"What're you doin' here?"

"I've come to go on the stage."

"You take the next train back to Rosedale!"

"Never! If I starve!"

The chorus lady said several little words which Nora did not catch. She was the Pat of old, red-headed, square-jawed and quick on the trigger. Her face was a little thinner, Nora thought, and her lips tighter, and there was a tired look about her eyes. That was strange for one who lived in a world of light, music, color and gayety!

Then began the old battle between experience and wisdom, and inexperience and dreams. And it ended, as always, with the wise one taking the count. Youth would not be denied, and Pat looking at her younger sister's warm, dark beauty, and remembering her yielding impulsive nature, was afraid.

WHEN rehearsal was over Pat took Nora to the stage manager. He scarcely looked at the applicant.

"Not a chance," he snapped. "Why should I take a greenhorn when there are a hundred experienced girls out of work?"

The two were turning away when a young man whom Nora had noticed idling about all the morning stepped up. He was slim and dark, and dressed in the height



of fashion. For all his getting in people's way he seemed a person of some consequence. Now he spoke with languid curiosity.

"What is it, Bisbee?"

The stage manager explained.

Mr. John Crawford who was backing the show looked at Nora with an awakening interest in his bleared eyes, and she could not forbear looking at him. A creature so splendid was new to her experience.

"Take her on, Bisbee; I think she'll make good," he ordered.

"You see, Pat, you weren't so wise after all," said Nora with a toss of her head as they walked home that noon. "Mr. Crawford appreciated my talent anyway."

"Yes," said Pat shifting her gum. "Duse will be sore as a boil when she hears about you."

So Nora was launched. She came to live with Pat, and during the ensuing days learned from the other those tricks of the business which enable one to keep ahead of the emergency quarter. It was constant economy and frequent hunger, for above all their clothes must be smart.

"I've turned this coat so many times I've forgotten which side used to be the linin'," said Pat one day exasperated at the hopeless garment.

"Then how does Goldie Epstein buy her clothes on eighteen a week and live as she does?" demanded Nora, who detested eggs cooked on a gas plate. They were breakfasting late after working until early morning.

"She don't. She belongs to that putty-faced bald-head who sends his limousine to rehearsal every day." Pat snipped a thread. "And by the way, kid, how did we draw those down?" She pointed to a great cluster of American beauties which made glorious the wash pitcher. "My neck ain't sprained any dodging bouquets."

The younger girl blushed. "Mr. Crawford sent them. When

I was out with him yesterday afternoon in his car I saw them, and—"

"Out in his car!" Pat held her needle poised. "Nora, you keep away from that crooked loafer. Do you want to be a Goldie Epstein?"

"Pat!" The girl sprang up, her face scarlet. "How dare you say that? He loves me—"

"Like a snake loves birds!"

"He loves me, I tell you, and I—I love him."

"You've got to quit it, kid. He only means you harm and unhappiness. Do you suppose I don't know this game—know his sort inside out? Forget it."

Nora wouldn't forget it, and, as often before, Pat disturbed and fearful, took her troubles to her fiancé, Danny Mallory, a steady, prosaic young man who was a detective for a private agency. Their romance had bloomed among the "affairs" of the chorus like a hollyhock in an orchid bed. The dream of Danny's life (and therefore Pat's) was a chicken farm on Long Island. For three years they had been struggling towards this and now it was in sight.

"Did you tell her Crawford was married?" he asked as they sat in the warm afternoon sunshine in Central Park.

"No. It's dangerous. It would either break her heart or she'd bolt with the bit.



"'I'm a puffick lady,' says Patricia, 'with a kick in either mitt; but Nora's too trustin'. The cows an' chickens for her.'"



That's her kind. I got to show him up somehow, Danny, but how?"

He shook his head, puzzled. Imagination was not his, and finesse of any description bewildered him.

Nora met Crawford again and as they sped along through the open country in his car she basked in the feeling of luxury and happiness that his attention gave her. She loved the man deeply and sincerely, and she accepted his devotion at her own valuation. She told him of her quarrel with Pat and his eyes narrowed. It was not the first of such recitals, and he knew that in the vigilant, militant chorus lady he had a dangerous foe.

"See here," he said when Nora had finished, "if your sister makes you unhappy with these lies and senseless opposition, leave her. You know I love you," he pulled out the tremolo stop, "and that all I want is to make you happy. Come to me and end the whole business."

His words seemed to open a way through the girl's difficulties. Though he had pleaded his love often he had never before spoken of definite action, and now the girl felt that the proposal had come at last. But she was not ready yet. There were clothes to be got and much else to be done. But the way lay open.

As the days passed matters did not improve between the sisters. Crawford's attentions continued, and Pat fought him with every means at her command. But opposition only increased Nora's consciousness of injury and determination to cling to the man she loved.

Then suddenly the climax came. Nora appeared at supper one night wearing a brooch Crawford had given her, and Pat, heart-sick at the futility of her efforts, burst out with swift, savage vehemence.



*"The younger girl blushed. 'Mr. Crawford sent them. When I was out with him yesterday in his car I—.'"*

Nora flushed to the eyes, then went quite white, but strangely said nothing. Bewildered and at a loss, Pat put on her "dizzy" jacket (it had been turned so often) and went for comfort to Danny Mallory.

When she returned it was to meet Nora bag in hand on the threshold on her way out. They eyed each other for a moment without speaking.

"I'm going to Jack Crawford," the girl said then. "I'll not stand it here another





*"Out in his car! Nora, you keep away from that crooked loafer. I know his sort inside out."*

day. He told me when you made me unhappy to go to him and I'm going. We'll be married and—"

"He'll not marry you," said Pat quietly, the great fear clutching her. "He'll make you what Goldie Epstein is. Oh dearie, believe me; you *must*!"

"I won't, and I shan't listen to hateful things about him any longer!" The girl stamped her foot with anger. "Let me go!"

"Listen!" The brave gaiety with which

the older woman had so long faced the world was gone now. "Don't go tonight. Give me just a little time. I'll prove everything I've said about Crawford. I'll prove he's a scoundrel and a liar. You'll wait for that, won't you? You'll believe me then? If I don't prove it you can go to him."

Nora, stirred by the desperate conviction in the other's voice, paused. Swayed in turn by whichever strong nature had the ascendancy over her, she wavered, and as Pat poured out her pleading finally agreed.

**A**SSURED of a brief respite Pat breathed again. But how to make good what she had said? She knew that Nora was not convinced, and that she would not be controlled for long; that lacking Pat's own steely equipment she must inevitably follow the dictates of her nature, must learn through experience the tragedy she could not sense unless—

But how? How?

At last Pat determined to fight Crawford with his own weapons, and the next day opened her campaign.

Miss O'Brian had had her chances. Her wealth of copy hair, her delicately colored skin, and her highly approved proportions were surety for that. And these beauties she permitted to dawn fully upon Jack Crawford

for the first time at rehearsal the next morning.

The only kiss that Pat had ever given except to Danny, was the chaste salute to the Blarney Stone, and this fact, too, was revealed to Crawford. Nora, one of those who express through their feelings and are mute, watched helplessly while her sister played upon the man she loved. Then, as she saw him slipping from her, she sought by thrusting herself forward to hold him.





*"'You expect me to believe you now?' Danny cried. 'God! I didn't think this! Go to him. We're through.'"*

But in competition of this sort she was hopelessly outclassed.

It was about this time that Nora first became aware of the assistant stage manager, a likable young fellow known as "Bobs." He quietly paid her attention, talked to her often, and his whole attitude seemed to say, "Never mind, little girl, I love you and I'll make you happy if you'll only let me." But in those dark days Nora never thought of him.

And Pat, for all her triumph with Crawford, was troubled. Danny, to whom she had revealed her plan and its success, failed to enthuse. He could not sanction a method of saving Nora which involved Pat's flirting with a man of Crawford's known reputation, and was frankly jealous.

These days events at the Majestic were approaching culmination, for the opening night of Crawford's show was close at hand. Rehearsals commenced in the morning and ran, except for snatches of rest for a bite to eat, until far into the night. Even Pat's and Crawford's flirtation was held in abeyance until the big event should be over.

The night of the dress rehearsal arrived, and with it exhaustion, ill temper, and the usual certainty on all sides that the show would be a fiasco. To cap this, just as the first act was about to begin, a messenger brought word that the star was so ill she

could not appear. Everything came to a standstill. In the midst of it Patricia timidly approached Crawford who, his languid boredom shattered for once, sat silent on a stage rock, his head in his gloved hands.

"I know the star's part," she said breathlessly. "I've learned it; I always learn it for fear of something like this."

He sprang up half dazed, scarcely believing his good fortune.

"You do! God bless you, girlie!" he shouted. "The part's yours with a bonus if you save the show. And if you go big you can have the blue sky! If you've been looking for a big chance, here it is."

The broilers were rallied, the other principals took their places, and the work which promised to last till daylight, recommenced. Crawford, with the situation saved, went home.

Nora O'Brian crept down to the chorus girls' dressing room like a wounded thing. The stuffy place smelt of powder and paint, and the long mirrors above the tables glittered in the light of the unshaded electrics. So Pat had won! By her readiness to take the star's part she had removed any doubt of her conquest over Crawford. And for her, Nora, what?

The girl's innocent and sincere love overwhelmed her. Pat should not have him. He was hers. He had loved her first, and Pat had stolen him. There was one



way left to get him back. She could go to him, and she would. The way was clear; Pat couldn't stop her now. She wouldn't dare leave the theatre.

Resolved upon the final step she scribbled a note, pinned it on the make-up shelf before Pat's place, changed quickly into her street clothes and went home to pack.

**H**ALF an hour later Pat, flushed and excited, rushed in for a costume change. She had got by with the first song and the ensuing lines. She could get away with it! There was no doubt now. Half undressed she saw the note pinned to her table and opened it.

"You stole the man I love," she read, "but you shan't have him. I'm going to him now. Good-bye. NORA."

The gay, triumphant light died out of Pat O'Brian's eyes, as full realization crept upon her. The little fool had done it after all. Crawford would never let this chance go by! And who was there to stop her?

Pat thought of telephoning Danny, but she remembered he had spoken especially of being out on an important case that night. Who else was there? She racked her brains. No one but—herself.

Standing there the realization came that it must be either Nora's future or her own. Her own! To give up the big chance she had prepared for so long, just when it

lay within her grasp! And yet to know, through all the years to come, that her selfishness had let Nora go to ruin in her hour of need. She could not face that.

With closed eyes and clenched hands she fought her battle. There was a little gasp like a moan, and then the old unfailing brave grin showed faintly.

"The fortune teller was right when he said he couldn't lamp any O'Brians among the stars. Back to the kicks, old sorrel-top!"

The decision made, she acted quickly. How long had Nora been gone? Would she have time to save her yet? Fearful for every lost moment Pat snatched up a long outer cloak, flung it about her, and rushed, half-dressed as she was, from the theatre.

At the corner she signalled a taxi and drove to Crawford's house on Riverside Drive. It was common knowledge that his wife had left him and that he lived here alone, and she knew that Nora would seek him here.

Admitted by a smirking servant, she found Crawford in smoking jacket and slippers alone in his library. His genuine surprise and perplexity at her arrival were an inexpressible relief. Nora, then, had not yet come.

But how to explain her own visit?

The keen wit of the chorus lady, sharp-



*"The fortune teller was right when he said he couldn't lamp any O'Brians among the stars. Back to the kicks, old sorrel-top!"*



ened upon hard necessity, came to her aid. Now was the time to cure Nora once for all of her infatuation. To discover the man she loved in a compromising position with her own sister—if that did not cure the girl, she was hopeless.

To Crawford, bewildered by his good fortune, came a sudden daring hope. Pat made herself boldly at home. What lovely rooms he had; she liked it here; yes, thanks, she would have a wee drop; he was so good to her; how could she ever thank him for his kindness in giving her a chance at the star part? Oh, she could thank him? How?

The man, roused and eager, murmured his passion hungrily. Never before had her peculiar, evasive beauty seemed so lovely to him. Hating herself but playing the game, acting as she had never hoped to act, she led him on. The words of avowal fell faster and faster from his lips as his passion mastered him, and at last she let herself be swept into his arms.

At that instant the discreet manservant opened the door and ushered Nora into the room. At her gasp the two sprang apart, Pat with a little cry, Crawford cursing under his breath.

"So you've really come!" the former laughed triumphantly. "I didn't think you had the nerve."

"You got my note—you knew?" The girl, her great dark eyes wide, her hand clenched against her pale lips, faltered.

"See here, little girl,—" it was Crawford's voice, kindly but annoyed—"what do you want? Why did you come here?"

"I came—because once you told me to—because I—love you and—"

Pat O'Brian shrieked with laughter.

"Get that, Jack? Good Lord, can you beat it!" Then sobering: "But while we're all together here we might as well settle this thing for good and all. Jack, it's up to you. Which of us two looks good to you, that baby-face or me? Now make it final, the kid don't seem to know."

FOR an instant the man looked from one to the other. Then with a little swift, covetous smile, he stepped to Pat's side and took her hand. Nora with a little despairing moan, leaned against the frame of the closed door and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Then, suddenly, in the silence that was

broken only by her weeping, came other sounds, the snarling of men's voices, the clatter of a struggle that drew constantly nearer, the frightened bleating of the manservant.

"What the devil—" barked Crawford.

Then the door of the room was suddenly hurled open and two men shouldered their way in. At sight of the women they removed their felt hats that had been pulled low over their eyes, and facing one of them, Pat looked into the eyes of Danny Mallory.

Crawford, pale with fury, had stepped forward.

"What does this mean? What are you doing here?"

"It means," said the second man, "that we've been trying to get evidence against you, Mr. Crawford, that will permit your wife to get a divorce, and that we've got it."

Wide-eyed, aghast at the sudden turn things had taken, Pat turned panic-stricken towards the man she loved.

"For God's sake, Danny, you don't think there's anything wrong! You don't think I'm in love with this man! I came here to save Nora. I've told you before how I planned—Danny! don't look at me that way! You must understand."

"You're here at midnight in this man's room, ain't you?" Mallory said doggedly, able only to grasp the evidence of his senses.

Nora, who had shrunk back at the unexpected developments, now came forward, her eyes blazing.

"It's a lie, Danny. She didn't come here to save me. I found her here—in Crawford's arms."

"Yes, to cure Nora once for all of the idea that Crawford loved her," flashed Pat desperately. "Oh Danny, *Danny*—" her voice choked—"you *must* believe me!" Not acting now, she flung out her hands to him imploringly, and as she did so the cloak, released from her grasp, slipped down and revealed her half dressed just as she had left the theatre. The young detective reeled back as if struck.

"You expect me to believe you *now*?" he cried hoarsely, and turned away from her with a gesture of anguish. "God! I didn't think this! Go to him. I'm done. We're through!"

Meanwhile Crawford and the other detective had been quarreling violently. Now the latter walked towards the door.





*"'You were always quicker on the trigger than I was, Pat, but I see it all now and we'll say no more about it.'"*

"Come on, Dan," he said. "We've got the evidence, and that's all we want."

But Mallory, in whose straightforward nature there was no deviating from honor even in the bitterest moment of his life, shook his head.

"I won't appear in this case," he said doggedly. "I resign my job now. You've got to have two witnesses to bring this case to court, and I won't testify. It falls flat." And without another word, or a glance to-

wards Patricia, he left the room. His dumbfounded companion followed, and Nora, utterly crushed and broken, crept after them. Crawford and Pat were alone.

Saved from disgrace by Mallory's action, the man quickly recovered himself. His color returned and a smile of exultation spread across his face. He stepped to the girl, who, her face buried in her hands stood trying to face the barren and desolate future that loomed before her.



"It's all right now, dearie," he said. "We can begin again where we left off. You came to me, and you shan't regret it. I'll make you a star, and if there's anything in the world you want you shall have it."

He slipped his arm about her waist, but as if she had been seared by a hot iron, she whirled and flung him off.

"Don't touch me!" she blazed. "I hate you! Do you suppose I came here because I loved you? Faugh! Love a beast like you!" And she told him the truth, revealed how she had used him only as a means of disillusionizing Nora.

As the torrent of her fury and despair poured forth, he stepped back from her slowly, the look of covetous passion on his face giving place to one of ugly resentment and outraged pride.

"Gulled me, eh? Duped me for the sake of that little fool!" he grated. "All right, I'll pay you for that! You're fired, both of you. You had your chance, and this is the way you've used it. All right, now I'll see that you don't get a job anywhere else in New York. Get out!"

Pat O'Brian, the invincible chorus lady, the martyred defender of innocence and virtue, went.

**B**UT outside on the windy street two figures were waiting for her; Nora and Danny Mallory. She started to brush past them in the daze of her misery, but the sister spoke:

"Wait, Pat. I want to tell you something. I want to say that I see it all now, that I was wrong and you were right. I don't need to be shown what Ja—Mr. Crawford is; I know. You said you'd show him up and you have. I've told everything to Danny and I think he understands."

"I'm sure it will all come straight after a while," said the young man heavily, "and I'm sorry I doubted you at all. I didn't know about your having the star part in

the show and throwing it up to come here. Nora told me all that. But—" and he hesitated a little,—“what about—how do you happen to be—" he pointed to the cloak.

The girl drew the garment closer about her and shivered. Then she told of the moment in the dressing room when she had found Nora's note, and of all that followed. Mallory listened gravely.

"I think I get it all," he said simply. "You were always quicker on the trigger than I was, Pat, but I see now, and if you're willing, we'll say no more about it."

"You dear old thickhead, yes!" half sobbed Miss O'Brian, her eyes wet with tears of gratitude at his swift-retained faith. And turning him about suddenly she kissed him in full view of the policeman under the arc light. But the policeman was on fixed post and couldn't do anything about it, as no citizen had called for help.


Next morning Miss O'Brian tripped gaily to the theatre to collect her own and Nora's belongings. Her advent among the ladies of the chorus, who already knew of her imminent departure, was greeted with regret or joy according to disposition. But to lofty sympathy extended in anticipation of hard times to come, her reply was disconcerting.

"No, thanks, Clarissa dear"—she languidly tucked in a lock of red hair, "I won't need your hospitality. Danny made enough on a real estate deal two days ago to buy his chicken farm. So if any of you old hens want a good feed—" She left, serene in the consciousness that there was no comeback to that.

A week later she and Danny were married, and then, with Nora they went out to the new life awaiting them. Presently Bobs, the assistant stage manager ferreted them out, and he has returned so frequently ever since, that Nora has about decided that his commutation ticket shall read the other way after the first of next month.







*"Neither  
Frohman  
nor  
Belasco  
ever  
told  
me to  
write  
my own  
contract."*



# Lockwood —the Youth

CLEAN LIVING AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE FEATURES OF YOUNG STAR'S REMARKABLY EFFICIENT CAREER

By K. Owen

THERE are two sorts of Easterners who become residents of Santa Barbara.

One is the millionaire who wants to forget the busy marts of trade, who comes out and builds a luxurious mansion in an exclusive suburb euphoniously designated Montecito.

The other is the artist of the screen.

It is easy to tell the difference between the two classes by the clothes they wear—the m. p. artists are much better dressed.

From an automobilious standpoint, it is difficult to find any difference.

Santa Barbara is beautifully situated on the well known and justly famous Pacific Ocean. It is truly a delightful spot and one of its chief claims to fame is that it has





*"He is the personification of ineffable youth."*

one of the oldest missions in California—a mission still working at its holy trade. Nothing ever occurred to disturb the serenity of Santa Barbara, except anti-saloon elections, until the motion picture studios started sprouting, and Harold Lockwood came to town, as leading man of the American Film company.

When Mr. Griphey, millionaire president of the K. X. & G. system, rides past in his limousine, the populace doesn't pay any more attention than to a jitney bus. When Harold dashes past in his eight-cylinder benzine buggy, there is an immediate panic at all the soda fountains along the route.

Gee, isn't it great to be an idol of the creeping pastels?

Judging from the number of inquiries that come to various magazines concerning Harold's life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, his film popularity is second to none. Before undertaken, it was considered by the writer that a trip to Santa Barbara to get a "close up" on him—even on a train that wandered all over the landscape looking for places to stop—would be eminently worth while. It was.

The first impression of Lockwood is youth. He is the personification of ineffable youth, a man's ideal of youth. I am not referring to the Harold Lockwood of the screen, but the man out of the studio. Of athletic build, he more resembles the clean-limbed, rangy, high spirited thoroughbred than the "physique" of bulging chest, narrow waist, corded arms and bunched calves. The illusion of youth triumphant is accentuated by a face that closely approaches the Greek god type affected by magazine illustrators, a clear, evenly distributed tan lightened by a pair of clear blue eyes, all

*"Mr. Lockwood has appeared in as much distinguished company as any young actor in the business."*





surmounted by a crown of smooth blonde hair. The face bears none of the lines etched by the ravages of years or dissipation or ill health. In film parlance Harold "screens" 22, which is not remarkable, inasmuch as he can just as easily pass for one of that immature age in the unshaded light of a California day, under which an imitation of youth either in man or woman is quickly exposed even to the near-sighted. It is not remarkable that he should have been chosen to play opposite Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark in some of the greatest of their productions.

Getting down to cold vital statistics: Mr. Lockwood is 28 years old, and is a native of Brooklyn. He never went to college, although he had the opportunity. He preferred to go to work; and eventually drifted to the legitimate stage.

"Neither David Belasco nor Charles Frohman ever summoned me to their respective offices and told me to write my own contract" mused the star of the screen. And as he made this confession Lockwood draped his long limbs around the steering wheel of his car, for be it known, this interview was staged



*"Playing romantic leads with Miss May Allison, a charming young actress of looks, brains and ability."*

in the front seat of an automobile, that is as familiar to Santa Barbarians as the stuccoed exterior of the mission. "And it is no wonder. I wasn't an instantaneous success on the speaking stage, and that's letting myself down about as lightly as I can.

"The pictures got me five years ago, before the days of big combinations, my first position being with the old Rex. Next I went with Nestor, then located on Staten Island and later at Mauch Chunk, Pa., with them eventually coming to California. Al Christie, who brought the first company of



what is now Universal to the Pacific Coast, was mentor and guide of this trip. I was especially fortunate, as I have played leads from the start. From Nestor I went to Broncho, then called "101 Ranch," and later drifted to the Selig studio at Edendale. This was after the amalgamation of the independent companies into Universal.

"Two years ago this fall I joined the Famous Players' Mary Pickford company, playing opposite Mary in "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Hearts Adrift," and I also played the American in "Such a Little Queen." After that I played with Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower," and was featured in "The Love Route," my last picture with the Famous Players. I also had the pleasure of supporting such stars from the legitimate stage as William H. Crane in "David Harum," Maclyn Arbuckle in "The County Chairman," Henrietta Crossman in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," John Barrymore in "The Man from Mexico" and "Are You a Mason," John Emerson in "Conspiracy" and John Mason in "Jim the Penman."

All of which would indicate that Mr. Lockwood has appeared in as much, if not more, distinguished company before the camera than any young actor in the business. At the present time he is playing romantic leads for American, sharing honors for excellent work with Miss May Allison, a charming young actress with looks, brains and splendid ability in expression. Miss Allison has played with him in "Scales of Justice," "The Lure of the Mask," "The End of the Road," "The

Great Question," and other notable American releases, and their work has added power to the company's slogan, "See Americans First."

In passing it might also be mentioned that Mr. Lockwood is a prohibitionist, which ought to increase his popularity in the arid regions; not the preaching kind however, so Billy Sunday and W. J. B. needn't get excited, but the practical sort. The water wagon stunt is not a fetich but a matter of business with him.

"In the near future," he philosophized, "this photoplay business, which is now in a more or less chaotic state because of the intermingling with the people of the stage, is going to become stabilized. The unfit will be weeded out, by the law of supply and demand. The great essential, especially in romantic parts, is *youth*, and drink can transform youth into age almost as quickly as the makeup box. And cold cream won't take out the lines. I came to a realization of this three years ago, when I found myself a comfortable seat on the sprinkling cart, and I have stayed there so long now that I can look a cocktail in the eye without the faintest desire to destroy it.

"It's just a case of conservation and a matter of business with me. It's my chief hobby—taking care of myself. I can get plenty of excitement doing stunts before the camera and shooting around the country boulevards in the machine."

Then he pressed the self-starter and we rode down to the depot to see the Limited come in from 'Frisco.

## The Ideal of the Screen; or "Cabbages and Kings"

He was so very handsome  
We girls all lost our hearts,  
And we would sit and worship him  
In nice heroic parts.

His eyes were dark and soulful,  
His smile an ardent plea—  
Whene'er he hugged the heroine  
We wished that we were she.

But then the idol tumbled—  
They told us he ate *cheese*  
And *cabbages*,—and someone  
Had even *heard him sneeze*.

So now we go to movies  
With hearts of molten lead;  
The cause: Obituary—  
One movie hero—DEAD.



# STAR OF THE NORTH

By Frank Williams

(SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS)

*During the taking of a film drama in the Canadian woods by a New York photoplay producing company, Paul Temple, leading man, falls in love with June Magregor, daughter of a factor of the Hudson Bay Company. While Paul's love is suppressed because of his estranged wife in New York, Jack Baillie, a worthless member of the troupe, makes successful advances to June. Paul receives word from Gertrude, his wife, who is absurdly jealous of the leading woman, that she is on her way to the camp. She does not appear; nevertheless this adds to the difficulties encountered by Paul in his worthy desire to free June from Baillie's growing influence. Gertrude in the meantime is rising toward stardom with another metropolitan company whose manager takes a "personal interest" in her. June is bewildered by the tumultuous wooing of Baillie and Paul's deeper lovemaking. Having shown exceptional acting ability, she takes the place of the frightened leading lady in a dangerous "thrill" scene in a canoe with Baillie. The boat accidentally crushes against the rocks. Baillie makes for shore and Paul saves June's life. This clarifies June's vision somewhat and there is a slight feeling of restraint between her and Baillie as they picnic on a lonely island to which Baillie has enticed her. Paul indulges in a deer hunt during a brief respite from work.*

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

## CHAPTER XI

**W**HEN, after several hours hunting, Paul Temple and Fleming Magregor had failed to find as much as a week-old deer-track in the wilderness, the factor could not conceal his disappointment.

"'Tis na hospeteable, this," he complained as the two rested by the sedge-bordered shore of Skull Lake. "At the least ye might have a shot."

But the "beasties" were apparently "fey" that day, and when noon arrived the hunters had found no game. After boiling tea and eating, the Scot suggested a change of plan in their campaign. He led the way across country half a mile to a plainly marked trail.

"This will take ye to a ford at the river," he said. "You follow it slowly and I'll circle north and try to drive something across the trail. If ye get nothing come out at the ford at half past four and I'll join ye there. Then we can go home up the river trail together. But—" and his steel gray eyes twinkled—"if I strike a fresh track—" He paused. "I'm only human, ye ken."

Paul laughed out.

"I understand perfectly," he said. "If you find anything, go to it."

The other looked his gratitude.

"Thanks. If I don't come at half past four then, you start on up. I'll follow in when I can."

With this understanding they separated, and Paul took his leisurely way to the river. He arrived there shortly before the designated time, having neither seen any sign of game nor heard a distant shot. He waited until five o'clock and then concluding that the factor had found his fresh track started homeward.

By this time there was only an hour of daylight left. The sun hung cool and yellow above the trees on the opposite bank, and with its descent the evening chill grew noticeable. Temple walked briskly.

After traveling a mile the trail left the water and cut across a neck of land made by a loop in the river's course. Paul had traversed this and come out on the bank again when through the brush at the water's edge he caught a flash of some red object. Parting the bushes he saw a canoe stranded against the sand bank which the piled up silt of the river had formed here at the bend.

Surprised he went towards it and his



astonishment increased when he recognized by the lettering on the bow that it was the familiar red canoe from the Graphic camp. He looked about him, wondering if anyone could have landed here but rejected this thought when a search up and down the little beach revealed no tracks but his own. Moreover, there was no evidence that an attempt had been made to beach the craft. It lay grounded broadside on, bumping gently with the ripples.

Returning to the canoe he found the paddles laid along the bottom in the usual position of disuse, and thought for a moment that the craft might have drifted down from the Graphic camp. Then a flash of color in the bow caught his eye, and he saw the felt hat with its feather which June had discarded. Recognizing this, he divined at once who had been using the boat. None of the Graphics except himself and Baillie had ever taken June on the river.

This much established, a sudden fear took possession of him. Could some accident have happened? But again reason told him, no. The fact of the orderliness of the paddles, and that there was no water in the boat or any other sign of mishap made the eventuality improbable.

How then had it come here? Through carelessness when the others left it? This was hardly credible either, since Baillie knew enough to drag a canoe well out of reach of the current when landing, and June would have seen to this detail instinctively.

For many minutes Temple stood pondering. The very elusiveness of an explanation made a mystery. Then there flashed into his mind the recollection of his feelings that morning when starting on the hunt. He divined now that it was not only to speed her father and himself that June had been up so early. The touch of constraint in her attitude had indicated this.

He surmised that it was Baillie she had been waiting for and that they had planned some expedition together on what was also his holiday. Paul's lips closed tight at the thought. Even after the revelation at the gorge and the deep gratitude she had expressed to him, was Baillie still so highly in her favor? Couldn't she see, didn't she know yet the sort of creature he was?

He shook off his half angry thoughts

and faced the problem before him. How had the canoe come here, and what should he do with it? He settled the latter question by preparing to paddle the craft back, at least to the fort. As he was about to get in, he noticed the painter dragging in the water and walked forward to take it up.

The rope ran through his hand quickly and its shortness attracted his attention. Examining it, he saw at once that it had been cut, and the strangeness of the fact made him pause. The means of the canoe's having come here was plain now, but the reason behind it needed explanation. Why had it been deliberately cut loose? Where? When?

The uneasiness that had been gathering in him became distrust and then suspicion. With both the factor and himself absent had Baillie sought to accomplish some end?

Without an instant's further delay Temple knelt in the middle of the canoe and pushed off. He knew that by keeping in the shallows along shore he could make fair progress, and at the same time look and listen for some sign of those he sought. But the magnitude of the task appalled him.

THE vast wilderness stretching away on every side seemed to have leagued its fastnesses against him. He had only one clue—that June and Baillie had started on the river. His chance was that they were still somewhere near it.

As he worked his way up-stream the sun sank behind the western bluffs and the swift northern twilight closed down. A chill breath rose from the water, and the forest at his left roared deeply as the gusts of rising wind rushed through it. Temple glanced at the sky. It was clear. He would have the benefit of starlight, and later, he knew, a moon.

But though he searched the river bank closely for some signs of a camp or landing place, and listened for sounds of human proximity, he saw and heard nothing. That Baillie and June might have landed on the opposite shore he did not consider probable, as the navigable channel below Mink Island ran to the east side, and the western arm was composed of shallow, stony rapids. Had the canoe drifted down through these it must have overturned.

It was long after six and quite dark when Paul became aware of the black bulk





*On they fought, panting hoarsely, battered, tiring. "Oh, don't . . . Paul! Jack!"—It was June, appalled by their savagery.*



of the round, wooded island which lay down-stream from Mink. The loom of it was ahead and to the right, and he bent to his work. He had been making good progress, but now he knew the faster current in the seventy-five yard channel would slow him up.

Gradually the island came towards him, he gained it; he drew abreast. The brawl of the rapids on the opposite side was so loud in the night air that he gave up any attempt to hear a human voice.

Then, just as he was about to leave the island behind, the tail of his eye caught a red glow of light from it. The next instant this had disappeared as he surged ahead.

He stopped paddling and drifted back. There it was again, the uneven flicker of a fire. Temple's jaws set. If the two he sought were there, Baillie's plan was obvious. He would try to use the fact of having stayed a night in the open together as a bludgeon to force June into marriage with him. Feeling that he had lost ground after the episode at the rapid, he had taken this means to defeat Temple, unless—

Paul went suddenly hot and cold by turns. If he knew his man, Baillie didn't want that. Men in honest search of a priest don't cut canoe painters on islands from which there is no escape. Not for a moment in the past had Temple credited Baillie with honorable intentions, and he saw no reason to do so now.

With a dig of his paddle he swung the canoe around and obliquely across the current.

Then as he drew near the island, above the noise of the water he heard human voices, mingled but indistinguishable. Still closer in, they came again, and his heart leaped as he recognized that one was a woman's. The next moment he forced his craft into the overhanging growth along the rocks, and panting from his exertions, listened.

Again the woman's voice rang out—this time clear and unmistakable, high-pitched with a note of terror that made him half rise from his knees.

"Jack! Please! You're spoiling everything! Oh, let me go! You frighten me! You never acted like this before."

It was June; frightened, bewildered, defenceless!—With an incoherent sound

Temple leaped ashore, and tied the canoe to a tree by its shortened painter. Then, carefully, because it was pitch dark in the undergrowth, and because Baillie must not know of his coming, he commenced crawling on his hands and knees towards the sound.

He knew now that the girl must be discovering the real Baillie at last. The fear in her voice told him that. The reaction of his character in this unconventional situation was revealing him. Aware that circumstances often forced the people of the north into unavoidably delicate situations, Temple divined that June's acceptance of this one had been frank and innocent, disturbed only by the thought of her father's anxiety. She had expected, of course, the same chivalrous and honorable treatment that were accorded her on many a winter journey alone with Indian or trapper; a fact which alone showed how wrongly she had guessed at Baillie's true nature and how she had accepted his self-gilding as gold.

TEMPLE, dripping with perspiration, struggled on through the undergrowth, his hands and clothes torn, and his face scratched. The earth was cold and had a dank, water-soaked smell. Nearer and nearer he drew to the murmur of voices.

Then, suddenly, parting the bushes, he saw the clearing. The fire was not large, but it sufficed to reveal the two figures facing each other in silhouette, the utensils and supplies on the ground, and the sombre encircling trees.

What the two had been saying Paul did not know, but now he heard Baillie's voice, half-indistinguishable, as it poured out passionate words in a murmur of tenderness. He stepped towards June, but she shrank back. Then, as if goaded, the man seemed to lose all control, and springing towards her caught her in a fierce embrace.

Then Temple saw red. As he leaped from his cover a low, guttural snarl purred in his throat, and his long, powerful fingers curved prehensilely. But for the convention of dress he had been flung back a hundred thousand years. It was a Stone Age scene of savage love and hate in the primeval wilderness.

Upon the struggling pair before they knew it, he wrenched back one of Baillie's arms, at the same time seizing him by



the throat. Then with a great thrust he hurled the other reeling back among the shadows.

June, after one cry of terror, recognized Paul and called his name. Then, in the grip of reaction, she broke into hysterical weeping. But he did not hear her. Crouched, walking on the balls of his feet, his hands half stretched before him, he waited for Baillie.

The other came, his face a white flame of fury. He, too, had recognized his assailant, and the thought that this rival who had shamed him once before, should have found his way here and interfered as he had promised to do long since, lashed him almost to madness. With contorted faces and narrowed eyes they circled slowly, silently, their breathing hoarse above the merry chatter of the little rapid. They faced each other almost of a size and weight, and hardened by weeks in the north. Suddenly Baillie leaped, and they had closed. Baillie's hands found Temple's head, and his bent thumbs felt for the eyes in the old gouger's hold. Temple, blinded, hooked a lucky right with all his strength close behind the other's ear, and the torturing grip relaxed an instant. Temple broke the hands apart and got away.

June, her hands clasped to her breast, watched, silent, wide-eyed, white-faced.

Shaking his head as if to clear it from the fog of Temple's blow, Baillie leaped in again, feinting for the head. The next instant he had Temple by the waist and had thrown him crashing to the ground; and then with a savage snarl he leaped for him, his feet drawn up for the deadly lumber-jack's kick. But Temple rolled over and over, and the other missed. On his feet again with a spring, Temple met Baillie coming in and the circling commenced once more.

They were panting now and their faces glistened with sweat. But Temple had learned the man and the game he had to beat, and was ready. As he manoeuvred Baillie so that he faced the fire, Paul leaped. He caught the other off his guard and felled him with a left to the jaw. Baillie was up in an instant, but could not get set. A cold fury of determination to punish those two foul attacks sent Temple after him, pounding, blocking, parrying, but always beating him down

and back. On they fought, panting hoarsely, battered, tiring.

"Oh, don't, don't! Paul! Jack!"

It was June, appalled by their savagery.

Baillie turned towards her, half whimpering; but her great eyes were not upon him now. They were fixed on Temple with a look of awed wonder, almost timorous admiration; the look of the Cave Maiden for her victorious champion.

There was no sensational ending, no victorious, supreme effort. Crashing and battering, the fight went on with Baillie weakening fast. He knew better than to beg for quarter, and Temple offered none.

At last three final blows broke through his futile guard, and he went down to stay.

"Get up!" Paul's swollen lips could scarcely mumble the words. The other did not stir, but Paul knew by his breathing he was conscious. He stirred him contemptuously with his foot.

"Any more?"

"No."

Paul turned away and went weakly towards June.

"Now tell me about it," he said.

When the moon rose that night it looked down upon a canoe in which a girl and a battered man paddled, and on the bottom of which lay another man, groaning. The man who paddled swayed in his seat, but the girl behind splashed water on him and encouraged him with cheerful, brisk words.

## CHAPTER XII

MOVIE work at the Graphic camp had changed, but though the "Wilderness Idyll" was delayed, and would be until snow came, the people were not idle. A series of one and two-reel dramas, some in the scenario, and some leaping Minerva-like from the square dome of Tom Briscoe, kept all hands busy. This was the short stuff that had torn Goldie Burke from her beloved Manhattan. And at Briscoe's order Temple directed some of it.

Also as cold weather approached, a new and important activity developed about the Graphic general storehouse, a low, log building which sheltered both "prop" and commissary departments. Two long, low, iron-shod Arctic sledges, with gee-poles stuck out ahead for guiding, were hauled



forth and examined by the carpenter. Two score snow-shoes appeared and underwent repairs. Rows of fur and deer skin suits with capotes, leggings, mittens and shoe-packs were hung out to air and sent up a fearful odor of mothballs. These, the costumes in which the characters would traverse the snowy wilderness, had all been brought from New York with the company, as Briscoe had refused to risk outfitting his crowd on chance after reaching camp.

AT the same time the country was being scoured for bushy-tailed huskies or malamutes to make the dog trains, and in the procuring of these dogs Fleming Magregor was of great assistance. He arranged with a young Indian trapper to come and live at the camp in order to care for and train the brutes so that they would be in condition when needed. A pen was constructed for them below the bluff on the river bank, and as they were bought they were confined there and fed into condition, it being a habit of the Indians to starve their dogs all summer.

The first storm of winter was expected at any time. Every night there was a heavy frost, and the few hardy Graphics who still braved the early morning plunge in the pool, found a thin edging of ice in their bath tub. All the women and nearly all the men had abandoned tent life by this time, and the fires in the cabin stoves (sheet iron affairs freighted north by flat-boat) were grateful luxuries.

It was characteristic of Briscoe to realize fully the situation existing between Paul and Baillie and yet to say nothing. So long as the work went well he kept himself aloof from the difficulties of his people and said nothing. That he did not interfere after the fight was only due to the fact that he had plans of his own afoot which he wished to further.

With all regard for the romances of his principals, he had his own ideas regarding June and her future, and one day when the company was out under Paul's direction, he tramped down the river trail to Fort McLeod to lay them before her. After talking for an hour with the factor who spoke of a trip north he would probably make shortly, June appeared and Briscoe asked her to walk with him.

"What are you going to do with your-

self for the rest of your life?" he asked bluntly by way of introduction.

June smiled a little doubtfully at the largeness of the question. She seemed pale, Briscoe thought, and he damned the lovers and the romantic nonsense that had changed her from the radiant girl he knew.

"Here's what I've come to say," he stated abruptly. "You've got acting talent, Miss Magregor, and looks, and nerve, and presence. When you come on the screen, audiences will know it. Best of all, you're new and different. But you're raw and untrained; you need seasoning and experience. Sign yourself to work under my direction for five years, and I'll make you the greatest motion picture actress in the world."

The mistress of that lonely northern fur post stared at him, unable to reply. But with a brisk gesture he went on:

"This is my gamble, but I've got faith in you. There are ten thousand girls in America right now who would sell their souls for this chance. If you're what I think you are, it'll make you. Fame, money, a chance to see the world—you'll have 'em all. But it'll be hard work." He paused a moment. "And as for the publicity material in you—whew!"

When they had discussed the details June sat silent for a long time. Briscoe had detected a change in her but he had not fathomed its depth, and despite his half angry astonishment at her lack of enthusiasm she could not tell him.

She could not tell him that two weeks ago she would have jumped at the offer and considered herself the luckiest girl in the world; nor could she tell him what had taken place in that fortnight. She scarcely realized herself. She only knew that she had been scared by life, and that the glories of the greater world he offered seemed to be ashes and tinsel. They left her cold and unstirred. Bruised and hurt, she clung very closely now to her father and the simple, familiar things.

But she did not refuse him. Profoundly flattered and grateful, she told him she would consider the offer from every point of view, and give him her answer before the company returned to New York.

Though Briscoe ignored the rivalry between Baillie and Temple, the company was not so considerate, and from the night of the fight the camp buzzed with



gossip. Difficulties between principals are more or less open secrets, but the climax to this one came like a thunderclap.

"They say," remarked Goldie Burke, "that living in these here wildernesses full of animals makes men go back till they're brutes themselves. Well, mebbe, but you got to show me. I like my little ol' Gotham, but if there's any bigger brutes than pads Times Square day an' night, I haven't seen 'em." Goldie, who insisted on wearing her New York apparel in the face of the derision of the entire camp, cracked her chewing gum loudly. "An yet I'm that lonesome, if anybody made a noise like a taxicab I'd have hysterics."

**T**HOUGH aware of the cloud of gossip through which he moved, Paul cheerfully ignored it. Following the fight he found absorption and relief in the new work of direction Briscoe had given him, and refrained from going to see June until the first furore should have subsided. Bailie he was certain, after one look at the other's features, would not go for some time.

Then one rainy morning about a week after the trouble, when the poor light made it impossible to work, Paul paddled down to McLeod. He arrived in the midst of preparations for the factor's journey.

"One of the Commissioners from Montreal has arrived at Moose Factory on an inspection trip through the district, and father has to report to him there," June explained. Then she pointed to a tall, lithe young Indian. "That's Jim Albert," she said, "one of our men who has been at Moose all summer. He'll go up with father and probably come back with him. They're going to chance making it before snow comes. It will be close reckoning."

"And will you stay here alone?"

"Oh, yes." She spoke matter-of-factly. "Someone must be factor and trader while he's gone. I've done it often."

Despite the confusion at the fort June invited Paul to stay to lunch. It was a hurried meal punctuated by the factor's orders and the coming and going of his men. Immediately afterwards Magregor and Jim Albert started north down the Onipee by canoe, and when they had gone, June with a sigh of relief led the way back into the house to the low, heavily-beamed living room where a log fire crackled in the enormous fireplace.

As he sank into one of the massive, home-made chairs and looked at the girl, Temple felt, as Briscoe had done, that some change had taken place in her since their last dramatic meeting. She seemed graver, more thoughtful, more mature.

"Why haven't you come to see me before?" she suddenly asked, looking at him with level, dark eyes. "I have needed you."

"Needed me?" Her direct piercing through superficialities to the deeper, intimate thing caught him a little unprepared. It seemed a confirmation of the change he had noted in her; it marked a difference in their relations.

"Yes," she replied half musingly, "it's strange, isn't it, but I always seem to need you, and you always seem to come when I need you most. You see I'm trying to tell you how grateful I am for—the other night."

"Oh, please—it was nothing," he deprecated. "I just happened to find the canoe and—"

"But you came—just as you came the first time at the rapid. And you were splendid." Her voice thrilled with admiration, and for an instant there shone in her eyes the same look, almost of pride, with which she had watched his conquering of Baillie.

"You must know—" his voice was low and vibrant with feeling—"that I would always come when you needed me, if it were half around the world." His pulses were beating fast and he found it difficult to breathe. A swift, new wonder was taking possession of him. Never had they talked like this before.

Her elbow was on her knee and her chin in her hand as she stared into the leaping flames.

"I believe you," she said in the same half musing tone as if she were just becoming aware of the fact. "You have never failed me yet. That's the wonderful thing about you, Paul. Whatever has come, you haven't failed me. Sometimes I have felt, oh, so alone and helpless—I can't ask father some things, you know,—and I've thought, 'Oh, if I could only ask Paul! He would tell me what to do.'"

"You trust and believe in me as much as that!" He, too, was staring into the fire. He dared not meet her eyes. Upon his senses was stealing a delicious con-



sciousness of her nearness, and over and over, he asked himself wonderingly: "What has happened to make her speak to me like this?"

"Yes," she answered his question. "Sometimes I think you're the only person or thing in the world I do believe in." She paused a moment. "I've been so in the dark lately. I just couldn't see light anywhere. That's why I've needed you—to show it to me. But when you didn't come I've thought of you, strong, and true, and honest, and I've felt that, after all, there must be good in the world."

HE sat silent a moment, fighting to keep his head and see things clearly. What she had been passing through, he did not fully comprehend, but he realized that she had turned to him for comfort instinctively, like a child. And yet she was a child no longer. Her look, her manner, her voice, all these revealed the greatness of the change the week had wrought in her. It was a woman who talked with him today. And he was her only firm anchor in the storm of her life. Oh, to keep her faith in him!

"There is good in the world," he replied, his voice deep with conviction. "I *know* it. If one plays the game straight, and has faith, things *must* come right in the end."

She looked at him with a little spark of the earlier admiration in her eyes.

"It's what I thought you'd say. And it's what you'd do—play the game straight. You always have."

The words of unquestioning belief in him brought him up sharply to face a relentless question. *Had* he played the game straight, knowing with every conscious breath that he was not free? He pondered the point deeply, as he had done over and over in the past. And to-day again, as always before, his conviction was in the affirmative. To fight Baillie for June he had done rightly.

But now?

Temple groaned inwardly. What did this sudden change in June, her sudden need of him imply? Certainly complete trust and dependence, if not the dawning of love itself. And that could mean but one thing; that the Baillie myth had been exploded and the idol lay crumbled at her feet.

And Temple faced this inexorable question:

The thing for which he had worked was done; his mission accomplished. Then in not telling her all the truth about himself was he a cad? Was he betraying her faith in him?

In the grip of a temptation stronger than any he had ever known, he suddenly left his chair and walked to the window. His thin, sensitive face seemed suddenly gaunt, almost pinched, but from head to foot he was aflame with passion, with the clamor of long-denied yearning alike of the soul and the senses.

With Baillie disposed of what was to prevent his claiming June? Experience of life told him that her instincts had pointed her at last towards him. She did not realize it yet, else she could not have talked to him as she had just done, but he sensed that with the slightest touch the scales would swing in his favor.

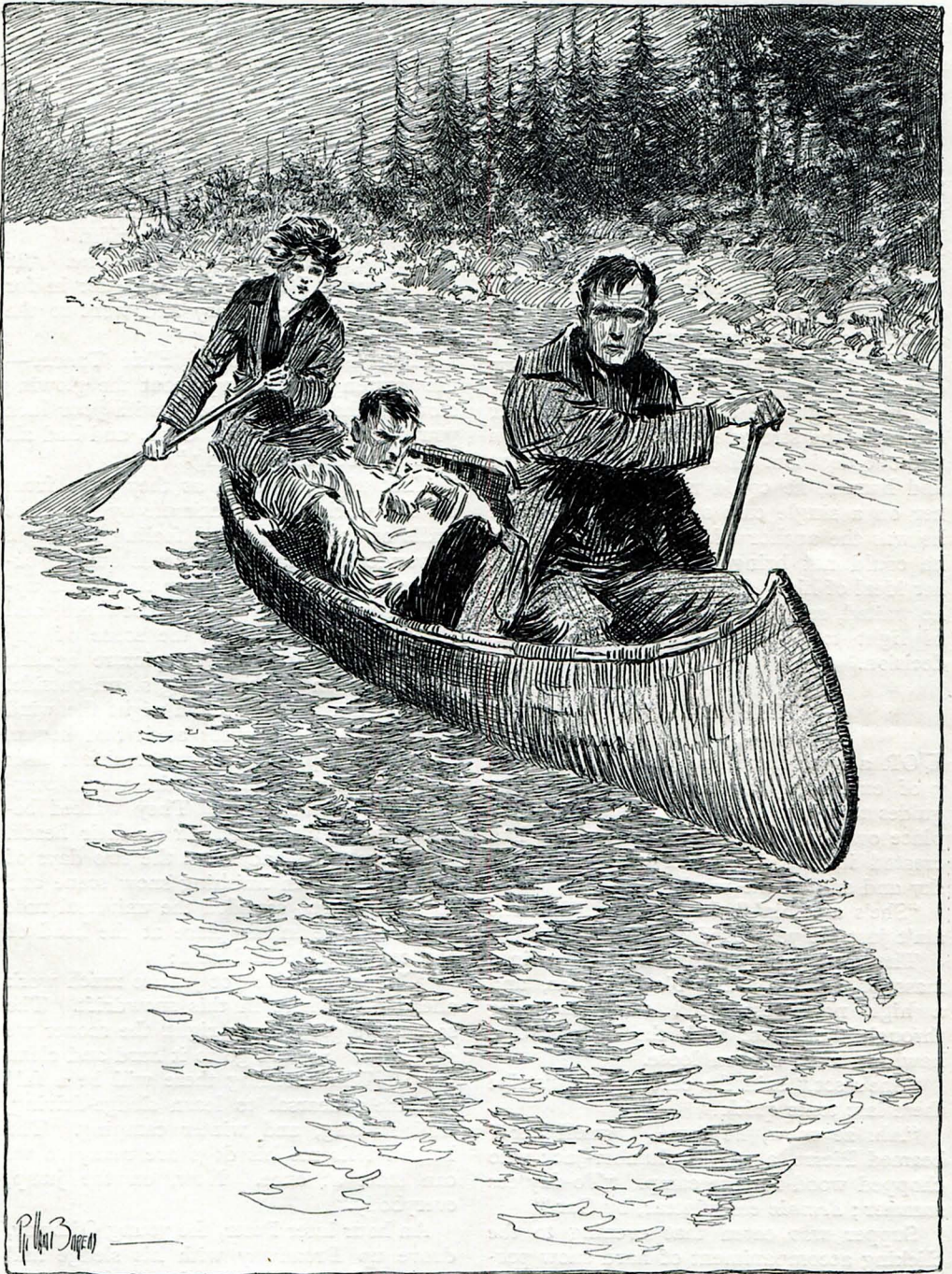
Could he give that touch? To re-tell her his love, but not his past, to see the dawn of answering passion blossom in her eyes, to claim that swift, ecstatic moment of realization and the following one of surrender; to live like two innocent children in their bliss for a little while—this was what he asked of life that had denied him so much.

It seemed to him now that his whole existence had been ripening towards this consummation; he was convinced that a Plan stronger than his own will had sent him north at this time to meet June and to love her. Instincts so subtle as to be unnamable whispered that it was she for whom he had been searching unconsciously all these years; she seemed to fulfill and complete his personality as perfectly as the two halves of an apple fit together.

Clean, virile, honorable, he had served seven long years even as Jacob did, and now must he risk his reward by telling her of his hateful tie, and all the wretched story of that sordid past? How much that risk was, he realized fully, knowing June. Direct as a beam of sunlight, sure as one of her own streams, could she look upon his life—even his deceit to save her—with anything but repugnance?

So imperious was her unconscious call to him, so eager his response, that his battle changed its ground. It became a question less whether he should tell of his





*In the bottom of the canoe lay a man, groaning. The man who paddled swayed in his seat, but the girl encouraged him with cheerful, brisk words.*



earlier marriage, than whether he could get from that room without pouring out his love and sweeping her with him on an irresistible tide.

The walls and ceiling of the place seemed to be pressing in and down upon him; he felt as if he were suffocating. Somehow, on some pretext, he never knew what, he found excuse to leave. She followed him to the door a little puzzled and bewildered.

"You will come again and often, now that I am to be alone, won't you?" she asked from the doorway.

"Yes, yes," he promised, "I'll see you—often."

But though the days passed in a fever of work, the struggle within him went on without decision. Because he was a man and human, he could not risk the loss of her on a single cast of the die. Because he was the anchor of her faith and belief he could not bring himself to transgress her ideal of him. So, torn between the two, he waited, seeking constantly for some ray of light to pierce the gloom of his indecision.

### CHAPTER XIII

FOR a week there had been the alertness of expectancy at camp Graphic. The guides to whose skill and management the place owed its existence, once Briscoe had created it, stared weather-wisely into the sky and sniffed the wind.

"She's a-comin'!" they avowed, "but she ain't just set yet. A day or so and—"

Then one night the sun went down in a mass of sullen, heavy black clouds, and a high northwest wind came sweeping through the forest with the bellow of a howling beast broken loose.

"She's sot," said the chief guide, "strike them last tents quick!"

"Ah, ze snow, he come, I smell her!" beamed Pierre, a vagrant lumber-jack who chopped wood for the camp. "To-day ees summer; *demain* ees wintear, by Gar!"

Supper was eaten that evening to the clicking accompaniment of hard snow particles driven against the mess house windows, and when the party separated that night the men could scarcely force their way against the gale to their quarters.

All night the storm raged, and when morning came the Graphics looked out

upon a dizzy world of swirling white in which the figures of the guides could be seen dimly as they struggled to clear a few necessary paths. Not for an instant was there a sign of abatement, and all thought of work was abandoned.

The day of idleness was grateful. The men lolled and smoked in their bunks, or worked in relays helping the shovellers in their losing fight against the drifts.

"My Gawd!" said Goldie Burke. "If I'd a known I was goin' to be let in for this, I'd a joined Peary and went to the north pole."

"No, Goldie," replied Elsie Tanner—the women were sitting about the glowing stove in their bunkhouse—"with your luck you'd have picked Doc' Cook, and had all your trouble for nothing."

That night, isolated as they were from all the world, made intimate by the close walls of the storm, good feeling ran high. A vaudeville performance was quickly arranged; popcorn and other necessities appeared mysteriously from somewhere, and the mess house became the scene of gay hilarity; a warm, bright picture against the desolation of the raging storm outside.

Then during the second night the wind stopped as mysteriously as it had begun, and the Graphics went to breakfast next morning in a dazzling white world over-arched by a blue sky. They walked between snow cliffs as high as their heads.

Briscoe, who had spent the two days of rest in his cabin finishing snow scene and costume charts, sounded the universal note when he rose in his place at the head of the centre table and said:

"Children, we've got just so much work ahead of us here in this snowdrift. The sooner we get it done right, the sooner we get home. So let's go to it hard and clean it up. This morning there will be a full costume rehearsal to learn sledge-driving, trail making, and winter camping. The Indian tells me his dogs are ready so we can start at once. Now, on the jump, everybody."

An hour later Peter, the young Ojibway, drove up Broadway with his sledge and team, bells tinkling, whip cracking, and dogs clamoring a chorus of joy. Seven huskies, sharp-eared and bushy-tailed formed the team. In the lead was a huge, brown animal, half wolf and half dog. The long traces of moose hide extended



from the sledge to his harness, and the other dogs were in additional harnesses attached three on each side behind him. The breast bands were adorned with little sleigh-bells.

No sooner had Peter halted his outfit than the dogs fell upon each other in one ferocious free fight. The interested Graphics fell back in dismay, but the Indian without the slightest excitement stood back, and, with his long black whip, flicked pieces of fur and skin out of the squirming, snarling mass until the savage brutes crept whining apart. It took a quarter of an hour to untangle the harnesses.

The Graphics scarcely knew themselves. Furred, with parkas or hoods over their heads, mittened and snow-shoe shod, they looked like a party of Arctic explorers. Some of the women's costumes, particularly that of Marguerite French, were almost priceless. She appeared in a dress of otter skins sewed together with the fur turned in, and presenting to the weather a surface as soft and pliable as chamois. The dress was exquisitely embroidered with colored beads and porcupine quills, and had at one time adorned the person of a wealthy Eskimo squaw north of the Arctic circle.

Briscoe regarded the assemblage with the eye of approval.

"You *look* all right," he said, dubiously, "but I don't know how many of you will go over instead of through the first snow-drift. Take 'em for a hike, Peter, and find out."

The dark-skinned youth gathered up his whip.

"Mush on, you! Mush on!" he cried, and the lash cracked like a pistol shot. The dogs leaped against the traces, the sledge, loaded with stone for ballast, creaked as it started, and a moment later the Graphics were struggling behind it down the silent, white-carpeted forest aisle. . . .

Two days later "takes" had begun, and the second phase of the work that had brought them north was under way.

Everyone worked hard and, to the watchful eye of Briscoe, none harder apparently than Jack Baillie. At this time the juvenile was an enigma to the camp. Since the fight on the island he had seemed a different man. In direct contrast to his natural character he had retired within

himself; was sullen and silent. He was smarting bitterly under defeat, both in battle and in love, and as Temple had been responsible for both, all the venom of his unforgiving nature was directed against the other. Hadn't Temple promised, that day of their first disagreement: "When the time comes I'll make your business mine"? And hadn't he done as he had promised? Moreover, by doing so had he not cleared the way for his own suit?

This was the most maddening, the most insupportable thought of all, and Baillie, consumed with hatred and impotent rage, had sworn to have revenge.

But how? How to crush Temple even as he himself had been crushed?

HIS stinging pride made it imperative that he re-establish some intercourse with June. As things stood now he dared not go near her. The role of repentant suppliant always remained open, of course. He was clever enough to know exactly the nature and degree of his influence over the girl, but he would only use this means if every other failed. It was too humiliating. He wanted to go back sorrowful but unbroken, repentant but temperamental still. He must appear as the double victim of his own passion and her misunderstanding, and seem really her truest adorer and most stainless cavalier.

But this could only happen with the discrediting or removal of Temple, and how to bring this about he did not see.

During those first bitter days Baillie had watched the movements of his rival with malignant hatred, expecting him to go often to the fort, in furtherance of his suit. But as time passed and Paul went but once, he commenced to speculate.

That Temple loved June, Baillie did not doubt. The fact, then, of his abandoning a clear field was incomprehensible except for two reasons; either June had refused him, or there was some hitherto unsuspected *impasse* that restrained him.

The first of these he did not credit seriously. A knowledge of Paul's relationship with June, gathered from her, told him that the other had not yet forced the matter to the final issue. The second appeared more probable. It was one of Baillie's most sneering admissions that Paul was "honorable," but now the fact struck

(Continued on page 169)



# HINTS on PHOTOPLAY WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario



editors and writers in the world. Many of the most interesting film features are his creations.

## VIII

**F**OR those who did not read the first article of this series, and in answer to many requests, I will briefly reiterate the main points to be remembered in commencing to write a photoplay.

Make the synopsis of your plot as brief and as strong as you possibly can. The shorter the better. A long, complicated synopsis has as much chance of a sympathetic reading by Staff Readers, Scenario Editors, or Directors, as a hollow, nerve-exposed tooth has of having an enjoyable time in an ice-cream parlor.

Have as few main characters as possible, and give them short names. Do not employ too many interior settings. They cost money, and the more you concentrate the action the easier it will be for the audience to follow the story. If the producing director chooses to employ more interior sets and does not care whether he wastes his employer's money or not, it is up to him. You should bear the cost of the production of the story in mind, as a story that will be obviously expensive to produce will often be passed up on that account. Film manufacturing companies are paying more careful attention to the cost of their productions than they used to do.

Make your scenes short; do not elaborate; don't try to be technical. Be clear and concise in the description of your scenes and of your characters. Don't aim to be literary. You are dealing with practical people and you are aiming to do prac-

tical work. For instance:—"Mary" is your heroine. Describe her thus. (Mary;—Age 20—Pretty.—Well dressed.) That describes Mary. She is obviously wealthy, or she would not be well dressed; that is to say, "well dressed" as understood from the playwright's point of view; which is an opposite term to "poorly dressed";—although, as we know, many poor girls dress in better taste than their wealthier sisters!

If a scene threatens to be unduly long, then break it up, by either inserting a "Close-Up" or a "Cut-back."

**I**N the October issue of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE there was published a sample two-reel scenario, written by Max K. Rausch, and produced by the Universal Company, which will give you more in-

formation as to the correct way of evolving a photoplay than pages of technical explanations can possibly give. To those who did not read that sample scenario I cannot give better advice than to procure a copy of the October issue and keep it for reference. It will teach you

far more than you will learn from any course of instruction to be obtained from any so-called "School" or "Clearing House." Only gullible fools enable them to exist.

You must learn to use a typewriter. A hand-written script is never even glanced at in a scenario department. If you cannot learn to work a typewriter, then you will have to give your efforts out to be typed by some competent typist. You can,

**You should bear the cost of the production of the story in mind, as a story that will be obviously expensive to produce, will often be passed up on that account.**



no doubt, easily find such in your home town. The usual price for having such work done is ten cents per page, which includes also one carbon copy. Any party who attempts to charge you more than that is taking you for an "easy mark," and you should avoid placing yourself in that class.

All scenario writers will be glad to learn that the field for original photoplays is gradually broadening, and already several of the most prominent film producing companies are abandoning the adaptations of published books and old, plotless stage plays. The B. A. Rolfe Company, which releases its productions through the Metro Pictures Corporation, is willing to consider four and five reel original stories, with short, strong synopses, preferably vivid society dramas, worked out into from 40 to 50 scenes to the reel. The B. A. Rolfe Company pays above the average for original, well worked out photoplays, and pays promptly on acceptance. Scripts should be addressed to the Scenario Department, B. A. Rolfe Studio, 3 West 61st Street, New York City.

The Gaumont Company is glad to consider good two and three reel subjects, and scripts should be addressed to the Studio, Congress Avenue, Flushing, N. Y.

Writers should endeavor to view the Metro and the Gaumont productions whenever they get a chance, so as to get a line on the class of pictures they are putting out. Watching the pictures on the screen will give you a good idea of the subjects mostly favored by the various companies, besides being the best object lesson in photoplay technique and in learning the effects to be obtained by the camera.

You should never attempt to sell a photoplay except you are fairly well convinced that you have a salable article. Don't waste stamps. Remember that the average scenario department receives on an average from 100 to 150 scripts daily, and 99 per cent of them are merely food for the waste paper basket. Don't feed that surfeited adjunct of the Editor's office. Be satisfied in your own mind that you have a story that is absolutely original, and that it is worked out in intelligible fashion, with continuity of action that will carry it right along to

a logical conclusion. Visualize every scene carefully and try to depict in your mind's eye how it would appear to you on the screen. When you have all this well established within your thinking-booth, then typewrite it, or have it typewritten, and consider which company it would be most likely to appeal to, and send it on its journey, with a self-addressed envelope, stamped, in accordance with regulations, and await results. You will probably be agreeably surprised.

**You must learn to use a typewriter. A hand-written 'script is never even glanced at in a scenario department. If you cannot learn to work one, then you will have to give your efforts out to be typed by some competent typist.**

**T**O such of you who have stories that have been rejected, and of which you have long since despaired of being able to dispose of to advantage, I strongly advise that you dig them up from the bottom of the trunk,

where you doubtless have stored a lot of sad memories, and look them carefully over. You may find that the stories are still original, and only need a little revision. Type-write them afresh, so that they will not appear to be shop-worn. Musty fruits don't sell. The market for original one and two reel photoplays is looking up, and very soon there will also be a tremendous demand for five and four reel original subjects.

You may claim that I am optimistic; but I am not unduly so. I am in a position to know; and I can assure you, my readers and fellow scribes, that the real heads of the various film producing companies are beginning to sit up and take notice, and are finding out, at last, that the "STORY" is the corner stone of the photoplay production into which they are sinking their own and their stock-holders' money.

They are beginning to find out that Scenario Editors and Staff Writers have more than frequently rejected wonderful, virile, original stories from free-lance writers for the sole reason that these parties on the weekly payroll of their companies are expected to turn out so many reels per week, or else risk the chance of losing their positions; and if stories are purchased from outside parties which should prove better than those provided by those occupying desks in the scenario departments, comparison, in some instances might prove unpleasant. Writing is a jealous game, and, perhaps, we should not condemn.



Now, this state of affairs is being changed;—and it is about time. Not for long will the staff-writers and directors and their "friends" have it all their own way.

In nearly all the leading scenario departments a staff of "Readers" is being employed, or about to be employed, whose sole duty will be to read the scripts submitted by free-lance writers, and books and stage plays. Those found worthy of consideration then being turned over to the Scenario Editor for his judgment, before having them submitted to the producing directors.

This plan does not in any way invalidate the services of the staff-writers; who should not be called upon to turn out so many reels a week under compulsion. Their work should largely consist in reconstructing the scripts that are purchased and putting them into workable, practical shape for the directors, if they require that treatment; and in making the adaptations from the published books and plays that have been selected for production.

Of course the staff-writers and the scenario-editors themselves will be expected—as in the past—to produce an original story now and then, but it will not be under compulsion;—under which no writer, no matter how brilliant or versatile she or he may be, can be expected to do good work.

**T**HE creative brains of the Universe are going to be culled;—and thoroughly culled;—for original plots suitable for film production, and the brains of the coterie of staff-writers are going to get a much needed rest. There has been a too great similarity in stories produced, and for this very reason that a small body of writers have practically been supplying them all. In fact, I know of one firm of film producers which relies solely on one writer to supply all the stories. The productions show it. I should be very chary about submitting an original plot to that writer! I cannot mention the name of that company, without, perhaps, getting myself into hot water; but those who watch film productions and notice the strong similarity of the stories turned out, will, no doubt, know to which company I refer.

Some few months ago I advised against attempting to submit photoplays of greater

length than one and two reels, but now there is becoming a greater demand for four and five reel subjects;—as I predicted would surely eventually happen. In fact, Mr. Lewis J. Selznick, the able General Manager and Vice President of the World Film Corporation, in a published interview the other day, issued the authoritative statement that his companies are already anxious to secure strong five-reel original photoplays;—no doubt having discovered that adaptations from old stage plays and books do not always lend themselves to screen production. Many other producers are finding this out, after hard bought experience.

Never build a story on Biblical or Historical events. The basis for such will not be reckoned original, and it is only for absolutely original subjects there is an outside market. All other such is handled by the staff-writers, and you do not want to waste your time, stamps, and paper.

Remember, it is not only in your plots that you must be original. It is also in the little touches that the spark of genius within you may inspire that makes for striking contrast in your proposed production to others you may have seen.

Try and evolve novel situations and effects throughout your scenario. These may be wrought by carefully thought out "Close-Ups" and scenic effects which may occur to you in your daily or nightly walks. Try and look at things with a "Camera Eye"; a knowledge of photography is very helpful in scenario writing.

The camera-man plays a very important part in a production; more so than producers appear to realize. A capable camera-man is quite as important to the success of a film production as is the director; in fact, more so, and although some-

what late in the day, this is becoming to be acknowledged by the heads of the firms that are producing Moving Pictures.

You must not get the idea into your head that photoplay writing is easier work than short-story writing. It is not. As a photoplay has to be evolved, nowadays, I think that short-story writing is by far the easier of the two. Of course you do not have to battle with "dialogue," or descriptive matter, but you have to create suspense.

**I cannot possibly answer letters of inquiry—even if stamped, addressed envelopes are enclosed; neither can I give individual advice on photoplays, much as I should like to.**





# Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people—men, women and children—gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Because of the rapid increase in contributions to this department, the editors find it no longer compatible with the speedy handling of a bulky mail, to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore in the future, it would oblige us if no postage or stamped envelopes be enclosed, as contributions will not be returned.

## Some Bill!

**I**N the picture a cook was using a gas stove. Two housemaids in the audience were watching the scene with great interest.

"Shure, Mary," said one, "do you know a gas range is a foine stove? We have one where I work. I lit it two weeks ago and it ain't out yit."

Victor C. Casper,  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

## Her Him of Hate

**S**HE didn't like the leading man at all. Having seen him at several shows in succession, she was disgusted.

"So you don't like the leading man?"

"Like 'im! If I 'nowed anything about music, I'd wrote a 'ym of 'ate' about 'im long ago."

Janet Hansan,  
Sydney, Australia.

## Generosity

**T**WO Jewish gentlemen were witnessing a picture play when they were joined by a friend of one. The following introduction took place:

Marks: "Cohen, I want you to meet Mr. Levy."

Cohen: "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Levy."

Levy: Don't mention it! Don't mention it!"

Ethel M. Welch, Philadelphia, Pa.

## At Last

**A** SCENE showed surgeons in the war zone, vaccinating soldiers.

"Yassum!" exclaimed an old colored mammy to her mistress in the next seat, "das jes' de way dey done me. Come nex' harves' I'll be gwine on 72 yeahs old, an' I miss de Ku-Klux, an' I miss de White-caps, an' I miss de Regulators an' de Vigorance committee. But here in my old age, ma'am, de waxinators kotch me, an' done me jes' like dem folks in de picture!"

L. L.,  
Portsmouth, Va.



## This Gets the Five Dollars

**A** SCENE was shown upon the screen in which a little girl was saying her prayers and confessing her sins.

"I wouldn't do that," said little Mabel, in the audience. "It will get all over Heaven in no time."

Roy K. Gumpff, Lancaster, Pa.

## Garden Blind Pig

**T**HE scene showed a gathering of people feasting upon a watermelon which some wag had inoculated with whiskey for the benefit of the preacher who was present. After his first bite, the minister looked surprised and gratified and asked for a second and third slice.



Just then a voice in the balcony shouted:  
 "Now watch him put the seeds in his pocket."  
*Lawrence Smith, Lyndon, Ky.*

#### Same as Us

**I**NTerviewer: "What a great number of parts you have played! Which role do you like the best?"

Movie actor: "The pay-roll."  
*Ida Dubeau,  
 Cobalt, Ont.*

#### Scare Chills

**T**HE news pictures were showing scenes from the European war.

She: "When you were in the Spanish-American War, were you as cool in battle as those soldiers seem to be?"

He: "Cool! Why, I shivered."

*Frank Reiley,  
 Jersey City, N. J.*

#### The Bell "Hoosit"

**T**HE manager of a moving picture theatre overheard his new Swedish ticket sellerine telling her friend about her new position.

"Ai lak mai yob. Ve got en fine building har. Ve got en cremated floor, elastic lights, and en hoosit."

"A hoosit? What's a hoosit?" her friend asked.

"Oh! a hoosit ban a box on the vall. En bell rings and you say in ta box, 'Hal-lo-o-o-h. Somebody in ta box say 'hello' at you, an' you say, 'Hoosit.'"

*Miss Ramona McKinney,  
 Minneapolis, Minn.*

#### Canem Parentem

**M**R. BLANK, a butcher, and his wife went to the movies. Suddenly there was shown upon the screen a negro buying some meat. Mr. Blank exploded with laughter.

"What's ailing you?" inquired his wife.

"Oh, that reminds me of the negro who came into the shop today and said:

"Mr. Blank, give me three cents worth of dog meat, and I want it different from the kind I got yesterday, because that made my father sick."

*Charles Laudano, Newark, N. J.*

#### Oh, Charley!

**W**HILE watching a Lubin comedy recently in which one of the actors did a funny

fall, a little girl in the audience was heard to say to her companion:

"Oh, look at Charley Chaplin fall."

Her friend replied: "Can't you see that isn't Charley Chaplin? That's a man."

*Margaret Kurz, Jacksonville, Fla.*

#### Just a Wheeze

**A** PORTLY gentleman rushed up to the usher. "Where is my friend, the Judge, sitting?"

Usher: "Why, he's down there in the dog seat."

Gentleman: "The dog seat. What do you mean?"

"Usher: "Down in K-9."

*Edward A. Fuller,  
 Hyattsville, Md.*

#### So She Heard

**A** TINY girl of three years was watching a scene in which a small tug was towing a large ship, and the drummer in the orchestra blew a screeching whistle.

"Oh," cried the little girl to her mother, "see, the big boat has got the little one by the tail, and it's squealing."

*Kate Zuckman,  
 Chicago, Ill.*

#### Mr. Leopard

**S**UE always takes an interest in the men who come into the theatre. One night two young gentlemen took seats near her.

At the same moment her companion was watching the screen showing two dogs rushing into a room.

Sue's eyes were still on the young men in the audience.

"Aren't they good looking?" she said.

"Yes, especially the spotted one," replied her companion.

*Mrs. Robert Corder, Dallas, Texas.*

#### Baldheaded Row

**L**ITTLE Edna is always frightened at the appearance of Indians upon the screen.

"Mamma," she whispered to her mother one night, "are there going to be any Indians in this show?"

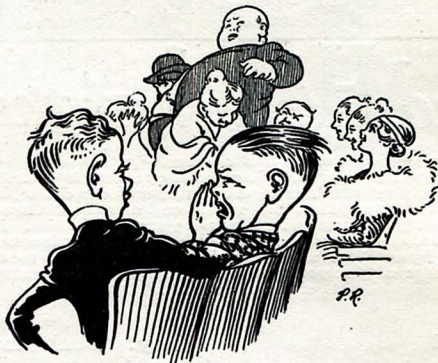
"No, dear," answered her mother.

"But, Mamma," persisted little Edna, "have the Indians been out yet?"

"Why, no, Edna, I told you there were no Indians in the pictures today."

"But, Mamma, who scalped all those men down there in the front seats?"

*Miss Rhona F. Holt, Bellows Falls, Vt.*







*Humpty O'Neil, Conway's satellite, was the man who had first gotten him inside the Settlement House.*

# THE REGENERATION

HOW LOVE'S CANDLE LIT  
THE WAY FROM THE DEPTHS.

By Garry Bournemouth

Produced by the Fox Film Corporation.

MISS TREVOR'S office at the Settlement House was very quiet except for the roar of the swarming Ghetto outside, and the two persons seated in the light of its muslin-curtained window were very intent, very absorbed.

"Owen, spell 'street.'" Marie Trevor, bespeaking in voice, manner and features generations of breeding and refinement smiled encouragingly at the great hulking man before her.

He, corrugating his heavy but intelligent-looking forehead to the struggle, spelled,

and correctly. She smiled encouragement. "Now write it," she commanded.

Obediently he bent above the table, gripping the pen in clumsy, ink-stained fingers, his mouth working as the letters grew. She smiled again and there was something warm, a little proud, a little tender in that smile. A pupil hungrily learning his letters at thirty is scarcely funny; but one whose eye is straight and true; who bears with him the splendid body and handsome face of natural leadership and intelligence is inspiring.

"That is much better," she said when



he had brought his effort to her. "And now shall we try some two-syllable words?" She turned the pages of the book she held, humming a little air, and then paused, pressing the pages apart. "Spell 'angel' for me."

He looked at her with bashful, worshipping eyes, and his tongue clogged, but still he dared it.

"Y-o-u," he spelled.

Miss Trevor looked startled, severe and flattered in turn. It was very difficult to preserve just the proper degree of discipline with Owen Conway. Now she had to admit that even Fred Mapes who occupied much of her thoughts in the world on the other side of Fifth Avenue, couldn't have turned the compliment more gracefully.

"How nice of you!" she said, with just the right note of pleasure, and resumed the lesson.

Presently she put away the book and they talked. This daily practice, begun for the sake of his English, was the medium through which they had come to know each other so well, and by which each gazed across the golden barrier into the other's world.

"Miss Trevor," he asked as, hat in hand, he stood on the steps an hour later. "You said your initials was M and R. What monikers does them stand for?"

"Marie Rosalind," she smiled.

"Murree Rozlin!" He shook his head. "No," he said, "not for me. . . . Mamie Rose! That's more like it. You're my Mamie Rose, Miss Trevor." He left, flushed and palpitating, giddy with strange new emotions.

But at the first corner a change had come over him. His eyes had grown hard and cold, his jaw protruded, and he was again Owen Conway, the champion rough-and-tumble, locked-in-one-room-to-a-finish fighter of New York City, and the idol of the Bowery. The group of loafers at the corner greeted him admiringly, and he nodded shortly.

He had lost his taste for corner loafers. It was as one of them, insulting helpless women who passed, that he had first met Mamie Rose six

months before. It seemed a happy age.

That had been the beginning, and since by imperceptible steps, the miracle of love and hope and decency had been growing in him.

At the second corner a pale, hunch-backed youth stepped out from the shadow of an elevated pillar and joined Owen. It was Humpy O'Neil, Conway's satellite.

The two walked along in silence, and at an intersecting street turned down a flight of steps and entered a murky saloon on the wall of which was painted "Chicory Hall." Four or five men were sitting at a table drinking and Owen and Humpy



"Marie," he said, gently, "aren't we any nearer an understanding?"



joined them. Humpy ordered some beer.

"Well," sneered one, a foxy-faced, one-eyed youth known as "Skinny the Rat," "how did all the little words go today?"

Owen's ready fist shot out and sent the other sprawling.

"Like that," he said, "every one a knock-out."

That night in the Trevor house on Riverside Drive, Marie once more took her place in her rightful world. The Judge, her father, was giving a dinner party, and she fulfilled her usual function as hostess. Later in the evening when the men had gone upstairs, she returned to the dining

room to give some final orders to the servants. One of the long-stemmed roses that had decorated the table, lay on the cloth and she picked it up to fasten it at her breast. As she did so she thought of Owen Conway's words that afternoon.

"He calls me Mamie Rose," she said softly to herself looking down at the fragrant blossom in her hand. "How silly! And yet, when he said it, I was glad."

She heard a step in the next room and turned to see Fred Mapes, the young District Attorney who had taken her in that night. He came towards her smiling and eager. They were old friends, and he would have liked to be much more, but she withheld her answer. They had much in common, their work among the masses interrelating, though from opposite poles—hers the social, and his the criminal.

"Marie," he said, gently, "aren't we any nearer an understanding? Won't you marry me?"

"Oh," she said, and looked at him with troubled eyes, the rose still in her hand, "I don't know, really, I don't. Will you wait just a little longer, Fred?"

He smiled through his disappointment. "Forever, if I must," he said, and tactfully turned the conversation into other channels.

What Owen called the Kindergarten of One went regularly on, and gradually as Mamie Rose turned farther and farther back into the old speller, the haunts that had once known Conway knew him no more. The vistas of manhood she revealed and the inspiration of his great love made the old hard, vicious things impossible.

He wondered even more than she at this change, yet he acknowledged it.

"It's you that's makin' me go straight, Mamie Rose," he told her one day.

"I've cut the booze an' the gang's laughin' at me. I'm workin' on a truck at seven a week, and I haven't licked a man in ten days. God, it's hard!"

And because it was hard, and because he needed her so much, she was with him a great deal. And as the old shell cracked, and the new man gradually appeared, she felt the splendor and power of him, a power that sometimes swept her off her feet and dimmed the remembrance even of Fred Mapes.

Then one afternoon the crisis came.

Owen was walking down the Bowery when suddenly out of an alley beside



*She looked at him with troubled eyes. "Will you wait just a little longer, Fred?"*





*"You're my Mamie Rose, Miss Theson." He left, flushed and palpitating, giddy with strange new emotions.*

him a man rushed and touched his arm. Conway whirled and looked into the white, quivering face of Skinny the Rat. The man was panting, and his one eye wild with fear.

"For God's sake, Owen," he gasped. "I've croaked a cop. They're after me. Help me get away."

The old gang instinct of mutual protection surged up in Conway, but on the instant his new life asserted itself. "No," he growled, "I'm goin' straight. You know that. I'm done with the bulls. I can't help you." He turned away.

Skinny caught his arm, his face convulsed.

"You can't throw me down now. Remember—years ago—after that stick-up on Third Avenue. I saved you then. You gotta help me."

It was the irresistible appeal, the undeniable claim. Conway could not ignore it. He thought rapidly for a moment.

"All right, come with me."

He plunged down the alley and through a maze of dirty, winding streets off Chatham Square, the Rat panting at his side. . . . Presently they reached an oasis in the desert of the slums, a red brick building set upon a little plot of grass and trees—the Settlement House.

Conway who knew every foot of the in-

terior, hurried in a side entrance and along a corridor to the well-known office in front. Peering in, he found it empty, and motioned Skinny to enter. The other stepped in, cringing at the squeak of every loose board.

"Miss Trevor won't come for an hour



*Conway, peering in, found it empty, and motioned Skinny to enter.*

yet," said Owen gruffly. "Nobody'll think of lookin' fer you here."

The Rat tossed his hat on a couch in the darkest corner of the room and sank down. For a long time the two sat in silence. Then suddenly footsteps sounded on the brick wall outside and both men



sprang up. Owen peered cautiously through the curtains.

"It's a bull!" he whispered hoarsely. "Rankin from the Central Office."

The Rat whimpered. "Oh God, Con, what'll I do? Tell me quick! What'll I

the corridor closing the door after him. When the detective entered the office Conway sat in a chair by the window poring over a book he had snatched from the shelves.

"Humph!" grunted Rankin. "You're here, eh? Where's the Rat?"

"I don't know."

"Come on now, none o' that. I know he's here. I trailed him."

"He ain't here, I tell you."

"Well, I'll take a look around and see."

The detective had turned away to commence his search when the door from the hall opened and Mamie Rose came in. Owen scrambled awkwardly to his feet all confusion and helpless adoration at the sight of her. For a moment the girl looked from one to the other.

"What is it?" she asked calmly.

Rankin told her. "And this big bum brought the Rat here to help him make his getaway, if I know him, ma'am," he concluded, with a glance at Conway.

The girl bridled. "That's impossible," she said coldly. "Owen hasn't helped this man to escape. However, you are at liberty to search the premises if you wish."

The detective, checked by the girl's manner, apologized:

*At Humpy's first word, Owen looked up, startled.*



*"But—but you lied, Owen," she said, wearily.*

do?" He wrung his hands, miserably.

The doorbell rang a long, insistent peal and both men started. A moment later sounded the steps of someone coming from the rear regions to the door.

"Now!" cried Conway. "Along the hall and out the entrance we came in."

In an instant the Rat had sped down







*"Yes, Ma'am," he said "he's upstairs now. I'll be glad to show you, ma'am."*

"Of course, ma'am, if you say so, it's all right. But I'll just take a look around, if you don't mind. Orders, you know."

Cold and aloof, the girl accompanied him in his search, and to the door when he went. Then she returned to where Owen, torn with conflicting emotions, stood with the book in his hand. Removing her hat and jacket, she crossed to a little closet in the corner to hang them up, and doing so, passed the lounge where Skinny had sat. Something on it attracted her attention, and she picked up the hat he had forgotten in his precipitate flight.

"Whose is this?" she asked, noting that Owen's was beside him.

There was a long, heart-breaking silence.

"It's Skinny's." The big man slowly crossed to where she stood. "Oh, Mamie Rose," he said, "I did bring him here to your house, and hid him. I helped him get away. I had to." There was something pitiful in the intensity of his remorse.

She looked at him amazed, unbelieving.

"But—but you *lied*, Owen," she said miserably. "Not in what you said but in what you didn't say. And you let me lie

for you!" White, stricken with the bitterness of her disappointment, she turned away.

His head sunk on his breast, he seemed to wither at her words.

"I know," he said. "I'm a failure. I'll never make it, though God knows I've tried. What do you bother with me for? I ain't worth it. I'll go now." And taking his hat he blindly left the room.

For a long while she stood there alone. Then, composing herself, she sat down at her desk. Was this all? Was his spirit too weak? Had she failed utterly? Then his last words recurred to her and she experienced a little shock of fear.

Where had he gone? What, in his state of mind, might he not do?

She sprang up, tears of bitter self-reproach filling her eyes.

"He is facing his first great crisis alone, and I—I deserted him. Oh, if he has started back to the old life—!"

Throwing a scarf over her shoulders, she ran from the house and along the familiar, noisy dirty streets to the Bowery. At the steps leading down into Chickory



Hall she paused, but her fear drove her on. Bravely for his sake she entered the noisy, reeking place.

Through the swirling smoke she saw a group of men at a table, and among them recognized Skinny the Rat and Humpy O'Neil.

"Have you—is Owen Conway here?" she hesitated, half advancing. For a moment there was complete silence. Then the Rat rose and went towards her, his white foxy face leering, the black patch over his eye ghastly.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "He's upstairs now. I'll be glad to show you, ma'am, if—"

"Oh, will you, please? Thank you so much."

As the two disappeared Humpy O'Neil, his eyes wide with a sudden great fear as he realized why Skinny had lied, slunk from the table and hurried out. To find Con quick! That was all that could save her now. But where was he? Oh God, where was he?

Three futile inquiries and then he learned. Con was at the house of his good friend Father Kelly. That was nearby, and the pale misshapen youth ran.

In the little bare parlor he found them, Owen sitting bent forward in a chair, his hat crushed between his desperate fingers as he fought his battle, the kindly old priest standing beside him.

At Humpy's first word Owen looked up startled. The next moment he had gone. Straight to Chickory Hall he ran and up the rickety stairs. As he climbed, sud-

denly from above him he heard a shrill scream of terror, and then another. On he panted. At the top floor he tried the door and found it locked. . . . One mighty kick and the lock splintered and the door swung in.

Skinny the Rat, his leering face triumphant, held the defenceless girl by the wrist. The next instant he had turned and seen Conway. Owen leaped for him but the other dodged behind a table. Mamie Rose, sobbing with terror, ran to a closet and shut herself in.

The Rat avoiding Conway again, ran for the open window, Owen close behind. On the fire-escape Skinny drew his revolver and fired. Owen knew himself unscathed, but a sharp cry from the closet froze him where he stood. Forgetful of his quarry, he ran back and opened the door. Mamie Rose lay there, smiling feebly up at him, stricken by the bullet that had pierced the flimsy wall.

Through the dark hours that followed Owen never left her side. But his devotion was of no avail. . . . When the specialists told Mamie Rose that the end was near she asked for Owen. He came, blind and still with a grief that was near to madness, and knelt by her bedside in that home of undreamed splendors. Humpy the satellite, crept in beside him like a pariah dog, humble, inarticulate.

"Promise, Owen," the girl said feebly when they had talked a little, "not to—seek revenge—for me. You have no right—to punish Skinny."

Speechless, he promised. And then, so



*"Promise, Owen," the girl said feebly, "not to—seek revenge—for me. You have no right—to punish Skinny."*



low that the others could not hear, she laid upon him like a benediction, the unbelievable wonder of her love. Dazed, exalted, he listened. Then at the feeble clutch of her fingers he leaned forward and their lips met once. That was all.

At the end of a delirious week the realization that it was all true, that she was gone, forced itself upon him, and under the goad of that pain and despair the tigerish, evil thing in him leaped up. With a roar of grief, he started out bare-handed to kill Skinny the Rat. Humpy, who never left his idol now, pleaded in vain. The mad giant would not be denied.

Reaching the tenement building where Skinny lived Owen saw policemen at the door. Stealing to the rear, he found policemen there, and at the sides; everywhere. At last the net was being drawn about the double murderer.

Owen cursed. The police shouldn't have him! With the cunning of his long years in the underworld he ran up the stairs to the top floor of the next tenement, and thence out on the roof. Crossing back, he looked down through the skylight, and beneath it, in the miserable top floor room, saw the Rat throwing his few belongings into a trunk.

With a triumphant snarl Owen smashed the skylight with his bare fists and swung down amid a shower of glass. Skinny, looking up into the face of retribution, cringed, speechless. One step and Conway's great hands closed upon his throat, lifting him off the floor and shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat.

In Owen the lust to kill, the primitive exaltation of revenge suddenly flamed up in a strange, savage joy. What he himself was suffering, what Mamie Rose had suffered, Skinny must suffer now.

Mamie Rose! At the thought of her, a swift shock of remembrance, of realization, ran through him. At the very moment of his triumph, with all the old instincts clam-

oring wildly, the red haze cleared from his brain, and he saw the irremediable failure he faced if he killed Skinny. And then, as clearly as if she had been standing beside him, he heard her voice—like the voice of an angel now—reminding him of his promise.

That instant was the crisis of his life. Would he kill Skinny, or would he make one last fight for the thing Mamie Rose had tried to give him? For a second that seemed to him an age, he fought the battle. Then his hands relaxed from Skinny's neck and he sank down at the table, his head in his arms. He had won.

Skinny the Rat, gasping, fled into the hallway. At the head of the stairs he paused. Someone was coming up. Looking over the baluster, he saw a policeman, club and revolver in hand. Returning to the room, he climbed to the roof. A glance above the broken skylight showed detectives on every side waiting for him. The hunted man doubled back.

There was still the fire-escape. But no, there would be policemen in the street. A stout clothes line stretched across the tenement court suggested a desperate and final plan. Climbing over the fire-escape railing Skinny grasped the rope and lowered himself gently. Then, dangling sixty feet above the ground, he commenced his hazardous passage hand over hand to the flat opposite.

But that day's destiny had already been written. The vibrations of the rope twitched a scrubbing brush from the window sill, and it dropped to the concrete court at the feet of a grotesquely small and misshapen youth who stood there. With an oath he looked up. He saw Skinny the Rat swinging high above him.

Humpy O'Neil raised his right hand, his revolver spat once, and Skinny ceased to move. His paralyzed hands failed him and screaming his terror, he fell to the death he had earned so well.

### Have You a Friend

to whom you would like to introduce Photoplay Magazine? A specimen copy will be sent to any address in the United States on application by card or letter to  
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, - - - 350 North Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



# Investing in the Movies

THE FIFTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED  
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

*HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. Mr. Davis will be glad to answer any inquiries from readers.*

**T**HIS time I want to take another gentle swing at motion picture promotion.

There are a number of companies that have been and are being organized, that may be good risks. Some of these concerns have a reasonable chance of success. But, along with the good, there are some that won't stand the acid test.

Here is a typical advertisement that the prospective investor receives. (This is not a copy of any particular company's circular.)

The circular also sets forth in sparkling style the enormous earnings and dividends of few well known companies that are generally thought to have been highly successful, with the implied suggestion that the A No. 1 Company will do as well.

This looks alluring. All of us are tempted to rush for the Western Union. In this case "obey that impulse" is a mighty poor slogan to follow—"Stop—Look—Listen" is more to the point.

If you buy a share of stock in the A No. 1 Company you

virtually become a partner in business with Mr. John Brown and the other stockholders. You want to be sure that they are the kind of men to keep company with. The President is billed as a headliner in the motion picture business. Is he—or does he just say that he is? Has he a reputation for honesty; has he been a successful motion picture man? Ask someone in the business. Your local theatre manager may be able to help you. The cashier at the

bank where you keep the money you might invest can doubtless check up the capitalist—and any law directory will give you a line on the attorney mentioned as one of the officers.

As you know the A No. 1 Company, before it can sell real stock, must have been incorporated in some state. It must have a charter that establishes it as a corporation. You will want to know that this detail work has been properly done by some reputable attorney. If the A No. 1 Company is perfectly legitimate the officers will give you this information.

You should see

## **"DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE MILLIONS IN THE MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS?"**

You see everywhere the interest that the public is taking in the motion picture business. Would you now like to share in the enormous profits? All you have to do is to get into the business **now**. We advise that you purchase at once shares in the A No. 1 Motion Picture Company, which is organized to manufacture and distribute motion pictures of the highest order. This company has as President, Mr. John Brown, a motion picture expert; as Vice President, Mr. James Smith, a capitalist; as Secretary, Mr. Henry Black, an attorney; as Treasurer, Mr. William White. This company is organized with a capital stock of \$500,000—par value \$100.00 a share. Of this stock there is only \$100,000 available for the public. The price is \$100.00 a share if bought **now**. If you want to get in on this proposition do so **at once**. You had better wire for a reservation of stock.

*"Here is a typical advertisement that the prospective investor receives. . . . In this case 'obey that impulse' is a mighty poor slogan to follow."*



that the by-laws of this corporation are such that you, as a stockholder, are considered. I know of one company for instance that had its by-laws so worked out that as fast as the company earned profits the officers increased their salaries and dividends were always something to expect but never to get.

This A No. 1 circular states that only \$100,000 of stock is available for the public. In other words—the company is offering one-fifth of its stock and hopes to receive \$100,000 in cash. The question that at once arises in your mind is—What becomes of the rest of the stock? Now some of it may be held in the treasury of the company to be sold for future developments; some of it may have been already sold before the public offering is made. But there is a chance that a large part of the \$400,000 remaining has gone to insiders. It is perfectly legitimate and recognized that the promoters of a company have a right to receive for their services in promoting and organizing a fair remuneration. You must be sure, however, that the remuneration they receive is in keeping with what they do—not legalized graft. If the A No. 1 insiders plan to take four-fifths of the company and give you, the public, one-fifth for \$100,000, using the money that you pay in as their entire working capital, you may be the goat. Since the A No. 1 Company is so anxious to let you in on a good thing gently ask if you are holding the financial bag with the expectation of getting one-fifth of the profits when and if earned.

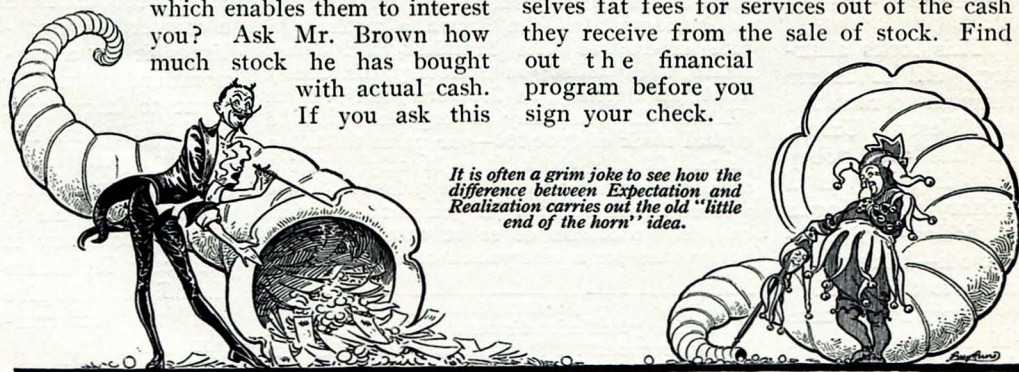
**H**ERE'S a real test. Are the officers and close friends of the company putting real money in the proposition, other than paying for the advertising and stationery which enables them to interest you? Ask Mr. Brown how much stock he has bought with actual cash. If you ask this

question he may say that he and his associates have done their part by creating the big idea. He may add that his stock has been paid for by valuable contracts with actors, directors, exchanges and the like. You must be sure that these contracts are bona fide and are worth the amount of stock that is being paid for them, otherwise it may work very seriously to your disadvantage in the future.

In most states the common stock of a corporation must be fully paid. Now "fully paid" means something more than having that statement printed on the stock certificate. It means that for each \$100.00 of stock there must be assets in the corporation worth \$100.00, either in the form of cash or contracts, or other valuable property. If there has been any fraud or gross negligence in valuing the contracts or services or the like that paid for the common stock there is a chance that, if the company ever goes bankrupt, you, as a stockholder, may be called on by the creditors to make up the difference between what the stock was actually worth and its par value.

There have been companies where the organization from a technical standpoint is very satisfactory, but where the money paid in by stockholders never actually reached the treasury of the company intact. Sometimes a syndicate of insiders will underwrite the stock at an exceedingly low figure and sell it to you at par. The money you think goes to develop the business lines instead the pockets of the promoters. A reasonable commission in a case like this is legitimate—but there is opportunity here for a hold-up. It is also a mighty good thing to find out from the officers of the A No. 1 Company what they are going to do with the money they get from the sale of stock. It might be legal for the officers to pay themselves fat fees for services out of the cash they receive from the sale of stock. Find out the financial program before you sign your check.

*It is often a grim joke to see how the difference between Expectation and Realization carries out the old "little end of the horn" idea.*





THE A No. 1 circular, like all the rest, inspired we will say by enthusiasm, bids you rush into the business before it is too late. They all dwell at length on the enormous earnings of the business and the great need for haste in making an investment. As a matter of fact, while the motion picture business has not attracted a great deal of attention from the standpoint of the investor until recently, the business itself is not new. Men high up in the business say that it has passed out of the stage where anyone can break into the game and make an enormous profit—"Just like that."

When these circulars quote the established companies and mention their great earnings they, of course, attempt to draw a parallel between the older companies and the new concern just being promoted. This is most misleading. It would be the same as to say that because John D. succeeded in building an enormous fortune anyone can do the same. It is possible but hardly probable.

Experience has shown that nearly all motion picture stocks can be purchased as cheaply, if not at a lower figure, some time after the corporation has been organized than it can the time the promotion is in full swing. There is one large distributing concern that is looked on as being highly successful. The stock of this concern was originally sold at \$100.00 a share for the preferred stock, each share of preferred carrying a bonus of one-half a share of common stock. At the present time the market on both the preferred and common stock is about \$50.00 a share. If a man attempted to sell his stock now, having bought it at the time of the promotion, he would lose about \$25.00 on each \$100.00 invested, yet this concern does a business running into the millions and until recently has paid dividends at a high rate. The

same can be said of several other companies that have been successful. There have been scores of companies promoted that have not been successful, that have entirely died out of the business, leaving nothing for the stockholders.

A conservative way to promote a motion picture company would be for a small group of insiders to get together, organize their company, pay up the necessary money to get the business started and, having demonstrated what the possibilities of the business were, then recapitalize and offer as much stock to the public as their financial needs require. The investor would then have the past experience of the company on which to base a judgment as to the value of the shares. Unfortunately this method has been followed in only a few cases.

ONE of the companies that is quoted in nearly all stock circulars is a concern that distributed a serial film in a most profitable way. The stock of this concern was never offered generally to the public. A small group of people who understood the inside working of the business put up all the money that was necessary to handle the situation.

If you stifle that impulse to wire for an allotment of stock you will have done much. And if you miss getting A No. 1 stock you will doubtless have a chance next week to invest in another company equally good. Any legitimate concern organized with the idea of making money out of the motion picture business, not out of stock promotion, will be glad to give you all the detail information you want about its organization and scope—providing you ask seriously and intelligently. You will not lose the real opportunity you are waiting for by taking time to investigate.





# The Players from Ocean to Ocean

FOR sale—one good old fashioned name, to wit, *Mack*. When the Keystone comedies went into society and joined the Triangle those in charge of the program resurrected Mr. Sennett's baptismal name. Now it's *Macklyn*.

AND still they come. Now it is Otis Harlan who announces his separation from the stage forever and is married to Miss Photoplay. No doubt they will live happily ever after.

OUT of the West comes a P. A. story about Francis X. Bushman putting the late champion James J. Jeffries into a peaceful slumber during a combat which forms part of a forthcoming Metro production, "Pennington's Choice." We don't doubt Mr. Bushman's ability to do it, but it would not be the first time that a P. A. had conjured a knock-out out of a love pat.

A NEW St. Louis picture house is building a garage for baby carriages as one of its attractions. Good idea.

THE good old gentlemen of the "Legitimate" stage whose dismal croakings are heard every time the screen scores a new success will bitterly resent the new triumph. The Metro organization will release a new picture, "The Final Judgment" soon, and a month afterwards the stage version of the photoplay will be produced on the speaking stage at a prominent Broadway Theatre.

HELEN POLLOCK is one of the new stars with the Rolfe Co. She is the daughter of Channing Pollock, one of America's foremost playwrights and authors. Mr. Pollock's first contribution to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE appears in this issue. Don't miss it. This is the Helen that falls out of the car all through the story.

J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD has broken into the moving picture business. And he didn't have to organize a phoney corporation and cheat any poor countrymen out of

their hard earned shekels either. The Pathe Company got Burr McIntosh to play the part of the genial Rufus, and Max Figman will take the role of Blackie Daw.



*House Peters is moving to Philadelphia.*

HOUSE PETERS, who has been doing fine work in the Lasky pictures, has joined Lubin in Philadelphia.

HAZEL DALY, a Chicago high school girl 18 years of age, has been selected as leading lady for Tom Mix. Her only previous experience has been playing as an extra at the Essanay studios, which goes to show that age and experience is not as winning a combination as youth, beauty, and cleverness.

IN a new Famous Players production, "A Girl of Yesterday," which Mary Pickford wrote for herself, Mary and Jack, her brother, appear in their true relationship for the first time.

GLADYS HULETTE is a new addition to the Thanouser Studios at New Rochelle. More youth, beauty, etc.

THE famous Inceville is to become history. Thomas H. Ince is building a new moving picture town in Culver City, California. Inceville, with its rough mining camp appearance, will still be one of the landmarks of Los Angeles. Motion picture history was made there.

THE Selig Company is suing the Mutual Film Corporation. The former produced "The House of a Thousand Candles" and they claim that the latter's production of "The House of a Thousand Scandals" is an infringement.



*Max Figman and Burr McIntosh, as Blackie Daw and J. Rufus Wallingford.*

BILL RUFUSSELL who has done such fine work as Blair Stanley in "The Diamond from the Sky" is through with this villain business. He is going back to heroing. If Bill wasn't such a good actor he wouldn't have made such a good villain, because he is anything but a bad guy in real life.



# And What They Are Doing Today

**I**N the "Iron Strain" Louise Glaum and Enid Markey, who are close friends in real life, put on a real fight—hair pulling, and all that. When they finished the scene Louise said to Enid: "I had no idea you were such a panther." "All you need to be a leopard is spots," returned Louise, and neither is a cat.

**R**OSEMARY THEBY has a bad habit. She can't keep away from auction sales of antiques. Whenever they are unable to find Miss Theby around the studios they look in the paper to see where the auction sales are being held. They always find her there.

**W**HEN Edwin S. Porter, production manager of the Famous Players, and his company finished "Bella Donna" at St. Augustine, Florida, the natives were unable to recognize their own town, so littered up was it with Moorish Kiosks and other hard fragments of oriental atmosphere.

**W**ILTON LACKAYE once produced—himself—a play based on Hugo's "Les Miserables." "Couldn't you induce the managers to produce the play?" he was asked. "Produce it?" exclaimed Lackaye. "Why, I couldn't find one who could pronounce it."

**L**AURA OAKLEY, film star and chief of police at Universal City, has married Milton Moore, camera man of the Kerrigan-Victor Company. But she is not going to give up her place in the line of film stars.

**J**ACK PICKFORD has joined the Selig Company, and is in Los Angeles.

**T**OM FOREMAN, of Lasky's, went hunting recently in the desert. Here is his own account of the trip: "Bagged a brace of rattlers, one skinny rabbit, and just missed a Gila Monster."

**M**ARY PICKFORD'S greatest loss in the recent Famous Players Fire was her bull terrier, "Ted." She also regrets the loss of

a list of many people in Australia who had invited her to their homes if she ever visited that far-away Continent.

**T**WO big film corporations hit the rocks in one week during October. The liabilities on one were given as over \$1,000,000 and the assets as unknown. For further particulars see "Investing in the Movies," on another page. If you have any money to spare, buy an automobile. It will at least give you a good run for your coin.



The new Kalem Helen—Her last name's Gibson.

**T**HE Keystone studio is about as safe a sanctuary as the first line trenches in France. First Mabel Normand was almost killed by a blow on the head, which gave her concussion of the brain; then Weber and Fields were nearly demolished in an automobile accident. Just a few weeks before, Minta Durfee got tangled up in a washing machine. The Sennet stars are

bad risks for the accident insurance men.

**M**ORE joy for the old stage reactionary. Nat Goodwin called off the stage production in which he was to star. He likes the shivering tintypes, as somebody has called the motion pictures.

**H**OOT Mon! The Universal Company is going to put Robert Burns' "Tam O'Shanter" on the films.

**N**OW Cleo Madison is a real honest to goodness director, or rather directress. She's a good one too.



"Eeny! Meeny! Miny! Mo!" Joseph Jefferson and Douglas Fairbanks, at the Fine Arts Studio, must be counting out, to see who eats this can of rat poison.

**A**TOLEDO, O., department store has hit upon a real idea. As an added attraction for their fashion show they put in a projection equipment and showed two feature pictures to their customers.

**L**ITTLE Marjorie Daw of the Lasky Company in whom Geraldine Farrar took such a great interest has been given a big part. She plays the role of Nora in "The Chorus Lady," a



story told elsewhere in this issue.

**F**LORENCE LA BADIE, wearing a number of jewel-heirlooms of great value, recently went shopping in New York. When she reached home she found she had encountered a "dip"—pickpocket, to translate—and all he had taken was a package of cheap stage jewelry, total value a dollar, which she had purchased to wear in a forthcoming Thanouser feature.

**W**HILE enacting a scene for the production of "Barbara Frietchie" recently, at Fort Lee, Mary Miles Minter accidentally shot William Morse in the arm. The wound did not prove very serious, however, although it caused a lot of excitement for a while.

**M**ABEL NORMAND is to join the film colony at Fort Lee, N. J., shortly. There will be a new Keystone company located there. Roscoe Arbuckle will also join the eastern company and do a large share of the directing.

**A**ND, by the way, do you know that this same Mr. Arbuckle is one of the greatest of comedy directors? He has turned out hundreds of them. Of late he has been putting many of the stage stars who have joined the Keystone company through their paces.

**N**ORMA and Constance Talmadge, recent Vitagraph stars, have become members of Griffith's Fine Arts Studio. Norma will play opposite Robert Harron in her first picture play, written by Lee McConville, the name of which has not been determined.

**T**HE long-heralded Lubin release, "Tillie's Tomato Surprise" (six reels), in which Marie Dressler was starred, failed to shake the Fox Theater in New York with convulsive laughter on its first showing, and was taken back to the studio to be deleted of some of its dragging periods.

**M**MARGUERITE CLARK wishes it announced that her appearance in "Still Waters" does not portend an extension of the regular bathing season. It's merely business.

**T**HE new "man of mystery" in active photography is Griffith, of the D. Wark frontispiece. Mr. Griffith has erected a lofty obstruction around his own particular studio in the Fine Arts lot at Hollywood, and in the screening

of the allegorical scenes of "The Mother and the Law," is said to be creating some entirely new effects which even his own lieutenant-directors are not allowed to see. This perhaps accounts for Mr. Griffith's absence from the Triangle programme.

**A** RTHUR MAUDE, whom you will remember in Tom Ince's "The Devil," "The Cup of Life," and "The Reward," has become a director, and as such has joined the Horsley company. Mr. Maude, who is a cousin of the distinguished actor, Cyril Maude, is directing Crane Wilbur, in a three-reel play called "The Blood of Our Brothers."



*Hazel Dab, the Chicago school-girl who is now Tom Mix's leading lady.*

**H**ERBERT BRENON has added a third company to the group of Fox people now working under his command in Kingston, Jamaica. He went down from New York with one, was quickly followed by a second, and now has a total—principals, supernumeraries and all—of more than 2,000 people in charge, besides laborers. Deserves the title of photographic Field Marshal, doesn't he?

**R**ICHARD LeGALLIENNE, internationally-known poet, novelist and critic, is among the famous literary folk who are turning to the screen as an ultimate means of expression. Mr. LeGallienne has just completed "The Chain Invisible," said to be a remarkable problem play. It is being done in five acts by the World Film corporation.

**C**ATHERINE CALVERT, widow of dramatist Paul Armstrong, whose sudden death occurred recently, is to appear in photographs in a number of his dramas. Her first picture, now being made at the World studios, is "The Heart of a Thief," adapted from one of the last dramas written by her husband.

**H**ERE'S an interesting bit of gossip about Tom Ince: he has promised to revive, with full respect for the period and traditions, some of the great comedies of the "Wallackian epoch" in the history of the American theatre. So far, Ince has been synonymous with punch and power. His experiment in placing upon the screen—for the first time?—genteel comedy of situation will be intently watched.

**E**ARL METCALFE, Lubin matinee idol, is now directing Billie Reeves.



*Photo by White.  
Helen Pollock, with the  
Rolf Company.*





## JUST A FEW LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

### Reads Nothing Else

Indianapolis, Ind.

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

I certainly do enjoy reading your magazines and can hardly wait each month to receive it. I am not interested in any other reading whatever, but just give me a PHOTOPLAY and I am contented. Respectfully,

HAZEL E. MATLOCK.

### Looks Good in Our Buttonhole

Des Moines, Iowa.

ROCKS AND ROSES EDITOR.

I am an ardent admirer of your magazine and I always make a mad rush to the newsstand and secure the first copy. I enjoy very much the department of questions and answers. Another of the best things the PHOTOPLAY contains is the "Casts of Stories from Films." That makes the stories more interesting. With lots of good luck to you, I remain,

VIRGINIA EDDY.

### You're All Invited

Cleveland, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR.

Your Rocks and Roses department is all wrong. Why on earth don't you invite people to send in criticisms of the weak-kneed plays and the over-done acting we all have to stand for, instead of smothering you with roses about your magazine all the time? Yours,

M. L. WOLFE.

### Here's One Already!

Flint, Mich.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

I've been putting off sending in my subscription for a long time but at last here is the P. O. order for \$1.50. While I am writing you it might interest you to know that there are a good many people up here who are so disgusted with a certain very popular comedian (question mark) that they steer clear of any show where he is run. Why don't movie fans get together and form some kind of a public opinion to keep out some of these things? Begin my subscription with Nov. Respectfully,

G. L. GOODENOW.

### Sticks Up for Q. and A. Man

Amityville, L. I.

EDITOR OF "ROCKS AND ROSES."

Notwithstanding many adverse criticisms, I find your "Questions and Answers" department a veritable fount of photoplay knowledge. The serial "Mollie of the Movies" is most amusing.

With most sincere good wishes for the continued success of your enterprise, I am An Ardent Admirer,

RUTH GREENEBAUM.

### We'll Add More Covers

Smith's Grove, Ky.

DEAR EDITOR.

I think PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE covers its chosen field almost perfectly. It is just simply splendid and no photoplaywright, motion picture fan or operator can afford to be without it.

I thank you for your kind personal advice and wish you the greatest success. Very truly,

VICTOR MOULDER.

### Do Your Photoplay Shopping Early

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

EDITOR.

I think that your publication is the best on the market. It surely does sell quickly up in Wilkes-Barre, as on the 7th of August, 1915, I was unable to get the September number of PHOTOPLAY anywhere. I would deem it a great favor if you could procure me a copy of that number and send it to me. I will send the 15c if you can get me one. I will have no such trouble in the future, as I have just sent in my subscription to my favorite motion picture magazine, PHOTOPLAY. Very sincerely yours,

VICTOR C. CASPER.

### From a Minister's Wife

Durant, Okla.

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Please send me the October number of your magazine as soon as issued, as I will not be at this address much longer. I am enclosing



fifteen cents in stamps for the same. I have enjoyed every number, the last always more than the first.

I think every woman who has leisure time has a hobby; one of mine is Moving Pictures. I read everything from the exchange book to PHOTOPLAY, which I think is best of all. Hoping to receive my copy promptly, I am Very truly yours,

MRS. CAROLYN EDWARDS.

## Bang! A Hard One

Emporia, Kansas.  
GENTLEMEN:

While I am kicking I want to say that your covers are so absolutely bum that the first thing I do when I get my magazine is to tear the covers off. For heaven's sake do something to them. Very truly,

P. G. BENTLEY.

## A Red "Deer Reader"

Red Deer,  
Alberta, Canada.  
EDITOR "ROCKS AND ROSES."

The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has so much rich red blood injected into its veins that it is bound to have an enormous "circulation." I buy a copy each month, but about four or five other people have to read it before I can have even a peek. They are all crazy about it here.

Kindly send a sample copy to my lady friend, Miss Rachel Hewson, Richlands, Virginia, and oblige, Yours very truly,

JAMES E. BUTLER.

## Here's Twinkles for You!

Ithaca, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR.

The October issue of PHOTOPLAY hit the hundred per cent mark.

My longing to be an actress for the camera is at its height. Perhaps you will laugh, but I am determined to succeed; and I am going to enter your "Doubles" and "Beauty and Brains" contests. I have organized a club and we act out photoplays. Later I will send you a picture of the members. I am one of the directors. Keep on making PHOTOPLAY touch the one hundred per cent mark. Sincerely,

ZOA. E. PARR.

## Gives Her the Itch!

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY.

Here are two perfectly good reasons for my dislike of your magazine: It makes me anxious, impatient and restless (for the next issue) and I always have a poor day at work the day following the magazine's appearance (because I have sat up half the night devouring it).

It came yesterday. Sleepily yours,

CLARA A. TAYLOR.

## Mary with Pink Eyes? Never!

Montreal, Canada.

DEAR SIR.

For goodness sake please try to get a decent cover on your magazine. The last one of Beverly Bayne was a disgrace and it should not have been, as she is one of the most beautiful actresses in the movies.

Another rock that should hit you is that some of your interviewers are either blind or color blind. In one issue you say that Mary Pickford has grey eyes; in another that she has blue eyes, and still further that she has brown eyes! I suppose the next time they will be pink.

Otherwise I think your magazine the best yet. Yours truly,

DIXIE BROWNE.

## Old Doc.

## Photoplay

Woodbine, N. J.

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co.

I have read your beautiful magazine over and over, till I think I know all in it "by heart." Your magazine tells me all I want to know, and goodness! I'm a curious character. I have a peculiar disease called "movie craze" and all that can cure me is your magazine. Your sincere admirer,

IDA FLEET.

## A New Zealand Posie

Auckland, New Zealand.

DEAR SIR:

Your magazine is a grand guide to the lover of movies, and an eye opener to those who are disinterested. Respectfully yours,

A. E. TRONSON.



## Photoplay in the Wilds

Missoula, Montana.

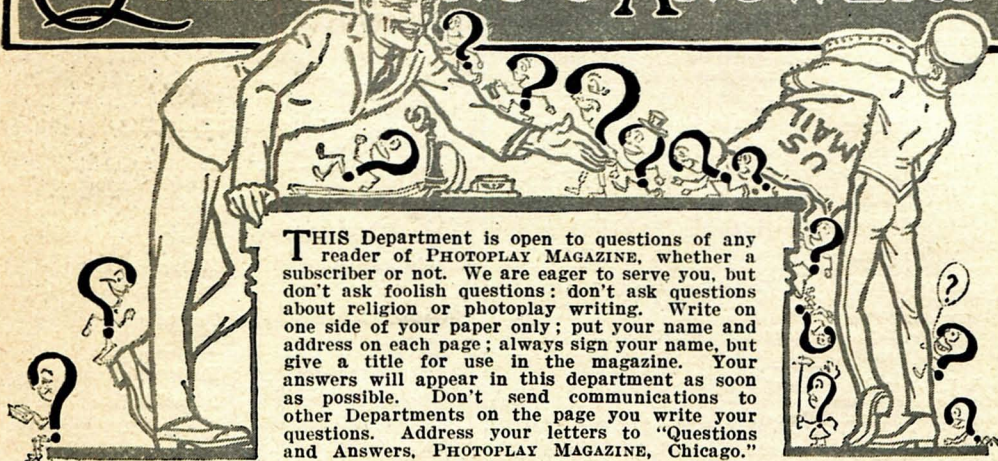
PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co.

Enclosed please find a small photo taken during our last trip into the Wilds. You will see in the foreground a PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. This was not taken to advertise the PHOTOPLAY, it was accidental. It shows that your splendid magazine is not only found in the cities. I am respectfully yours,

WM. E. KRANICH.



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

M. S. B., MORGAN HILL, CALIF.—The cast of the Ince production "An Alien," is given herewith. This is the screen adaptation of George Beban's stage success "The Sign of the Rose," in which he has appeared regularly for a number of years. When "An Alien" was first presented in New York the story was carried through nine reels of film and concluded with one act of spoken drama, wherein the actors took up the thread of the story in their own proper persons. This, however, was not the success anticipated and the film conclusion was substituted for the spoken ending. We sometimes wonder if the remark so often heard, "All it lacks is the voice," is not altogether a misconception. We are inclined to believe that people prefer to enjoy the pictures in quiet, undisturbed by someone talking to them. But here's the cast: Pietro and Rosa, his daughter, are George Beban and Blanche Schwed; the Inspector, Edward Gillespie; Phil and William Griswold, Jack Nelson and Hayward Ginn; Mrs. Wm. Griswold and Dorothy Griswold, Andrea Lynne and Thelma Salter; Robbins, Jack Davidson; the cashier, Edith MacBride; the proprietor of the shop, J. Frank Burke; Cogan, W. J. Kane; the nurse and the maid, Ida Lewis and Fanny Midgley.

H. R. H., LOS ANGELES.—Dustin Farnum has never appeared in the Art Section in any of the back numbers, but we'll tell you something. He will soon. Dustin Farnum's photograph, the same size and style as the Art Section pictures, will be one of a hundred which we are going to publish in book form in a few days. The book will have a four-color cover of Mary Pickford and a hundred of your favorite players' pictures, suitable for framing. It is going to cost only 50c.

BLINGUM, CALIF.—Earle, Clara and Kathlyn Williams are not related to each other. We liked the "Rosary," very much. "A Sultana of the Desert" is Kathlyn Williams' latest, an October Fourth Selig.

H. H., and E. H., MEMPHIS, and E. S., PITTSFORD, N. Y.—We have no idea why Francis X. Bushman left Essanay; probably, however, as is usually the case in any business change, because he felt the opportunities and the returns would be greater with Metro. Joseph Kaufman is not married.

B. G., MARTINSBURG, W. VA.—Marguerita Fischer, and her husband-director, Harry Pollard, are now with the World Film Corporation and should be addressed at the New York office. Films in which she appears will continue to be released by the American company for some time however.

H. K. A., CHICAGO.—Lasky's "Chimmie Fadden," is the same Victor Moore you saw in "The Talk of New York." Do you remember that song about "far from the hurley-burley of Broadway?" Looks as though he had been singing that to himself every day lately, for he has signed a three-year contract with the sunshine catchers at Hollywood.

J. E., BLOOMFIELD, N. J., remarks that "PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE always seems to have something to bring the readers in closer contact with the magazine. First it was the publication of the letters by fans, and now it is the 'Beauty and Brains Contest,' and the 'Doubles of Players.'" Interviews with Mildred Harris and Mae Marsh? Surely, before long.

A. G., NEW YORK CITY.—Ella Hall and Robert Leonard are at the western studios of the Universal at the company's California city. Miss Hall is a New Yorker, with all the added pep and enthusiasm that California can lend to genius; it is said that she was educated in New York, but for our part we are quite sure that her education never started until she was outside of New York's confining walls. She was born March 17, 1897. Blanche Sweet came from Chicago, but did her first screen work with Biograph when Griffith held sway.

A. M., CLEVELAND.—Chester Barnett is with the World Films; he plays the part of the young art-student-lover in "Trilby" with Lackaye and Clara Kimball Young, which has recently been released by the World.

T. G. E., MINNEAPOLIS.—We know that we are right on this scenario school matter, and what other people say makes little difference. We have the same use for those fake schools that we have for cockroaches and little red ants and chiggers and things. In fact, chiggers and ants have the virtue of taking a vacation during the winter—so they have to be ranked higher than the other pests.

F. E. M., SAGINAW, MICH., and G. R. M., TOLEDO.—"I think the idea of giving the casts of stories in each issue is great." This apparently makes it unanimous! Alice in Lasky's play "Kindling" is Florence Dagmar—she is the niece of the lady who owns the flats. Charlie Chaplin is at the Los Angeles Essanay office and should be addressed there.

THE LUBIN MFG. CO. announce that they are in the market for strong single reel dramas.



G. V. B., NEW YORK CITY.—Thanks for the information—you've done enough for your country, you don't need to enlist. Besides, the army wouldn't take an unfit—or a misfit. Your note savors of yellow journalism and we can not use it.

E. M. G., WASHINGTON, and V. M., ST. LOUIS.—Albert Roscoe is no longer with Essanay, but is playing in stock at present. You are rather ambitious for a beginner—to write a play and take the leading role in the presentation of it, seems rather a staggering burden to think of assuming.

L. D. T., GREENVILLE, S. C.—"I wish to ask you why the large cities are able to give us moving pictures of lengthy stories for 10 cents and yet in small towns we pay the same and get ones that apparently are old and badly worn?" It is the old question of volume of business: in the small town the attendance is counted in hundreds, whereas in the larger cities it is counted in thousands, which enables the exhibitor to pay the higher prices for the first run films. The small town houses simply can't do it for 10 cents, and they therefore have to wait until the prices are within reach. This is the reason for the agitation for higher prices of admission—better, newer, pictures.

R. J. L., NEW YORK CITY.—The boy in Reliance's "Little Lumberjack," is Paul Willis, and the mill owner's little girl is Mildred Harris. The stream is the San Gabriel, northeast of Hollywood, through the Arroyo Seco. In "The Beat of the Year," the cub reporter is Fred Hamer and Joyce, who did the killing, is Eugene Pallette.

E. G., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Cleo Madison and Augusta Anderson are different persons: Julia Swayne Gordon and Anita Stewart are with Vitagraph.

D. S., DALLAS, TEX.—Theda Bara may be addressed in care of Fox Film Corp., Blanche Sweet and Carlyle Blackwell in care of Lasky's Hollywood studio; and Mary Pickford's address is given elsewhere.

M. G. T., SUMNER, N. Z., says: "I must give you praise for the pictures of photoplayers. They are all so clear. I should frame them only it would spoil the magazines to cut them out." Therefore, New Zealand, you should get the one hundred pictures of players which we are publishing—pictures the same style and size as those in the Art Section and you can frame them nicely.

G. R., NEW YORK.—It is said that Charles Chaplin is responsible for the plays which he is producing: that the ideas and the direction are his own. Just how far this is true is impossible to say, but the greater share of the author-director role is undoubtedly his.

C. H. W., PHILADELPHIA, AND E. M., ATLANTA.—The Kalem "Ham and Bud" pictures are made at the Hollywood studio, and the girl in whom you are so interested is Ethel Teare. This is not the studio where the "Hazards of Helen" are filmed: that is at Glendale. Lorraine Huling is Margy, the leading lady, in "When Hungry Hamlet Fled." This was an August Thanhouser.

L. H. G., CONCORD, N. H.—The Majestic-Reliance studio at Hollywood has turned out numerous children's plays, and practically has a stock company of children.

B. H., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has never featured an article on Olga Petrova, but one probably will appear in some future issue.

B. B., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Do you mean to say you do not know that Mary Pickford is the wife of Owen Moore, and that she is with Famous Players and he with the Triangle? Grace Cunard is now working on a continuation of "The Broken Coin" serial, and it is said there will be five or six episodes added.

F. F., HARTFORD, CONN.—The cast of "The Circular Staircase" is given in the October issue on page 174, and we ask you to refer to it there.

## Casts of Stories from Photoplays in This Issue

### THE MASQUERADERS

(From the play by Henry Arthur Jones)

#### Famous Players

Dulcie Larondie	Hazel Dawn
David Remon	Elliott Dexter
Sir Brice Skene	Frank Losee
Monty Lushington	Norman Tharp
Lady Crandover	Ida Darling
Clarice, her daughter	Evelyn Farris
Helen Larondie	Nina Lindsey
Eddie Remon	Charles Bryant
Proprietor of Stag Inn	Russell Bassett

### THE CONQUEROR

(By C. Gardner Sullivan)

#### Ince-Triangle

Mark Horn	Willard Mack
Vida Madison	Enid Markey
Wayne Madison	J. Barney Sherry
Lillian Madison	Margaret Thompson
Mrs. Wayne Madison	Louise Brownell

### THE CHORUS LADY

(Novelization of the photoplay version of the Chorus Lady founded on the play of the same name by James Forbes)

#### Lasky

Patricia O'Brien, the Chorus Lady known as "Pat"	Cleo Ridgely
Nora O'Brien, Pat's younger sister	Margery Daw
Danny Mallory, a young detective	Wallace Reid
Dicky Crawford, who backs the show	Richard Grey

### REGENERATION

(From the Play by Owen Kildare)

#### Fox

Owen Conway	Rockcliffe Fellowes
Marie Deering	Anna Q. Nilsson
Skinny the Rat	Wm. A. Sheer
Asst. Dist. Atty.	Carl Harbaugh
Jim Conway	James Marcus





### "WHERE EATING IS A SCIENCE"

**M**OST PEOPLE are ill because of wrong modes of living. The moment a patient enters the doors of this University of Health, his habits and daily mode of life are changed . . . he is taken back to simple principles at once; simple diet properly regulated, health-building exercise, the out-door life, sunshine, fresh air, physiologic medical treatment, and rest for body and mind.

The diet system of the Battle Creek Sanitarium is the result of almost half a century of thorough-going scientific research. It is not based on fads, guess-work, or unproven theories. The Sanitarium dietitians have succeeded in making a simple, wholesome bill of fare which is surprisingly varied and appetizing. A wide variety of fresh fruits and vegetables, hygienically prepared, and a thousand and one new dainty and delectable dishes give zest to the menu. Tempting nut and cereal preparations take the place of heavy, indigestible foods. The new calorie system, originated at this institution, enables each patient to regulate the diet to his own individual needs. Most people who visit the Sanitarium to learn the better way are so favorably impressed with the new diet system that they continue it after returning home.

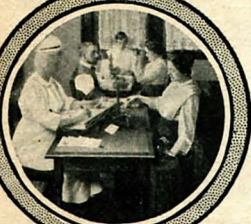
In addition to opportunities for education in "right living," the Sanitarium affords many unique advantages to health seekers. First of all, the most thorough-going examination possible is made by a corps of experts. Chemists and bacteriologists examine kidney and bowel excretions, X-Ray experts inspect heart, lungs, stomach and other internal parts. A complete inventory of the whole body is made. Hydrotherapy, phototherapy, electrotherapy, mechanotherapy, diathermy, radium, medical gymnastics, electrical exercises, massage, and all other scientific remedies are applied by the aid of 300 specially trained nurses and attendants and the most varied and complete equipment ever installed.

Guests have the combined advantages to be derived from favorable climatic conditions, attractive surroundings, scientific methods, and close and conscientious medical supervision with interesting daily lectures and health classes, physical culture and health training.

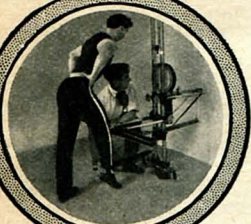
#### Send for this Book

A free copy of booklet, "The Simple Life in a Nutshell" by Dr. Kellogg, of the Sanitarium and copies of daily menus mailed on request. Sign and mail the coupon today.

BACTERIOLOGICAL  
EXAMINATION



THE  
BLOOD TEST



THE  
STRENGTH  
TEST



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



H. A. B.—The Indian, in "Helené of the North," is not of the scalp-gathering variety; he is a substitute for the real article, but the substitute is better than the original. Brigham Royce takes the part—no Indian ever had a name like that. Marguerite Clark's portrayal was splendid.

A. R., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—E. K. Lincoln is with the Photo Play Productions Co., 220 West 42d St., New York City. Pierre, in "Helené of the North," is Elliott Dexter, and in "Snobs," Ethel Hamilton is played by Anita King.

J. M. S., DALLAS, TEX.—Conway Tearle is Helené's lover in "Helené of the North." Harold Lockwood's address is American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara, Calif. He will gladly send you a picture—so will May Allison, same address. J. M. S. is the first to come right out and say it: "Is he married? If so, do you suppose his wife will care? Anyway I'm going to risk it!" That's the spirit: when tempted yield at once and avoid the struggle. But, you're all right, because he isn't.

C. A. M., ALBANY, N. Y.—Each episode of the "Crey o' Hearts," had a title of its own, the fifteen being, in the order of release: "Flower o' the Flames," "White Water," "The Sea Venture," "Dead Reckoning," "The Sunset Tide," "The Crack o' Doom," "Stalemate," "The Mock Rose," "As the Crow Flies," "Steel Ribbons," "The Painted Hills," "The Mirage," "The Jaws," "The First Law" and "The Last Trump." Dorothy North, at four years, in "Always in the Way," is Ethernary Oakland.

W. MCG., SAN FRANCISCO.—No, indeed, Pearl White is not married, and she did not appear in Pathe's "Who Pays," as that series was not produced by the studio Miss White is with. Miss White has quite the Whartons. Crane Wilbur is with Horsley in Los Angeles.

M. B., ELKADER, IA.—If you have not heard from Florence La Badie long before this, you should write her again and make reference to your former letter. She is a Montreal girl, too.

R. W., HULL, P. Q.—Well come on in: don't hesitate. This Beauty and Brains Contest is just as much for Canadians as it is for the rest of the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and we must have a big lot of pictures because, sister Canada, you have a mighty high standard to live up to.

MARY PICKFORD's mother writes PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE: "In your Answer Department of the November issue you advised someone signing themselves 'A. B. B., Charleston, W. Va.,' not to ask Miss Pickford for a picture without sending a quarter at least. This is a mistake. Miss Pickford receives over a hundred requests for pictures every day and she never refuses one, nor does she ever charge a quarter. If any money is ever sent she returns it with the picture. She never sells her pictures, and you will kindly publish a statement to that effect in your magazine and oblige her mother 'MRS. CHARLOTTE PICKFORD.'"

GEORGE KLEINE (address in directory), is advertising for one and two-reel comedies; those who dip their pens in humor kindly note.

E. W., RICHMOND, VA., and L. D. C., OKLAHOMA CITY.—You will have to wait for a picture of Jimmy Cruze, until he gets back into harness again. No, Clara Williams is an American. Blanche Sweet drives a Fiat. Anita Stewart is about five feet six or seven. Florence Turner is in England at present and has recently completed "My Old Dutch," playing opposite Albert Chevalier. This is a Hepworth picture and has been purchased for America by Universal. Warren Kerrigan should be addressed at Universal City, Calif.

R. W. B., BOSTON.—Louis Morrison is the father and George Fisher, the daughter's lover, in "Her Easter Hat." N. Y. M. P.; Gladdie McDonald is the Cliff Girl in the play of the same title, by Reliance; Eugenie Besserer is Mrs. Kelly in Selig's "Rosary," and Gertrude Ryan is Alice. C. B. Murphy is Jack in "Jack's Pals," another Selig.

M. L. C., BUTTE, MONT.—Don't sit around asking questions—send in your pictures, and your reasons, in not more than 150 words, for desiring to be a photoplay actress. Hurry up—get some action, right away. Mary Pickford's hair is light brown—her eyes hazel; her height five feet one. But what has that to do with M. L. C., of Butte, Montana—why not ask about Kathlyn Williams? She came from your city.

M. L., ROCKFORD, ILL.—Marion Leonard is with the Knickerbocker Star Features of New York City, and her most recent release is "The Dragon's Claw," to be presented through the General Film Company.

F. J. P., COLUMBUS, O.—The number of photoplay houses in the United States is a matter of speculation, and the exact figures are not to be had. However, there are from twenty to twenty-five thousand—over half charging a dime or more.

H. M. F., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Jack Pickford is eighteen—four years younger than Mary and a little more than two years younger than Lottie.

E. A. B. C., STAFFORD, KAN., and W. D., ROSEDALE, KAN.—Jack Kerrigan's birthday is July 25th. Harry Benham has joined Universal. Allan Dwan is with Triangle, directing; and the cast of the "Heart of a Painted Woman," has appeared in these columns very recently. "The Diamond from the Sky," is not in book form as yet; we shall tell you as soon as it is.

H. M. F., ROSS, CALIF.—Augustus and Dorothy Phillips are not related. Pauline Frederick (interviewed in October), of the Famous Players, was born in 1884, in Boston. When Pearl White played at the Wharton studio she lived in Ithaca—in the city where Mr. Ezra Cornell has his school for boys! She's in New York City at present and should be addressed through the Pathé Exchange.

## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of Photoplay Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1, 1915.

NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

Editor—Julian Johnson, Chicago.

Business Manager—James R. Quirk, Chicago.

Publisher—Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

Owners: (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners.) Edwin M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; Robert M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; Eugene B. Martineau, Marinette, Wis.; Frank S. Scammell, Chicago, Ill.; G. E. Still, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Addison Jones and Paul H. Davis, Administrators C. T. A. Estate of Charles J. Hite, New York, N. Y.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: (If there are none, so state.) None.

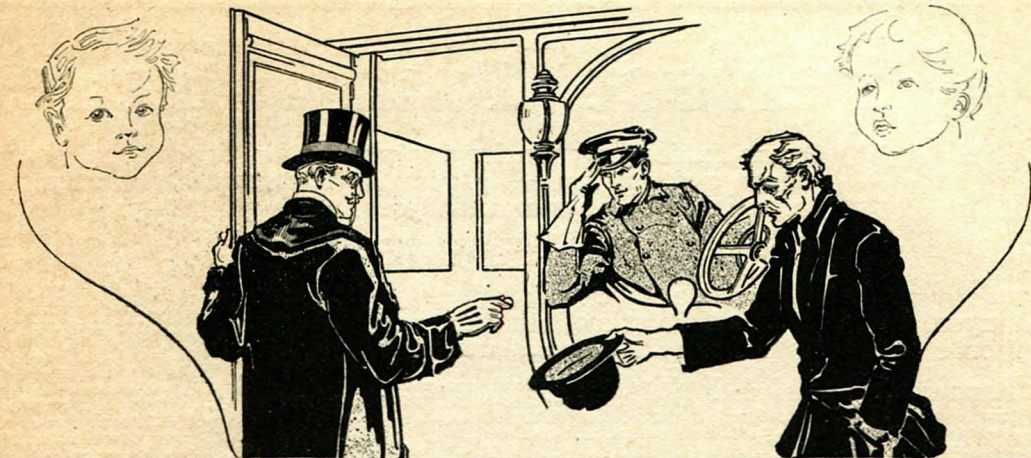
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 4th day of October, 1915.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

ROBERT HARVEY GILLMORE,  
Notary Public in and for Cook County, Ill.  
(My commission expires June 2, 1919)

[SEAL.]





# Both Had an Equal Chance

## —Power of Will Made the Difference

Why is it that two men with equal opportunities, with equal mental equipment, sometime end up so differently?

One fights his way to influence, money, and power, overcoming seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, while the other tries one thing after another, gradually losing his grip—never succeeding at anything.

It isn't luck—there's no such thing in the long run—it's a difference of will-power, that's all.

No man has ever achieved success until he has learned to use his will—upon that does success hinge. When the will fails, the battle is lost. The will is the weapon of achievement. Show me a big, successful man, and I'll show you a strong-willed man, every time, whether a business man, a statesman, lawyer, doctor, or fighter.

### Anyone Can Have a Strong Will

It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful power—by intelligent exercise and use.

The trouble with almost everyone is that they do not use their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "Will Power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become unable to use it.

## "POWER OF WILL"

by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce—is the first thorough course in will training ever conceived. It is based on a most profound analysis of the will in human beings. Yet every step in the 28 fascinating lessons is written so simply that anyone can understand them and apply the principles, methods and rules set down with noticeable results almost from the very start.

### A Veritable Godsend

The users of "Power of Will" speak of it as a Bible. It has pulled men out of the gutter and put them on the road to self-respect and success—it has enabled men to overcome drink and other vices, almost overnight—it has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—making thousands of sick people well—it has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities suffused with the joy of living—it has enabled people who had sunk deep into the grooves of a rut to pull themselves out and become masters instead of the blind tool of circumstance—it has re-awakened ambition in men and women who had been turned from their life purpose and given them the courage and confidence to build anew—it has converted failures in business into spectacular successes—it has enabled successful men to undertake even bigger projects by showing them how to use the power they already possess with even more telling force.

Young and old alike, men and women in all walks of life, testify to the almost magical changes in their lives once they undertake Dr. Haddock's simple formula for strengthening the will—once they know how to use this God-given faculty recognized the world over as the greatest weapon of achievement.

### Send No Money

Power of Will contains 400 pages, half leather, gold-top leaves, and includes more material than many correspondence courses selling at \$25, yet the price is only \$3. Let us send you the book. Look it over. Glance through some of the chapters. Judge for yourself whether you can afford not to own it. Send no money now. Simply send the attached coupon, inclosing your business card or giving a reference. You can keep it five days. If at the end of five days, you do not want it, mail it back. Tear out the coupon now, before you turn the page and forget. This announcement may not appear in this magazine again.



400 pp.  
Half Leather  
Gold-Top  
Leaves

**PELTON PUB. CO.**  
101 Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

### Over 75,000 Users

Power of Will has already helped over 75,000 people—a record equaled by no other single course of any kind in the world. Such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; General Manager Christenson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; Ernest Knaebel, Asst. Atty.-Gen. of the U. S.; Asst. Postmaster-General Britt; E. St. Elmo Lewis, now Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co., are owners, and literally thousands of other successful men like them have voiced their praise of this great work.

"From what I have already seen I believe I can get \$300 to \$500 worth of good out of it."—C. D. Vechten, General Agent, No. West, Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

"Will Power" is a compilation of mighty force. My first week's benefit in dollars is \$900—cost \$3.00; profit \$897."—J. W. Heistand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"He who reads it and puts forth effort will soon find himself out of the common herd."—F. A. Good, President of Nebraska Lumber Dealers Assn., Cowles, Neb.

"Here is \$3 for you. 'Power of Will' received. It is the book I've wished for for years."—J. L. Seawall, Clerk of Supreme Court, State of N. C., Raleigh, N. C.

**Pelton Pub. Co.,**  
101 Wilcox Bk.,  
Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" on approval. I agree to remit \$3.00 or return the book in 5 days.

Name.....

Address.....

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

### Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.  
The Four Factors on which it Depends.

How to develop analytical power.

How to think "all around" any subject.

How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.

Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.

How to acquire the Power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.

How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.

How to guard against errors in Thought.

How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.

How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.

How to develop Reasoning power.

How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.

The secret of Building Mind Power.

How the Will is made to act. How to test your Will.

How a Strong Will is Master of Body.

What creates Human Power. The Six Principles of Will Training.

Definite Methods for developing Will.

THE NINETEEN-NINE METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.

Seven Principles of Drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.

FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.

How to develop a strong, keen gaze.

How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.

How to become aware of Nerve Action.

How to keep the body well poised.

How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.

How to throw off Worry.

How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous system.

This is only a partial list—a complete list of contents would almost fill this page.





# Perfect Your Figure

**D**O you realize how much your personality depends on your figure and carriage—how much your grace and beauty of appearance will be enhanced if your form is symmetrical?

Many of my pupils write that their general mental as well as physical condition has been greatly improved since taking my course. What I have done for them I can do for you. It requires but a short time in the privacy of your own room each day—and the results are absolutely guaranteed.

**Improve Your Health** My system stimulates, reorganizes and regenerates your entire body. It helps transform your food into good, rich blood. It strengthens your heart, lungs and other organs, conquering all weaknesses and disorders and generating vital force.

My book, "The Body Beautiful," should be read by every woman, and I will send it to you free. It explodes the fallacy that lack of beauty or health cannot be avoided. In it I explain how every woman can be vigorous, healthy and attractive.

## My Guarantee

With my free book, "The Body Beautiful," which is fully illustrated with photographs of myself explaining my system, I give full particulars of my Guarantee Trial Plan, whereby you can test the value of my instruction without risking a single penny.

Send 2-cent stamp for "The Body Beautiful" and Trial Plan to-day

**ANNETTE KELLERMAN, Suite 404P, 12 West 31st St., New York**

I have practised what I teach. In childhood I was puny and deformed. I have overcome all weaknesses by my own natural, drugless methods. Millions of people have seen in me a living demonstration of my unique system of health-culture and body-building. If you are weak, nervous, fat, thin, unshapely, tired, lacking vitality, or in any other respect not at your very best, I can surely be of service to you.

*Weis*

## Recipe Index Cabinet

keeps your recipes systematically filed.

Handsomely finished Golden or Natural Oak or Natural Beech Cabinets with 23 Printed Guide Cards which classify the recipes you copy or paste on the 100 Horizontally Ruled, 3x5 Index Cards we furnish.

80c. postpaid anywhere in U. S.

## *Weis* Sectional Bookcases

are expandable so they may be made to fit the growing needs of your library.

Weis Catalog "H" offers exceptional values. It will help you choose sections or stacks to meet your own requirements.

This Solid, Seasoned Oak Case has 8 ft. book space, roomy drawer, top and French base.

Handsomely finished Golden, Natural, Weathered or Fumed—Double, Metal-framed Sliding Glass Doors. Dust-proof, compact and economical. Doors operate noiselessly, without friction. See Price below.

Get Weis Catalog "H"—Shows two complete lines of Sectional Bookcases in designs, woods and finishes to harmonize with other high class furnishings—at prices to suit your purse.

The *Weis* Manufacturing Co.

206 Union Street,  
MONROE, RICH.



New York Office: \$12.80  
15 John Street.

for bookcase as shown—  
Freight Paid in Eastern  
and Central States.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

# Wonderful Profession

## 11 Lessons In Drugless Healing FREE!

(Mechano-Therapy)

Millions of dollars are spent every month by people seeking health. Millions have tried all kinds of medicines and methods without relief—but they keep on trying. The most rational healing method today is the drugless system of Mechano-Therapy—a profession that offers extraordinary opportunities to practitioners everywhere. We want you to understand the full meaning of this marvelous healing power—let us show you how, in your spare time, you can readily and easily become a master of this noble, dignified profession. No experience needed. You need only be able to read and have an ambition for success.

## Big—Quick—Success

\$200 to \$500 a Month

Thousands of Mechano-Therapists throughout the U. S. are making a big success. Let us show you how you, too, can easily make \$200 to \$500 a month and more. When you hold a diploma as a Mechano-Therapist you possess a healing method by which you can become rich, influential and independent.

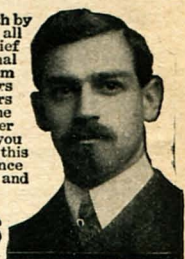
**Special—NOW!** To a limited number and for a short time only we are giving 11 complete lessons in Mechano-Therapy absolutely free. There are 30 lessons in the full course.

**8 Charts**  
Anatomy  
Physiology

**FREE \$15** Set of 8 Anatomical Charts

Handsomely lithographed in colors—each 30½x22 inches. Contains over 70 distinct diagrammed illustrations, showing different parts and organs of the human body, both external and internal. Complete set absolutely free on our Limited Special Offer, if you write at once, just send your name and address and we will mail you, free, illustrated book and other literature proving wonderful success of our graduates, great free lesson and anatomical chart offer.

**AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MECHANO-THERAPY**  
81 W. Randolph St., Dept. 431 Chicago, Ill.





(Continued from page 141)

him with a sudden new meaning and force.

"If he's so honorable there must be some reason why he can't marry June," he thought.

It was the one door that might open up the avenue of revenge. He sought for it constantly, eagerly, performing his work at the camp with conscientious care, but all the time alert for some fact that would give him a clue to the thing he sought—a dropped word, a conversation of men apart, or better still, the gossip of women.

But his efforts were in vain. Then came the snow and the change to the new phase of work.

One day while rehearsing a "take" with one of the sledges, he was guiding the cumbersome vehicle by the gee-pole in front when he slipped and fell, and the steel-shod runner cut across his moccasin-clad foot. The snow yielded somewhat, and he escaped with only a badly strained ligament. But Briscoe, taking no chances of a prolonged delay in the work, commanded him to remain in camp for two days.

Baillie obeyed. The first day he was confined to his bunk, but the second he was able to move about indoors with the aid of a cane. He tried to dissipate the tedium of confinement by reading or playing solitaire, but each in turn lost its charm. He faced long hours alone in the bunkhouse.

This building was little better than a prison. Long, with square-paned windows, and built, as usual, of logs chinked with cement, it was cramped for room and badly lighted. Along each side wall were frame-works reaching almost to the roof which contained three tiers of bunks. The windows were at each end, and two stoves in the middle of the floor gave heat. The clothes of the men hung on nails driven in every available corner and their trunks were stowed beneath the bunk frames.

THE afternoon of the second day, having exhausted every means of amusement at his command, Baillie's thoughts returned, as they always did to the obsession of Temple and his projected revenge.

He glanced at the bunk where Temple slept and under it he saw his trunk. A swift, daring thought came to him. He looked again at the trunk. It was unlocked, as were practically all those in the bunkhouse, for the men, changing from



## Blackheads are a confession

of the use of the wrong method of cleansing for that type of skin that is subject to this disfiguring trouble.

The following Woodbury treatment will keep such a skin free from blackheads.

### Tonight—

Apply hot clothes to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash-cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a lump of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

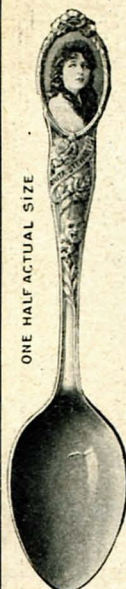
Do not expect to get the desired result by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash-cloth in the treatment above. Then, protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads. Thereafter, use the above Woodbury treatment in your daily toilet.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

**Write today for sample—**For 1c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2104 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd., 2104 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.





## THE HOLIDAY QUESTION

We are all Moving Picture Fans and we all have the same old doubts at holiday time. The universal question is—"WHAT SHALL I GIVE?"

### NATIONAL FILM STAR SPOONS

with their perfect reproductions of the prominent players of Filmland, solve this question.

What more appropriate gift could there be to a lover of the silent drama than a set of the

### CELEBRATED WM. ROGERS & SON SILVERWARE

with everlasting likenesses of the stars we so admire?

### HOLIDAY SETS OF FILM STAR SILVER

Because of the many requests received, we have made up sets of six of the NATIONAL STARS SPOONS in handsome silk cases for presentation purposes.



#### NOW READY

Blanche Sweet Earle Williams J. Warren Kerrigan  
Mabel Normand Alice Joyce Francis X. Bushman  
Anita Stewart Mary Fuller Clara Kimball Young

Other prominent stars to follow.

#### Price of six spoons in silk case \$1.75

Postage prepaid to any address

(You may select an assortment of six from the above Stars for your set—or six of any one of them.)

Spoons without case, price 30c each, postage prepaid, or a selection of six spoons without case \$1.50, postage prepaid.

Please send me the above spoons that are checked  
Without Case { If I am not thoroughly satisfied I  
In Case { may return them at your expense. Enclosed please  
find \$.....

Name .....

Address .....

NATIONAL STARS CORPORATION  
1328 Broadway NEW YORK

wet things so often, had long since ceased to lock their baggage. They trusted each other with the mutual confidence of long intimacy.

Baillie limped to the windows and looked out. No one was in sight. It was three o'clock, the hour when the camp hands laid off in preparation for the work of dinner and the evening. With a final glance Baillie returned to Temple's bunk, knelt down on the floor gingerly, and pulled the trunk forward.

Lifting the cover he opened the tray and saw hundreds of letters, done up in bundles and bound with broad rubber bands. His eyes glistened. If there was anything in a man's past his letters would show it. But how would he ever go through this mass of correspondence?

Then there suddenly flashed into his mind the memory of his first disagreement with Temple on the day the latter had brought June to camp. That had been over a letter. Entering Temple's tent he had picked it up, opened it, and been reprimanded sharply. He recalled a momentary suspicion at the time. Had that letter contained the matter he sought?

Owing to the circumstances Baillie remembered the letter clearly. It had a lavender envelope, was addressed in bright blue ink, with a large, sprawling handwriting, and had been scented.

Here was a clue and a plain one. Turning to the trunk, he looked through the bundles of letters, pulled from their places those with lavender envelopes addressed in bright blue ink, and hurriedly ran through them. At the third he sat back with a quick catch of the breath.

"Paul!" he read:

"No, I shall not divorce you. You can't fool me for a minute with your talk about my 'happiness.' Everybody knows that French is crazy about you, and I suppose you want to get rid of me so you can have her. Well, there's nothing doing. I have suspected you would try something like this for a long while, but I won't stand for it. I am starting for your camp at once. Perhaps you will like that, you and French."

Your wife,

Gertrude."

Wife!

Baillie's eyes glittered with exultant joy. He hadn't even dared hope for this. The

(Continued on page 172)



RUTH STONEHOUSE

## If you only knew what they know!

*How they found it out—and  
what they said about it*

Once they thought that *style* and *comfort* could not be obtained in the same shoe. So they sacrificed comfort to have a foot well-dressed and *chic*.

But now they realize what a mistake that was. In the Red Cross Shoe they have found they can wear the smartest of smart new styles—with comfort such as they had never known before.

*Ruth Stonehouse*, popular Es-senay star, says: "I had heard so much about the comfort of your shoe, that I never realized how very stylish the different models were."

*Mary Pickford*, beloved by all, writes: "Combining perfect style with utter comfort, it is for me the ideal shoe."

*Elsie Janis*, fascinating in whatever she does, writes: "I wish I had begun wearing the Red Cross Shoe long ago."

*Irene Fenwick*, star of film and

footlight, says: "It gives me the charm my foot must have—the comfort my work demands."

Why not go to the Red Cross store today and find what these famous women found? Choose that model with just the style, the charm you want. Walk in it—note how perfectly adaptable it is, how free and easy, how wholly comfortable it makes every step.

**RED CROSS SHOES, \$4, \$4.50 and \$5. A few styles, \$6 to \$8. Red Cross PLIO, a shoe of excellent value, \$3.50 and \$4.**

### Write today for "Shopping List"

A dainty little memo book for your purse and a guide to what to wear in shoes this season. With it we will send name of local Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct.

**The Krohn-Fechheimer Co.**

511-551 Dandridge Street Cincinnati, Ohio

# Red Cross Shoe

Elsie Janis

Irene Fenwick



425

**Model No. 425.**  
*The "Chilton."*  
A fascinating  
boot of brown  
velvet with  
bronze kid tip  
and front stay.



409

**Model No. 409.**  
*The "Hampden"*  
Lace Boot. Fashioned of patent  
calf and black  
cloth.

**Model No. 423.**  
*The "Princess."*  
A new seam-  
less Gypsy Boot  
in Matt Kid.



423





# Pop Corn Profits

## \$508 In 28 Days!

Just stand and take in the money while eager folks crowd around and watch the miraculous way this Butter-Kist Popper runs itself! Earning capacity 70 cents to \$4.00 an hour. Profits average 233½ per cent on every dollar invested.

Scores of theatres, carnivals, concessions, etc., reaping a harvest of spot-cash sales from this machine.

One owner made \$508.50 clear in 28 days. Small theatre took in \$365.45 in one month. Many clear \$25 to \$60 weekly above expenses. Plenty of letters and records to prove it will pay you handsome returns. Chosen exclusively for concessions at San Francisco and San Diego after careful investigation.

Stands anywhere—occupies 26 by 32 inches of floor space. Plenty of room in the theatre foyer, lobby or down near the stage.

# Butter-Kist Corn Popper

Superbly built of plate glass with mahogany, oak or white enameled cabinet. Metal parts highly polished and nickel-plated. Handsome and attractive. Runs itself—pops, separates the few "bachelors" (unpopped kernels) and butters each morsel with pure creamery butter. No watching, no work, no stock to carry, no waste.

You never tasted such a tantalizing treat as Butter-Kist. Coaxing fragrance, makes the whole crowd hungry. "Another bag, please"—folks can't seem to get their fill of this crisp, crackling, melt-in-your-mouth pop-corn.

## Pay From Your Sales

—like hundreds of men are buying right now. \$150 brings this wonderful money-maker—all privileges included. Then the machine soon earns the balance.

## "Little Gold Mine" FREE!

Handsome new color book, "The Little Gold Mine," gives full details, photographs and proof of profits! Sent FREE, postpaid. You lose \$4 to \$16 every day you delay. Write for it NOW!

**HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO. (113)**  
1761 Van Buren Street, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



Write For Book! FREE

most he had looked for had been a suppressed scandal or evidence of a sordid relationship. But a wife to whom his rival was bound, who had killed all his hopes of release by this very letter itself—if he had prayed he couldn't have asked the high gods for more.

"I've got him, the damned swanker!" he said to himself savagely, as he thrust the letter into his pocket. "I'll fix him now. And maybe this won't fix me right with June. Maybe not!"

Working swiftly he rearranged the letters in the trunk tray, closed the trunk, and pushed it back into its place. Then smiling triumphantly, his thirst for revenge appeased, he hobbled to his bunk and lay down.

(To be continued)

**M. P., PUGET SOUND.**—We agree with you, but we shall let the Editor express his opinion himself in due time. We do not think that "Rags" is to be compared with "Tess of the Storm Country," though it was a very good play.

**P. V. C., OMAHA.**—Dolores Cassinelli, formerly of Essanay, is with the Emerald Film Corp. of Chicago.

**G. L., ATLANTA.**—We do not know whether Theda Bara would send you her photograph or not—she and her big wolf-hound are in the Fashion Section this month—but she will be in our book of players' pictures and we know you will like the picture there. Florence La Badie dead? Heavens, No!

**J. M., VENICE, CALIF.**—Antonio Moreno is at the Vitaphone's Brooklyn studio. Francis X. Bushman with Metro's Hollywood studio. Mr. Moreno is unmarried. Charlie Chaplin lives only three or four houses from you?—must be a funny part of town to live in!



**Only \$1.00 After Trial**

Yes, you may keep this New Edison and your choice of records, too, for only a single dollar. Pay the balance at the rate of only a few cents a day. Write today for details.

**Free Trial** Try the new Edison in your own home before you decide to buy. Have all the newest entertainments. Entertain your friends. We'll send it to you without a cent down.

**Write Today for Our New Edison Book.** Send your name and address for our new book and pictures of new Edison phonographs. No obligations in writing for book.

**F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors**  
1469 Edison Block, Chicago, Illinois

# LAW BOOK FREE

Read our 80-page book before enrolling for any law course. Tells how to judge claims of correspondence schools, and explains the American School's simple method of law instruction. Prepared by 56 legal authorities—25 more subjects and 30 more authors than any other correspondence law course. 13 volume Law Library, 60 Text Books, and 36 Case Books furnished every student. Send for your free book today.

**AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE**  
Dept. 1469, Drexel Avenue and 58th Street, Chicago, U. S. A.



# Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar for 1916

Here is the 1916 Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar. It's a beauty—better even than those of previous years. You'll appreciate how strong a statement that is if you are one of the thousands that yearly order Pabst Calendars.

The latest of the Pabst Extract Beauty Calendars, from paintings famed for wonderfully harmonious coloring, depicts in a masterful way, the American girl of today, with all her charm, grace and native dignity. Every detail of face, form and dress is fascinating.

The 1916 American Girl in striking lavender costume is beautifully lithographed in twelve colors on heavy art paper. It is entirely *free from advertising* on the front, exactly as shown in the illustration. The calendar is seven inches wide by thirty-six inches high, and is admirably adapted for use as a panel picture and for odd places so hard to ornament satisfactorily. The color scheme is unusually pleasing, and will harmonize with almost any set of furnishings.

Our aim in sending out these beautiful calendars free is to remind you, and others, that

## Pabst Extract

### The "Best" Tonic

#### "Brings the Roses to Your Cheeks"

—that it is a natural tonic which enriches the blood, rebuilds the wasted tissues of the body, steadies the nerves and tones the entire system. Being a perfect blending of choicest malt and hops with iron, it is nature's own builder and reinvigorator—a splendid tonic, recommended by leading physicians for nursing mothers, convalescents, anaemics, all who are run down from any cause, and as a revitalizer for the aged.

#### Order a Dozen from Your Druggist Insist Upon It Being "Pabst"

The U. S. Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

#### This Calendar is Free

To obtain one it is merely necessary to send us ten cents in coin or stamps (coin preferred) to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Each year the demand for these attractive art calendars grows greater, so send early to avoid disappointment.

PABST EXTRACT CO., Dept. 17

Milwaukee, Wis.





# The Burlington Smashes

Mail the  
Coupon  
TODAY  
for Free  
WatchBook

## All Watch Competition Look!



19 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—  
Adjusted to the second—  
Adjusted to temperature—  
Adjusted to isochronism—  
25-year gold strata case—

Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—  
New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Every fighting vessel in the U. S. Navy has the Burlington Watch aboard. This includes every torpedo boat—every submarine as well as the big Dreadnoughts.

**\$2.50**  
**Only 2 A Month**

And all of this for \$2.50—only \$2.50 per month—a great reduction in watch price—direct to you—positively the exact prices the wholesale dealer would have to pay. We do not care to quote these prices here, but write—write before you buy. Think of the high-grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price. Indeed, the days of exorbitant watch prices have passed.

## See It First!

You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. We won't let you buy a Burlington watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model, handsomely shaped—aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works! There you see the pinnacle of watchmaking. You understand how this wonder timepiece is adjusted to the very second!

Free Watch  
Book Coupon

Burlington Watch Co.  
19th St. and Marshall Blvd.  
Dept. 1469 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

## Free Watch Book

Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon now. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. You will be able to "steer clear" of the double-priced watches which are no better. Send coupon today for the book and our offer.

**Burlington Watch Co.**  
19th St. and  
Marshall Blvd.  
Dept. 1469  
Chicago

Name.....

Address.....

M. K., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—“Were some of the scenes in ‘Trilby’ taken in MacDougal Alley, New York City?” Go down Fifth Avenue to Eighth Street, go west a block, thence south less than a half block and you are at the entrance of MacDougal Alley. In the row of houses between MacDougal and West Eighth Street are the studios of some of America's most famous artists and on the alley are the studios of many artists who may be among the other number some day. MacDougal is a blind alley, and does not go clear through to Fifth Avenue: It is Bohemia with not only atmosphere but air; and in “Trilby” the World Film Company made the most of it in the Parisian Latin Quarter scenes. In American's “Betty's First Sponge Cake,” Neva Gerber and Webster Campbell, the latter now with the western Vitagraph, play the leads. Vernon Steele plays the role of Robert Sterling in “The Vampire”; Thomas Holding plays the part of David Rossi (David Lyon) in “The Eternal City,” the Famous Players' initial Pauline Frederick picture.

C. P., LIVERMORE, CALIF.—“Would you kindly let me know the qualifications of a screen actress?” It would probably be easier to tell you all about Europe in a couple of sentences, but we suspect you are more interested in knowing how to get by, than you are in knowing whether you are eligible. The only system that has ever been played with any degree of success is to make personal application at the film companies' studios, where some discriminating eye may see that latent ability, the hidden scintillations that you know are there.

## Electrical BOOK FREE

Learn how you can become an Electrical Engineer and earn \$150 to \$250 monthly. No experience necessary. We easily train you in your spare time to enter this fascinating work. Demand for electrical experts exceeds the supply—decide to fit yourself for one of these well-paid jobs. 56-page book, which tells you how to do it, sent FREE.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE  
Dept. 5769, Drexel Ave. and 58th Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

## A Book for Brides and Wives Grooms and Husbands



### “The Science of a New Life”

By JOHN COWAN, M. D.

Contains information that is worth hundreds of dollars to any married couple or those contemplating marriage. Endorsed and recommended by the leading medical and religious critics throughout the United States. Unfolds the secrets of a happy married life, which are in many cases learned too late. No other book like it to be had anywhere at the price. Note a few of the chapters.

#### PART I. Marriage and its Advantages.

Age at which to Marry. The Law of Choice. Love Analyzed. Qualities the Man Should Avoid in Choosing. Qualities the Woman Should Avoid in Choosing. The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Woman. The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man. Amativeity: Its Use and Abuse. The Law of Continence. Children: Their Desirability. The Law of Genius.

PART II. The Conception of a New Life. The Physiology of Inter-Uterine Growth. Period of Gestative Influence. Pregnancy: Its Signs and Duration. Disorders of Pregnancy. Confinement. TWILIGHT SLEEP. Management of the Mother and Child after Delivery. Period of Nursing Influence. Diseases Peculiar to Women. Diseases Peculiar to Men. Sterility and Impotence. SUBJECTS ON WHICH MORE MIGHT BE SAID. A Happy Married Life. How Secured.

This book is 8 1/2 x 6 inches in size, 1 1/4 inches thick and contains 400 pages with illustrations. Price, \$3.00 postpaid. Eight-page descriptive circular giving full and complete table of contents, sent free to any address.

**Special Offer** The regular price of “Science of a New Life” is \$3.00. In order to introduce this work among the readers of this magazine we will, for a limited time, send one copy only to any address, postage prepaid, upon receipt of \$2.00. Furthermore, we will agree to refund your money if, within ten days of the receipt of the book, you find it is not worth many times what you paid for it. Take advantage of this offer to-day, this minute and you will never regret doing so.

**J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
170 ROSE STREET NEW YORK CITY





## BREAK AWAY— From the ranks of the untrained

You don't *have* to be tied down by lack of training; you don't *have* to remain in the ranks of the unhappy, the discontented, the envious.

Man, you have it in you to *get out* of this rut. The first step toward success is making up your mind to *be* a success.

It makes no difference *who* you are, if you have *ambition*—the *desire*, the *longing*—to make good, to get up, to break away from the drudgery of hard work and poor pay, you're *bound* to do it.

But, to know these, the greatest joys in all the world, you *must have training*. And you can get this training in your own home in your spare time, at very small cost, if you will let the International Correspondence Schools help you.

I. C. S. Training has pulled thousands of men out of the human rut and set them on the right road to better jobs and higher pay. I. C. S. Training will do the same for you. Get your feet under you. You *want* a better job, you *want* more money. Now, will you make the first step toward *getting* them? Mark and mail the coupon on this page *today*. Don't delay—do it *NOW*.

### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1073 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting      | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimming             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Railways      | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writing           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring        | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering and Sign Painting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Expert       | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEERING | <input type="checkbox"/> DESIGNING                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting    | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPING                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shop Practice          | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typewriting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engines            | <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accounting           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEERING      | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping  | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN AND SUPT. | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH FOR EVERYONE   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metal Mining           | <input type="checkbox"/> Teachers Course             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEERING | <input type="checkbox"/> English Branches            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineering     | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECTURE           | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Contractor    | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> POULTRY                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Engineering   | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Manufacturing       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING   | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker     | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTO RUNNING                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP           | <input type="checkbox"/> Motor Boat Running          |

☐ Spanish  
☐ German  
☐ French  
☐ Italian

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 90)

the high level he has attained in plays for the speaking stage.

Mr. Morosco's picturized "Peer" had moments of greatness in its scenes of heart and melodramatic interest alike. In the troll-dreams of Peer, and at the death of Ase, the director scored not a slip but a tumble. The mechanical effects never at any moment suggested any loftier vision than a property man, a stage carpenter, a saw, some boards and some nails.

Morosco's employment of the celebrated Maude was an honest effort to uplift the whole play, but Maude has not yet found himself in the shadows. Any one of half a dozen professional screen actors would have gotten more out of the part.

Charles Ruggles, in the mystic, symbolic role of The Button Moulder, was, even in his brief appearances, the master-figure of the play. Myrtle Stedman brought all of her sincere charm to the part of Solveig.

"THE Miracle of Life," a Mutual "masterpiece," is an odd consideration in that it is a new-style subject treated in the old-style way. In brief, it is about the evil consequences of child-prevention. Who would have considered that photographically even two years ago? But it is told in dream fashion, bromidically, with gilt-paper platitudes and sister-susie sentiment. Margarita Fischer is as creditable as her restrictions permit. The idea is progressive and commendable; the treatment, archaic.

ASKY, during the past month, has introduced to the screen the masterly young Frenchman, Lou Tellegen, and also Donald Brian.

Tellegen, who stole honors from Dorothy Donnelly in "Maria Rosa," demonstrates youth, supple good-looks and superb dramatic appreciation in a lenscription of Somerset Maugham's play, "The

Explorer." The play is not great, but always interesting, and admirably caught by the black box everywhere. James Neill has a warmly sympathetic character role.

Donald Brian, in "The Voice in the Fog," has barely vehicle enough to present him to film audiences. Our Brian story will have to be continued.

Charlotte Walker appears in "Out of Darkness," a modern play—about factory oppression, and a heartless woman owner who is spiritually cured only when disaster throws her in her own dungeons—by Hector Turnbull.

"Twas Ever Thus" is the club which should scare Elsie Janis into acting as an exclusive occupation for the rest of her life. How wearily the talents of this remarkable comedienne are employed, how debased the fine Bosworth photography, in this piece of self-written nothingness!

IN "Fatherhood," a Universal release, Hobart Bosworth presents a strong and human portrait; a convincing, though long drawn out and at times undramatic story.

There is nothing new in the plot; the interest centers in the verity of the surroundings and the reality of the characters. Lon Gilchrist, forswearing love in youth, makes a fortune on his ranch, and capitulates to a city waitress. In the outland the girl is very much alone, and he mistakes the melancholy of the first days of conception for waning love. This story may be blessed for having a handsome youngster who doesn't do the usual picture thing; when the self-sorry wife turns to him he helps her—but he doesn't make love to her. She goes back to the city, and her husband follows. They are reunited over the baby's crib, and a portrait wakens memories of an almost forgotten past. Besides Mr. Bosworth's portrayal of Gilchrist, there is a realistic role for that excellent character actress, Lydia Yeamans Titus.





# A Local Salesman Wanted in 50,000 Towns Top Pay for All or Part Time

This big concern—The Oliver Typewriter Co.—is famed for its winning sales methods. Yet we are now launching a brand new model in the most brilliant selling campaign in all our history. This means the chance of a lifetime for someone in each of 50,000 towns. Those who act at once can secure the exclusive agency for the wonderful new typewriter—Oliver "NINE."

15,000 local Oliver agencies have already been awarded to clerks, bankers, merchants, telegraphers, ministers, doctors, workingmen, etc. These people are already earning handsome incomes by handling the Oliver sales in their towns.

Hundreds started by giving us part time. You can too. You can soon see the profit and standing this agency gives you. Then devote all your time to this dignified business.

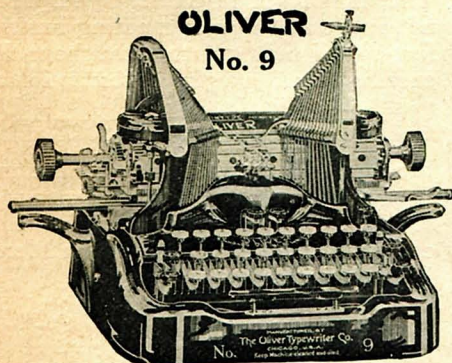
## How We Help You Win

You can start right away and no experience is necessary. Because this Oliver "Nine," with **lightest touch known**, has surprising new features found on no other machine.

One—The Optional Duplex Shift—multiplies speed and makes touch writing 100% easier! Another—The Selective Color Attachment—does all the work of a 2-color ribbon and serves as a valuable check protector besides.

So this matchless typewriter sells itself repeatedly where agents show the sample.

And we let them offer the famous **PRINTYPE**, too, without extra charge.



*The Standard Visible Writer*

## Printype Slide Films

Make your own announcements, run ads for extra revenue—on Printype Quick Slide Films. Any Oliver agent will supply them at extremely low prices.

## Exclusive Sale

We give each agent exclusive sale in his territory. And we send him **FREE** the "Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship," that has brought success to thousands.

Then we furnish names of prospective buyers that come to us from our mighty magazine advertisements. Often we send traveling salesmen to help you close deals.

Yet we give you the profit from every new Oliver sold in your territory during your agency arrangement.

## Agent's Sample Oliver

Our plan lets you acquire one of these latest model Olivers that gives the public 25 per cent more value without increased cost!

We let you own your sample on the same terms as the most successful and experienced Oliver agents. You are also privileged to sell on our popular purchase plan—**17 cents a day!**

## Opportunity Book FREE

Mail the coupon or send a postal for this inspiring book that explains our agency offer. Sent **FREE**, postpaid.

Do not delay, and let someone else get your territory. The time to act is **NOW**.

## Mail This to Make Money

(509)

**The Oliver Typewriter Co.,  
1208 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago**

Send me free, postpaid, Opportunity Book, with details of your agent's proposition.

Name .....

Address .....





**DIAMONDS ON CREDIT**

If for personal use, or as a gift, there is nothing to compare with a Diamond, *if it be of good quality.*

**LYON DIAMONDS** are *absolutely perfect and blue white.* Nothing better as an investment, as our grade of Diamond is constantly advancing. Any honest person is offered our liberal terms of

**20% Down 10% A Month**  
which allows eight months to complete payments

We furnish with our Diamonds a guarantee certificate attesting the quality and value, and providing for exchange at full purchase price. Write today for our latest *Catalog No. 44*, in which is shown a complete line of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware. Goods sent to any Bank or Express subject to approval. *We allow a discount of 10% for cash.*

**J.M. LYON & CO.,** (Dept. V) **71-73 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK**



**10 Cents a Day**  
Pays for this Cornet

An astounding offer. Only 10c per day and you are the owner of this superb Triple Silver Plated Lyric Cornet. **Free Trial** before you decide to buy. Write for our great offer.

**WURLITZER**  
200 years of instrument making

**Free Band Catalog**

Write for our big new 250-page Band Catalog. Rock-bottom, direct-from-the-manufacturer's prices on all kinds of instruments. Pay for them at the rate of only a few cents a day. Generous allowance for old instruments. We supply the U. S. Government. Write now.

**The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.,** Dept. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio 1469 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago



**\$2.50 A Month**

The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at the factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases.

**19 Jewel Burlington**

All sizes for both men and women. The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at the rate of \$2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price even the wholesale jeweler must pay.

**Write Today for Free Watch Book** See handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts.

Burlington Watch Company, 19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1469, Chicago

## A Suggestion for Your Christmas List

Your friend will be pleasantly surprised not only on Christmas morning but the first day of each month throughout the ensuing year if you give a subscription to

## Photoplay Magazine

We help to present this in a correct and attractive way by mailing either to you or to the recipient an artistic Christmas card on which your name and a Merry Christmas wish appear.

Send your remittance in Postal or Express money order or check—do it quickly—before you're rushed with Christmas shopping.

4 Months	6 Months	12 Months
50c	75c	\$1.50

Canada, \$2.00 per year  
Foreign Countries, \$2.50 per year

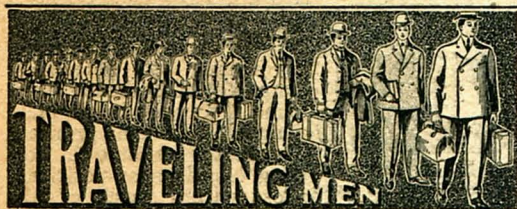
**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
350 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois

Why not give a subscription to Photoplay Magazine as a Christmas present to some of your friends who love the silent drama?



A. C. N., ROCKFORD, ILL.—Hart Hoxie was the sheriff in "The Gopher," a Universal two reeler featuring Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little. It was released last August and William Worthington directed its production.

V. L., SEATTLE, WASH.—Jack Pickford is no longer with Lasky; he has recently joined the Selig forces and will soon be seen in their releases; he lives in Los Angeles. Mae Marsh, Bobby Harron and Dorothy Gish are all unmarried.



### EARN \$2,000 TO \$10,000 A YEAR

We will teach you to be a high grade salesman, in eight weeks at home and assure you definite proposition from a large number of reliable firms who offer our students opportunities to earn Big Pay while they are learning. No former experience required. Write today for particulars, list of hundreds of good openings and testimonials from hundreds of our students now earning \$100 to \$500 a month. Address nearest Office. Dept. 528 NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSN. Chicago New York San Francisco

## BIG VANITY PACKAGE 15c



Complete Manicure Outfit; a gem for Milady; "Goddess" Hair Band (Black Only) Grecian Mode, holds your bangs attractively; one French Vanity Mirror; one handsome valour Powder Puff; Persian Flor de Sol, a dainty toilet soap. All for 15c and 4 red stamps to cover packing and mailing. **Order Now!**

R & R Beauty Co., Dept. 57, 32 Union Sq., N. Y.

## Big Roll of Stage Money, 5c



Costs 10c to 15c anywhere else. Persons of limited means can appear prosperous. Looks like the genuine stuff. Some greenbacks others yellowbacks. The girls will be after you when you

flash this bank roll—have them guessing. Send 5c and 1 red stamp to cover mailing. 4 big rolls, 10c. 10 big rolls, 25c. Order 4 or 10 big rolls now and be the "Million Dollar" kid. NOVELTY CO., Dept. 7, 32 Union Sq., N. Y. City



## Print Your Own Cards, Handbills, Programs, Tickets, Circulars, Etc.

With an Excelsior Press. Increases your receipts, cuts your expenses. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Boy can do good work. Small outlay, pays for itself in a short time. Will last for years. Write factory TO-DAY for catalog of presses, type, outfit, samples. It will pay you. THE PRESS CO., Dept 3 MERIDEN, CONN.

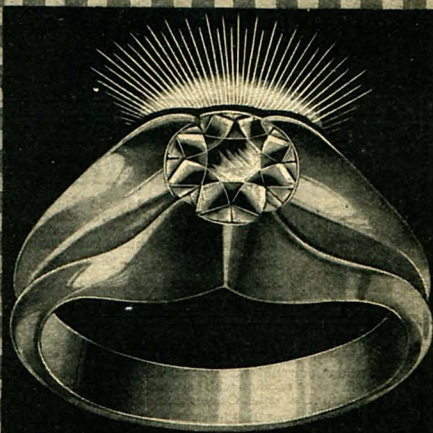


## SPECIAL OFFER

Beautiful hand-colored, large 11x14 Photo of your Favorite Actor or Actress. These handsome hand-colored Photos are an exceptionally fine work of art suitable for framing. Ask your nearest theatre, or send 25c in stamps or coin to WYANOAK PUBLISHING CO. 146 West 52nd Street, New York City

## SELECTED ART PHOTOS

For 25 cents coin, we will send you 1 dozen beautiful sepia photos of any 12 of our film favorites—Mary Pickford, Francis X. Bushman, Lillian Walker, etc. All photos autographed and suitable for framing. Send coin and list of 12 preferred. Movie Photo Co., Virginville, Pa.



## 3 1/3¢ a Day

PICK out one of the glorious radiant Lachnite Gems—set in solid gold and get it on ten day's free trial. If you can tell it from a mined diamond—send it back at our expense. You don't pay us a penny for the trial. If you decide to keep it, pay the rock-bottom price (1-30th as much as a diamond costs) as you can afford. Terms as low as 3 1/3¢ a day (50c a month), without interest.

## Marvelous New Discovery

A problem of the ages has been solved. Science has at last produced a gem of dazzling brilliance. They are called Lachnites, and resemble mined diamonds to closely that many people of wealth are preferring them. Lachnites stand fire and acid tests and cut glass.

## Set in Solid Gold

These precious gems are the master products of science—the realization of the dreams of centuries. They are never set in anything but solid gold. Write for the new catalog and see the exquisite new settings for yourself. All kinds of rings, bracelets, LaVallieres, necklaces, scarf pins, etc. Write today.

## Send the Coupon for New Jewelry Book

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or a postcard and send to us at once for the big new book of exquisite Lachnite gems. No obligations. The book is free. Write for it now. Your name and address is enough. Send coupon today.

Harold Lachman Company

12 No. Michigan Ave. Dept. 1462, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please send me absolutely free and prepaid, your new Jewelry Book and full particulars of your free trial, easy payment offer. I assume no obligations of any kind.

Harold Lachman Company

12 No. Michigan Ave. Dept. 1469, Chicago

Name.....

Address.....



**GUARANTEED****OK**

**YOU** will find in these pages opportunities for profit, education and amusement. The Publishers will refund your money if you do not find every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine exactly as represented.

**GUARANTEED****OK**

## \$2 A MONTH BUYS A STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Your Choice, Late Style Visibles, Back Spacer, Tabulator, Two-Color Ribbon. Every modern operating convenience. My prices lower than other cash prices. **Perfect Machines—Fully Guaranteed** Ask for Special 5 Days Free Trial Offer H. A. SMITH, 851-231 N. 5th Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## Veterinary Course at Home



**Dr. E. H. Baldwin** writes: "I took the course for my own benefit on the farm, but the success I had started me in practice and now I am going night and day. Your course has been worth thousands to me, and will be to any man."

**\$1500 A YEAR** and upwards can be made by taking our Veterinary course at home during spare time. Taught in simplest English. Diploma granted. Graduates assisted in getting locations or positions. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Write for particulars

**THE LONDON VETERINARY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL**  
Dept. 89, London, Ontario, Canada



## BE A BANKER

Splendid opportunities. Pleasant work, short hours, all holidays off, yearly vacation with pay, good salary. Learn at home. Diploma in six months. Catalog free. **Edgar G. Alcorn, Pres.** American School of Banking, 457 E. State St., Columbus, Ohio



## TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

Prices \$15.00 up, **SOLD or RENTED ANYWHERE** at 1/2 to 1/2 MANUFACTURERS' PRICES, allowing **RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE**. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for Catalog 49. **TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.**

## WILL SEND MY 25c BOOK Improve Your Face



By Making Faces—for 10c—stamps or coin

This book contains a complete course of instructions in Physical Culture for the Face. More than 90,000 persons are following these instructions to-day. They will do more to build beauty than all the paint and powder in the world, for they get right at the root of your facial defects and overcome them. **Not simple or silly.** Just physical culture applied to the facial muscles: common sense—that's all. If you want to improve your looks, send 10c for this book, to-day, at once, while it's on your mind.

**PROF. ANTHONY BARKER**

5202 Barker Bldg., 110 W. 42nd St. NEW YORK CITY

## CHARLIE CHAPLIN OUTFIT 10c



**BOYS:** 1000 LAFFS for 10c. BIG BARGAIN while they last. Chas. Chaplin Mustache, exact duplicate made of real hair, create screams of laughter. Im. Gold Tooth, slips on and off over your own. \$1000 Bank Roll of stage money, makes them stare. "Ish Ka Bibble" button for your coat lapel. Disappearing Medallion Coin, bearing lifelike image of C. Chaplin; hand it to your friend, it vanishes instantly when he attempts to take it, startling, but easily done. Complete outfit with large catalogue shipped by parcel post for 10c and 2c stamp for postage. **NUIDEA CO., Dept. P, 524 45th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

## Women Will Say

I don't know that stitch and I wish I knew this stitch. Our new book

## ART NEEDLEWORK

with over 100 illustrations teaches you to master every known Embroidery and Crochet stitch. A child can learn them by self instruction as we picture all difficult stitches. The lessons in nine parts include all kinds of Embroidery, Stamping, Lace making, Crocheting, Hand Painting, Crazy Patch Work, Punch Work, Cross Stitch, Eyelets, etc. Complete book by mail, 10 cents

**ART PUB. CO., Desk 45, SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.**  
**NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER**



## "X-RAY" CURIO

**BOYS** here's what you want. You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh.

Price 15c. Silver only. **MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 26, New Haven, Conn.**



## LEARN TO EARN

Learn ladies', children's hairdressing (including marcel waving), complexion improvement, manicuring, etc., by home correspondence course, easily. Many women, all ages, are earning \$15 to \$50 weekly. Book, 100 pages, **FREE.**

**ELIZABETH KING, 69 A, Station F, New York City**

## JACK JOHNSON'S FINISH!



### A Great Money-Making Bank

Get your friends to drop a coin in this bank; they push a button to see Jack's Finish and receive a shock that's a Knockout. You get a good laugh and also their money. **BOYS** don't take this bank to school unless you want a vacation. If you want to start something send for it today. By mail only 10c, 3 for 25c.

**KIRKHAM CO., Dept. 2, GLENBROOK, CONN.**

## DO YOU WANT MORE MONEY?

Learn the art of Sign & Showcard Writing. Branch of Advertising. Men and women make big money. Personal instruction and original methods (copyright) make you expert.

**\$6.00 Per Day or More**

is the union scale in Chicago and other towns. You can make even more on job work. Have a big business of your own. We show you how, and help you pay for your course. Particulars and booklet free. Explains everything. Write today. *The School with a M.F.T.D.*

**ILLINOIS SCHOOL OF LETTERING & DESIGN**  
Dept. N 187 N. Clark Street Chicago, Illinois



**OSCAR A. FORS**  
PRINCIPAL

## WHY HAVE? Removed immediately by the use of Zander's Wrinkles! Cosmetic Pad

Send 10c for Sample pad. Box of 6—50c.

**ZANDER & CO., 372 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

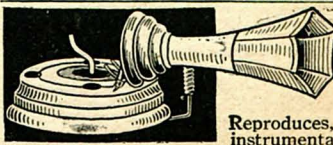
## TYPEWRITE THE NEW WAY

**80 to 100 Words a Minute GUARANTEED**

Totally new system. Based on *Gymnastic Finger Training!* Brings amazing speed—perfect accuracy—**BIG SALARIES.** Easy for anyone. First day shows results. Learn while working.

**48-Page Book Free** illustrates and explains all. Gives **aries doubled and trebled.** A revelation as to speed and salary possible to typists. Postal will do, but write today—**NOW.**

**Tulloss School of Typewriting, 7592 College Hill, Springfield, O.**



## FREE TALKING MACHINE AND RECORDS!

Reproduces, talking, singing and instrumental music. Clear in tone, plays Columbia or Victor Records. Machine with records **FREE** for 15 sales Gold Eye needles. Easy to sell, 2 packages for 10 cents with free machine. When sold return \$1.50 and machine and records are yours.

**KEYSTONE GIFT CO., Box 191, GREENVILLE, PA.**

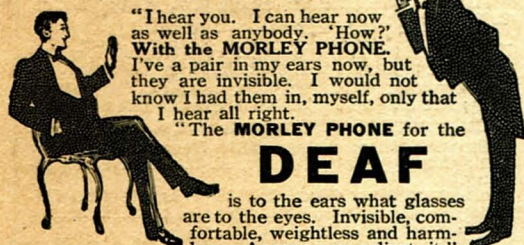


**GUARANTEED**  
**OK**

**YOU** will find in these pages opportunities for profit, education and amusement. The Publishers will refund your money if you do not find every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine exactly as represented.

**GUARANTEED**  
**OK**

## "DON'T SHOUT"



Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials. **THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, Perry Bldg., Phila.**

## DRAWING

Learn by mail in your own home. Cartooning, Newspaper, Magazine and Commercial Illustrating, also

### Water-Color and Oil Painting

Learn Drawing or Painting for profit and pleasure. We can develop your talent. This school has taught thousands. Free Scholarship Award—special limited offer. Your name and address brings you full explanation and our handsome illustrated Art Annual by return mail. Don't delay. Write today.

**FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 399, Omaha, Neb.**

## Wear It A Week At Our Expense

We will send you a genuine Helion Jewel set in solid gold for a whole week's free trial. Compare it with a diamond, in brilliance, hardness and beauty. If you can tell the difference, send it back. Write today for New Jewelry Book. See illustrations of the exquisite gems. No obligations. The book is FREE.

**John A. Sterling & Son** 1469 Ward Building Chicago, - Illinois



## LANGUAGES

German—French—English—Italian—Spanish or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina Method at home with Disk Cortina-Records. Write for free booklet today; easy payment plan.

### CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES

1712 Mecca Bldg., 1600 Broadway, Corner 48th Street, New York

Quickly Learned AT HOME by the Original Photographic Method



## LEARN RAG TIME

Let me teach you Rag-Time Piano Playing by Mail. You learn easily—in just a few lessons, at home. My system is so simple you'll play a real ragtime piece at your 5th lesson. Whether you can play now, or not, I'll teach you to play anything in happy ragtime. "Money Back Guarantee." Write at once for special low terms and testimonials.

**AXEL CHRISTENSEN, "Czar of Ragtime,"** Room 14 526 So. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.



## BIG PACKAGE OF FUN 10c

Imitation Gold Tooth, Voice Thrower Roll of Stage Money, Chess and Checker Game, Fox and Geese, Nine Men Morris, Authors, Spanish Prison, Dominoes, 14 Flirtation Signals, 12 Love Letters, 73 Toasts, 16 Feats in Parlor Magic, 7 Fortune Telling Secrets, 10 Funny Readings, 15 Tricks with Cards, 40 Experiments in Magic, 52 Money Making Secrets, 250 Jokes and Riddles, 12 Flirtation Cards, 14 Pictures of Married Life, 51 Verses of Comic Poetry and 11 Parlor Pastimes; all for 10c and a 2c stamp to cover mailing.

**ROGERS & ROTH, 32 Union Sq., Dept. 45, NEW YORK CITY**

## REALLY HANDSOME

**ARE THE PHOTO POSTCARDS WE OFFER** Eighteen of your own choice for twenty-five cents or a hundred for a dollar. Six poses of Mary Pickford, two of Marguerite Clark, two of Chaplin, a new picture of Theda Bara, Edna Mayo, Lillian Lorraine, an autographed picture of Jack W. Kerrigan, and many other new feature stars. Also actual photos, size 8x10, at 50c each.

**500 LIST SENT WITH ALL ORDERS OR FREE ON REQUEST**

**THE FILM PORTRAIT CO., 127A 1st Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

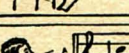


## PATENT YOUR IDEAS \$9,000 offered

for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents we have obtained. Patents advertised for sale at our expense.

**CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys**

Established 20 years. 1048 F. Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.



## TANGOPHONE 10c

Plays any of the latest melodies. Good music for song or dance. Anybody can play one. Made of metal: will last for years.

**SWEET, MELODIOUS, HARMONIZING**

Surprise your friends with your great musical ability. Complete with instructions 10c postpaid. Also catalogue of 300 new novelties, etc. Stamps or coin taken. **ARDEE CO., Box 127, STAMFORD, CONN.**

## Charlie Chaplin Squirt Ring

**HERE YOU ARE, BOYS—**A medalion ring of Charlie Chaplin. Everyone will see it on your finger and try to get a better look. Press the bulb, and Charlie will do the rest by squirting a fine stream of water all over the curious one. Will squirt 20 feet. Greatest joke out and brand new. By mail with big catalog 15 cents.

**FISHER NOVELTY CO., Dept. A, 721 Sterling Place, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

## \$1000 PER MAN PER COUNTY

Strange invention startles the world—agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,500 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$155 first 12 hours. \$1,250 cold cash made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or water-works required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today.

**ALLEN MFG. CO. 4226 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio**

## WRITE PHOTOPLAYS

\$10.00 to \$100.00 paid for each play accepted. Constant Demand Devote all or spare time. Start at once. NO CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

**DETAILS FREE**

**Atlas Publishing Co. 794 Atlas Bldg. Cincinnati, O.**

## FARMERS' SONS WANTED

with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; \$80 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. **The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. AP, London, Canada**

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



## Be a Doctor of CHIROPRACTIC

### FOUR INTRODUCTORY LESSONS

These books take you completely through this wonderful science of spinal adjustment. Read like fiction, yet absolutely true. 30,000,000 Americans support Chiropractic. Thousands being cured of long standing diseases by it. Resident and Home Study Courses.



### BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR AMBITIOUS MEN AND WOMEN

Profession not crowded. Large demand for practitioners—\$200 to \$500 yearly. Small expense. Easy payments. We fit you for all State Board Requirements.

**FREE** Elbert Hubbard's Book "The New Science." Mail postal now and get all 6 books **FREE**. Do it today. **NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC** Dept. 812, 421-427 So. Ashland Blvd., Chicago

**FREE**

## New York's Twin Song Successes

All New York is singing "My Little Dream Girl" and its twin sister hit "My Sweet Adair." They will spread like wildfire over the country.

### Dance Music FREE With Each Song

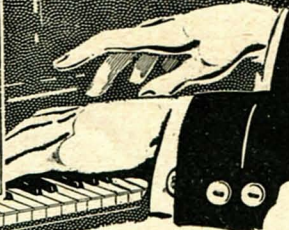
Each song includes words and music, also arrangement for dance. This combination never before offered at this price. You get two arrangements for the price of one. Copies at your dealer, at Woolworth's, Kress, McNamara's, Kresge's, or from us direct, 15c each, postpaid. This music is on Victor, Columbia, Emerson, Edison, Pathe, and Aeolian records.

**OUR SPECIAL OFFER: 10 Classic Gems FREE** To those who order both songs "My Little Dream Girl, 15c" ALL for and to introduce The Globe edition of popular classics, we send our great book, "Ten Choice Love Songs, 15c" **25c** words and music, absolutely FREE.

**Jos. W. Stern & Co., 111 W. 38th St., New York**  
Write for free list of latest songs and dance music

## FREE BOOK

### How To Learn Piano



## This Interesting Book

shows the keen delight and personal satisfaction which a musical training will bring you; and how you can obtain this training easily and thoroughly in your own home at one-quarter the usual cost.

It tells how this most prized of social accomplishments greatly increases your own enjoyment of life and the enjoyment of others. It tells of the concert career which may be open to you, and how you can increase your earning power by giving musical instruction in your spare time. Send for your copy of this valuable book today; it is free.

### Dr. Quinn's Famous WRITTEN METHOD

has revolutionized the study of music. By the use of Dr. Quinn's remarkable device, the COLOROTONE (patented), you save three-quarters of the time and effort usually required for learning piano or organ. You play chords immediately and a complete piece within a few lessons. The method is scientific and systematic, yet practical and simple. It is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of state universities. Equally effective for children or adults, beginners or experienced players. Practise in spare time, whenever convenient. Successful graduates everywhere. Diploma granted. Special reduced terms this month. Investigate without cost, or obligation by writing today for free book, "How to Learn Piano and Organ."



**Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory, Box 650PL, Chicago**

## STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (\*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

**AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co.,** 6227 Broadway, Chicago (s); Santa Barbara, Calif. (\*) (s).

**BALBOA AMUSEMENT PROD. Co.,** Long Beach, Calif. (\*) (s).

**BIOGRAPH COMPANY,** 807 East 175th St., New York City, (\*) (s); Georgia and Girard, Los Angeles (s); players are east June to December.

**BOSWORTH, INC.,** 222 West 42d St., New York City; 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles (\*) (s).

**CALIFORNIA M. P. C.,** San Rafael, Calif. (\*) (s).

**THOS. A. EDISON, INC.,** 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City (\*) (s); Orange, N. J. (Adv. and publicity.)

**ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co.,** 1333 Argyle St., Chicago (\*) (s); Niles, Calif. (\*) (s); 651 Fairview St., Los Angeles (s).

**FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co.,** 507 Fifth Ave., New York City (\*) (s); Bronson and Melrose, Hollywood, Calif. (s).

**FOX FILM CORPORATION,** 130 West 46th St., New York City (\*) (s).

**GAUMONT COMPANY,** 110 West 40th St., New York City (\*) (s); Flushing, N. Y. (s).

**DAVID HORSLEY STUDIO,** Main and Washington, Los Angeles (\*) (s).

**KALEM COMPANY,** 235 West 23d St., New York City (\*) (s); 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 708 Palisade Ave., Cliffside, N. J. (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Calif. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Calif. (s).

**GEORGE KLEINE, INC.,** 11 East 14th St., New York City (\*) (s).

**LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co.,** 120 West 41st St., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (\*) (s).

**LUBIN MFG. Co.,** 20th and Indiana, Philadelphia (\*) (s); Broad and Glenwood, Philadelphia (s); Coronado, Calif. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

**MAJESTIC-RELIANCE,** 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (\*) (s).

**METRO PICTURES CORP.,** 1465 Broadway, New York City (\*). (All manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address.): Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Sunset and Gower, Hollywood, Calif. (s); Federal Feature Film Corp., Rocky Glen, Penna.

**OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co.,** 222 West 42d St., New York City; 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. (\*) (s). (Also Pallas Pictures.)

**MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION,** 71 West 23d St., New York City.

**PALLAS PICTURES,** 220 West 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental, Los Angeles (\*) (s).

**PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION,** 110 West 40th St., New York City.

**PATHE FRERES,** Jersey City, N. J. (\*) (s).

**PATHE EXCHANGE,** 25 West 45th St., New York City (\*) (s).

**SELIG POLYSCOPE Co.,** Garland Bldg., Chicago (\*) (s); Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); Mission Road, Los Angeles (s); Las Vegas, N. Mex. (s).

**THANHOUSER FILM CORP.,** New Rochelle, N. Y. (\*) (s).

**TRIANGLE FILM CORPORATION,** 71 West 23d St., New York City; Fine Arts Studio (Griffith) 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (\*) (s); Keystone Studio (Sennett) 1712 Alessandro St., Los Angeles (\*) (s); Inceville Studio (Ince), Santa Monica, Calif. (\*) (s).

**UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co.,** 1600 Broadway, New York City; 573 Eleventh Ave., New York City (\*) (s); Universal City, Calif. (\*) (s).

**VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,** East 15th and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (\*) (s); Hollywood, Calif. (\*) (s).

**V-L-S-E, INC.,** 1600 Broadway, New York City.

**WHARTON, INC.,** Ithaca, N. Y. (\*) (s).

**WORLD FILM CORP.,** 130 West 46th St., New York City (\*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).



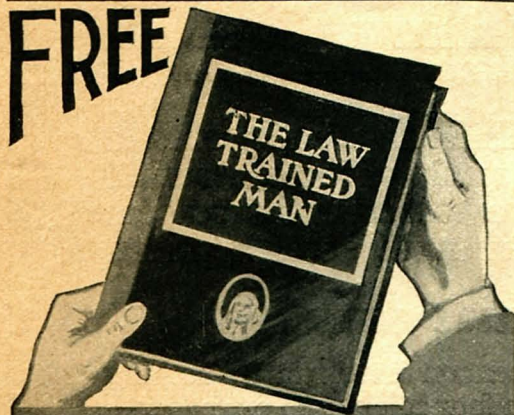
F. D. S., KANSAS CITY.—Marguerite Clark is under contract with Famous Players, and is working with them in New York City, where she may be addressed at their Fifth Avenue office—their 26th Street offices burned up recently you know. Our information is that Miss Clark was born in 1887.

A. W., PHILADELPHIA, and D. M. S., DELEVAN, Wis.—Famous Players released "Zaza," their latest Pauline Frederick vehicle, on October the Fourth. In Metro's "Soul of a Woman," in which Emily Stevens played the leading role, the artist-husband who deserts his wife upon learning her past, is Theodore Babcock; George LeGuere is the son. Eddie Polo is at Universal City.

K. C. H., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Vera Sisson is now with Biograph and therefore no longer playing opposite J. Warren Kerrigan, as he is still with Universal. Miss Sisson appeared recently in "The Rehearsal," one of Biograph's weekly two-reel releases.

J. A., MARION, ALA., and S. C. CHERAW, S. CAR.—There are no permanent moving picture studios in Georgia, though a great many special scenes have been taken among this state's beautiful settings. Ella Hall is at Universal City, Calif., and she is unmarried. Ruth Roland is unmarried and may be addressed in care of the Balboa company.

P. D., PHILADELPHIA; F. P., ELMWOOD, R. I., and R. L. R., DETROIT.—Robert Warwick had many years of stage experience behind him when he first went into the photoplay; at the present time he is with the World Film Corporation, at the Fort Lee studios. In Thanhouser's "Moment of Sacrifice," the Colonel and Mrs. Darrell are Arthur Bauer and Fan Bourke; Clyde, their son, is Arthur Ashley, and Grace is Peggy Burke. Teddy Sampson is the wife of Ford Sterling of the Keystone Company; she was Jewel, the Japanese wife, in "The Fox Woman," a comparatively recent Mutual masterpiece.



## THIS INSPIRING BOOK

tells you of the great and increasing demand for lawyers and how you can become one. It tells you why law trained men are selected for most positions of responsibility in business, public life and social work—and how you can grasp these opportunities. It contains 165 pages and is free. Send for it today. It shows you how you can become law trained in spare time at home, through the

### Modern American Law Course and Service of BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE

Blackstone Institute, including The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, has successfully trained more than thirty thousand men and women in law. Among our graduates are the Governor of a State, United States Senators and Congressmen, State, County and City Officials, many Judges and thousands of successful lawyers and business men everywhere. The course has been prepared especially for home study by 80 eminent authorities. It is clearly written in simple, non-technical language. Preliminary education not necessary. You will benefit from the day you start. Special offer now being made to ambitious men. Write now for 165-page free book and particulars. Address Extension Division 1799

**Blackstone Institute**  
20 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Square Deal  
Miller  
Says—



**1916  
Models  
Now  
Ready!**

**Any Watch You Want  
On Credit**



**Waltham  
Hamilton  
Howard  
Elgin  
Illinois, Rockford**

**All Are 1916 Models.**

And I am the first man in the country to offer the **NEW 1916 MODELS** of America's best known watches. I have them all, the latest products of the world's most famous factories, and watches are by no means all. You can get too, the very latest style mountings for **Diamonds**, and the most up-to-date pieces of exquisite **Jewelry**. Whether you buy for cash or credit, the prices are right.

**NO MONEY  
DOWN** \$2.75  
A MONTH  
**GIFT SPECIAL  
No. A. I.**

**I Smash the Terms!**

My Square Deal methods—my high grade, well known merchandise, my liberal policies, right prices, lowest terms, have earned me my title—"Terms Smashing Miller." No catalog published offers such remarkable values, such smashing terms, as our brand new **1916 Free Book**.

**30 Day Free Trial**

**No Money Down Express Paid in Advance By Me**

That is the test that tells. Suppose you want a watch? Any make, any grade, any size, any case. I have it for you—just the watch that you want—a **1916 Model**—NO MONEY DOWN, Express Prepaid. You can try any one of America's best known timepieces for 30 days. **A Free Trial, a Full Month to Carry It in Your Pocket.**

**No References Demanded—An Open Account**

The same credit you get from your grocer liberally and cheerfully given. Arrangements are made for an Open Account as soon as you write. No red tape, no publicity, notes, nor collectors. Every transaction strictly confidential.

**Send This Today For Watch & Diamond Book**

Send me your name and address at once so I can mail you, Free and postpaid, the most beautiful catalog of its kind ever printed. I want you to see the **New 1916 Models** of America's best known watches. The book is a gem. It illustrates all makes of valuable **Watches**, **Elegant Genuine Diamonds**, and a vast assortment of **Beautiful Jewelry**, all on the easiest and most liberal terms.

Write today and get a letter from me that will make you a friend of mine from the start.

**SQUARE DEAL Miller,**  
Pres., Miller-Hoefer Co.  
574 MILLER BUILDING  
DETROIT, MICH.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**SQUARE DEAL  
MILLER, Pres.**  
574 MILLER BLDG.  
DETROIT, MICH.

Dear Sir: Please send me, without cost or obligation, your Big Book on all the makes of High Grade Watches, the **1916 Models**, Genuine Diamonds and Jewelry and full information on your Easy Payment, No Money Down and 30 Day Trial Plan.





## ***Art Prints***

after the original oil paintings of

**Anita Stewart *and* Mary Pickford**

(from which the covers of our September and November issues were made)

**P**HOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has anticipated a great demand for art prints of these beautiful covers. With a desire to serve our readers we have provided a limited number of reprints.

## **Do you want one?**

Absolutely no advertising will appear on these prints—nothing but the likeness is reproduced—in four colors—on art paper—and beautiful art mounts, ready for framing. This is mailed to you carefully packed flat between two pieces of stiff board.

**The cost is 25c each**

Please remit in stamps or money order

**Photoplay Magazine**

**350 North Clark St.**

**Chicago, Illinois**



A. C., NEW YORK CITY.—The identity of *Stoneman*, in "The Birth of a Nation," has puzzled a great many who have seen the film. The answer is this: *Stoneman* does not represent any person individually any more than the *Little Colonel* does. *Stoneman* represents the radical element in the North which so unfortunately came into power at the death of President Lincoln, and which was responsible for the unnecessary trials and tribulations the South passed through after the war was over.

L. V., NEW YORK CITY.—Grace Cunard was born in Paris, France, April 8, 1891, which makes her twenty-four. She is an American, though, all the time. Francis Ford was born in Portland, Maine, September 15, 1883. "Did Francis Ford's hair get gray on account of being in the war?" Tell us, What war?

P. W., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF., has chosen a very ideal place to live. Listen to this: "Also will you please print a picture of Miss Farrar in the Art Section, as she lived a few doors from me while here and I was very much interested in her. I had the pleasure of seeing several scenes from 'Carmen' taken at the studio." Something doing every minute in a place like that.

M. L., MCC., WILMINGTON, DEL., and L. D. C., SOMERVILLE, MASS.—The spendthrift in "The Heart of a Painted Woman" is Mahlon Hamilton, opposite Olga Petrova. House Peters plays opposite Beatriz Michelena in California's "Salomy Jane," one of their Bret Harte series. Those Elaine pictures to which you refer were taken at the Wharton studio on Lake Cayuga, at Ithaca, N. Y.

G. B., MINNEAPOLIS.—We have not heard that Universal is planning a studio in Minneapolis. Grace Cunard is at Universal City, and Theda Bara should be addressed in care of the Fox Film Corporation.

## Ruth Stonehouse

**Essanay Star, says:**

"I am delighted with your exercises. They are so easy to do and I feel so refreshed after practicing them. With your system no one need fear old age."

## My Beauty Exercises

will make you look many years younger. *YOU* can remove wrinkles and restore the fresh complexion and contour of girlhood, as thousands of others have done.

Write for my FREE Booklet today. If you will tell me what improvements you would like, I can write you more helpfully.

**Kathryn Murray, Suite S12, Garland Bldg., Chicago**

*The first woman to teach Scientific Facial Exercise*



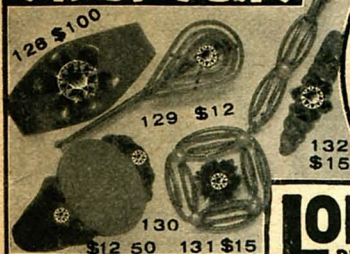
## Typewriters

—All Makes, Factory Rebuilt by the famous Young Process; guaranteed like new. Our big business permits lowest prices—\$10 and up; machines rented—or sold on time. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rentals apply on purchase price. **Write for Catalog. YOUNG TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Dept. 299, CHICAGO**

## SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

By WINFIELD SCOTT HALL, Ph.D., M.D.  
Plain Truths of Sex Life and Eugenics all should know. Treats fully on Sex Matters for young women and men, fathers and mothers. Relationship during engagement and marriage. Sexual Ignorance cause of social evils, crime, etc. New and complete! 118 pp., 320 pages ONLY \$1.00; postage 10c extra; mailed under plain wrapper. **American Publishing Company, P. O. Box 851, Dept. A-207, Phila.**  
*Write for offer to agents and mail-order dealers.*

## Diamonds on Credit

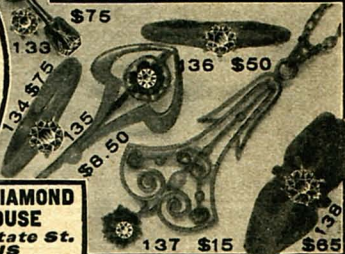


## Christmas Presents—Wonderful Bargains. Send for Free Catalog

This special selection of Diamond-set jewelry shows the most popular of the season's new mountings. Gorgeously beautiful Diamonds, of fiery brilliancy, set in solid gold or platinum. Prices are cut almost to cost. Any selection sent on approval, delivery charges prepaid. If satisfied, send one-fifth of the price as first payment, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. If not just what you wish, return at our expense. Send for Our handsome 116-Page Illustrated Catalog telling all about our easy credit plan. Over 2,000 suggestions for Christmas presents or for personal wear. All the new styles in jewelry—rings, studs, scarf pins, earrings, brooches, bracelets, watches, chains, wrist watches, silverware, etc. Easy credit terms. Send for FREE Catalog TODAY.

**LOFTIS THE RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE**  
Dept. G 502 108 N. State St.  
**CHICAGO, ILL.**  
BROS & CO. 1858 Stores also in: Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Omaha

## Watches on Credit



# HELP WANTED

**\$65 TO \$150 A MONTH**

**Railway Mail Clerks—City Mail Carriers—Postoffice Clerks—Rural Carriers—Panama Canal Clerks**

**Steady Work—Vacations with Full Pay—Rapid Promotion—"Pull" Unnecessary—Common Sense Education Sufficient.**

**MANY POSITIONS FOR WOMEN**

Write today—before you forget—for list and description of positions now open to you; and free sample examination questions. It will cost a 2c stamp—it may bring you thousands of dollars.  
**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Department D201, ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

NAME.....

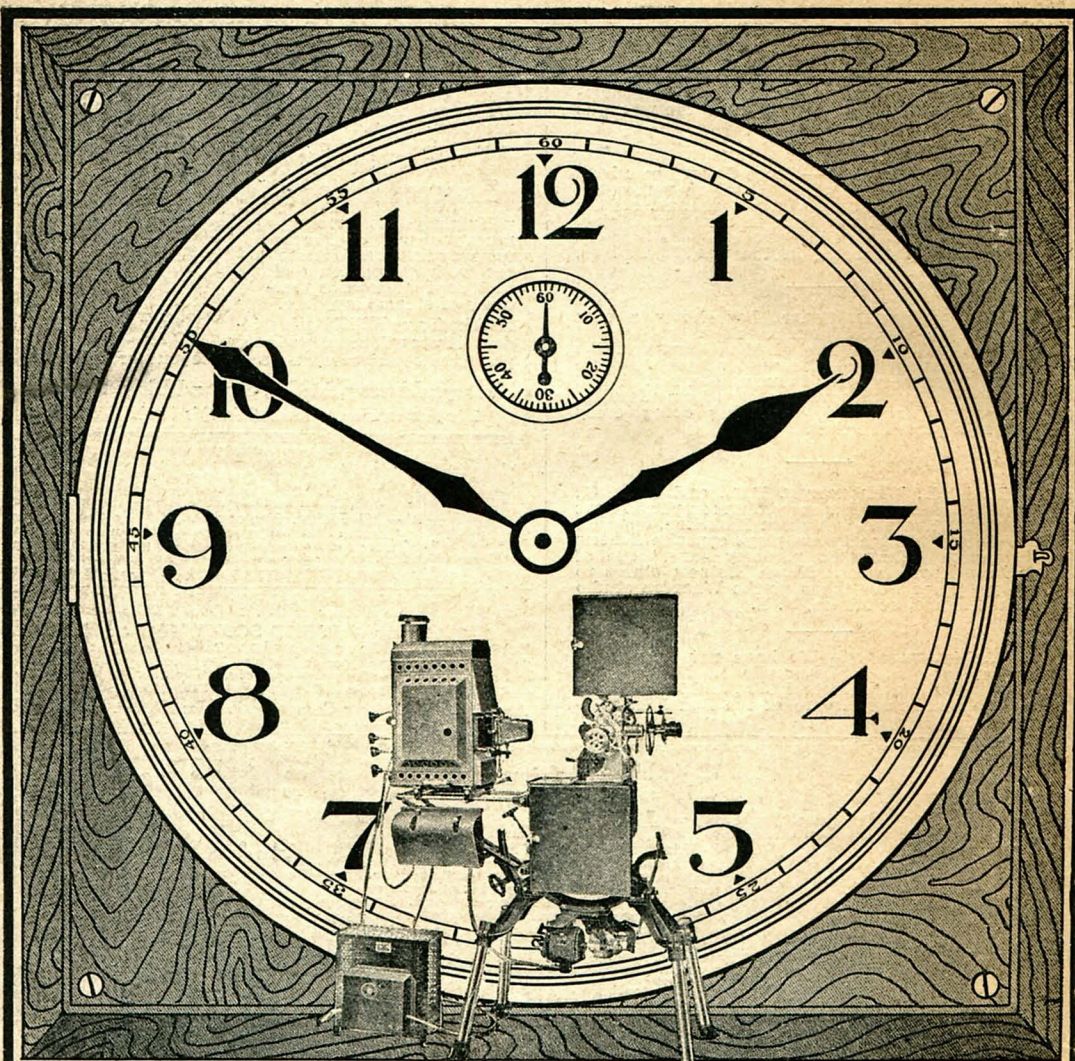
ADDRESS.....

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**  
Dept. D 201, Rochester, N. Y.

This coupon, filled out as directed, entitles the sender to free specimen questions; a free copy of our book, "Government Positions and How to Get Them," a list of Government positions now obtainable, and to consideration for Free Coaching for the examination here checked.

- ..Railway Mail Clerk ..(\$800 to \$1800)
- ..Bookkeeper ..(\$800 to \$1800)
- ..Postoffice Clerk ..(\$800 to \$1200)
- ..Postoffice Carrier ..(\$800 to \$1200)
- ..Rural Mail Carrier ..(\$500 to \$1200)
- ..Auto Chauffeur ..(\$800 to \$1500)
- ..Customs Positions ..(\$800 to \$1500)
- ..Stereographer ..(\$800 to \$1500)
- ..Internal Revenue ..(\$700 to \$1800)
- ..Clerk at Panama Canal ..(\$1200 to \$1800)
- ..Canadian Gov't Positions ..





**UP TO THE MINUTE**  
**POWER'S CAMERAGRAPH No 6B**  
THE PERFECT MOTION PICTURE PROJECTING MACHINE  
**NICHOLAS POWER COMPANY**  
NINETY GOLD STREET NEW YORK CITY



## Special Christmas Offer

Complete Mon Amour Assortment, only \$3.00.

1 Bot. Mon Amour Perfume, 1 oz. \$1.00  
1 Bot. Mon Amour Toilet Water, 4oz. 1.00  
1 Jar Mon Amour Taleum Powder .50  
1 Jar Mon Amour Cold Cream..... .50  
1 Box Mon Amour Face Powder..... .50

Regular Price.....\$3.50

For a limited time all for **\$3.00**

Send check, cash or stamps



### Mabel Taliaferro

one of the five stars of "The New Henrietta," writes:

Dear Mr. Rieger:—Your exquisite perfume is very appropriately called "Flower Drops" and I am enthusiastic about it. Each drop seems to carry the fragrance of the very flowers themselves, like no other perfume I have ever used.

Yours sincerely,

*Mabel Taliaferro.*

# Send 20¢ for Trial Bottle

### You Have Never Seen Anything Like This Before

The fragrance of a thousand blossoms—the true odor of the flowers themselves in a hexagonal vial two inches high. The most exquisite perfume ever produced. When you get the trial bottle, you will declare with Miss Taliaferro, and thousands of other well-known women, that it is rightly named "Flower Drops." Send 20¢ for trial bottle. You will be delighted.

Trade Mark Registered

## Rieger's Flower Drops

When once you scent the true floral odor of this exquisite perfume you will realize what a wonderful advance has been made in the art of perfume making. Take your choice of five odors—Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Garden Queen or Mon Amour. Price only \$1.00 an ounce in 50¢ or \$1.00 bottles. In concentrated form. Flower Drops comes in handsome hexagonal cut glass bottles with long glass stoppers at \$1.50 each (Lily of the Valley, \$1.75). Either at your dealers or you may order direct from this advertisement. Money refunded if you are not more than satisfied.

**Send the Coupon** Just send 20¢ (silver or stamps) with the coupon or a letter for trial bottle perfume ever produced. Write today—send only 20¢.

**Paul Rieger, 285 First St., San Francisco, Cal.**  
Paris New York San Francisco

**Paul Rieger,**  
285 First Street,  
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 20¢ for which please send me trial bottle of Flower Drops Perfume, same size as shown in this coupon. I want odor checked below.

☐ Rose ☐ Violet ☐ Lily of the Valley  
☐ Garden Queen ☐ Mon Amour

Name.....

Address.....  
Garden Queen and Mon Amour are the latest odors. Send for a bottle of each. **Special:** Send \$1 Souvenir box 6 odors 25¢ bottles





Brings  
**Brightness**  
To the  
**Bath Room**

